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ART. I.—*Œuvres complètes de AUGUSTE BRIZEUX, précédées d'une Notice par SAINT-RÉNÉ TAILLANDIER. Edition définitive, augmentée d'un grand nombre de poésies inédites, ornée du portrait de l'Auteur. 2 vols. Paris. 1861.*

THE poems of Auguste Brizeux are here presented to us, for the first time, in their collected and definite form; or, to use the expression of his able biographer, *dans leur complet et harmonieux ensemble*. The poet was himself preparing a complete edition of his works, when he was called hence. This task he, on his death-bed, requested his friends, M. Saint-Réné Taillandier, and M. Auguste Lacaussade, to execute for him. They have bestowed much care upon the work thus entrusted to them, and their labour has evidently been one of love. The biographer himself assigns as his reason for undertaking the task, conjointly with his friend, not the honour which they would gain for themselves, but their friendship for Brizeux; and he quotes the simple and touching words of La Fontaine, who, when speaking of his *collaboration* with Maucroix, said, 'Une ancienne amitié en est la cause.'

Brizeux was a remarkable man, and a poet of no mean order. Soon after his death, some of the most eminent French critics reviewed his works in the principal periodicals of the day, and rated him very high. M. Louis Ratisbonne, in the *Journal des Débats*; M. Edouard Thierry and M. Théophile Gautier, in the *Moniteur*; M. Alfred Nettement, in the *Union*; M. de Limayrac, in the *Constitutionnel*; M. Jules de Saint-Félix, in the *Courrier de Paris*; the Marquis of Belloy, in the *Revue Française*; M. de Pontmartin, in the *Correspondant*; M. Sainte-Beuve and M. Gustave Planche, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*; and other *maîtres de la critique*, have all appreciated the poet highly. Perhaps a short account of the principal events of his life, followed by extracts from his poems, may not prove altogether

unacceptable to the readers of the *Christian Remembrancer*, and may cause them to feel an interest in the man, and admiration for the poet.

M. Saint-Réné Taillandier's account of his friend, which originally appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, is very interesting and well put together. We shall extract copiously from it, and frequently express ourselves in his very words.

Julien-Auguste-Pélage Brizeux was born at Lorient, that ugly modern town of imperial creation, on the 12th September, 1803. His family was of Irish extraction, and *la verte Erin* was loved by him as his second country, and frequently associated in his poems with his own Brittany,—

‘Car les vierges d’Eir-inn et les vierges d’Arvor
Sont des fruits détachés du même rameau d’or.’

Brizeux's ancestors appear to have quitted Ireland after the dethronement of James II. by William of Orange, and they established their new home on the banks of the Ellé, at the extremity of Cornouaille, close to the *ports* of Vannes. The poet's grandfather was a notary; and, having a large family, and leaving but an indifferent fortune, the recently-acquired manor of the family had to be sold after his death. One of his sons became a surgeon in the navy during the revolutionary wars, but we know nothing of his proceedings during that eventful period, and we mention him only as being the father of our poet.

The sea, Brittany—the religious, loyal, and unchanging Brittany—the time-hallowed memories and legends of ‘auld Ireland,’ were the sources whence young Brizeux derived his first impressions. Such impressions take deep root, even when he who receives them is unaware of the influence encircling him. That unknown, secret, and all-pervading influence may, indeed, slumber for a while, and appear stifled and powerless, but it will surely one day be re-awakened, and possess a freshness, an energy, and a life never known before.

The naval surgeon died when his son was quite a boy. Brizeux remained for a time with his mother, who was a woman of remarkable endowments of mind and heart, and who imparted to him ‘son éducation morale.’ It was to her, under God, and to the influences mentioned above, that Brizeux owed his winning simplicity of heart, and the pure, tenderly-expressed feeling which pervades most of his poetry, and which constitutes one of its great charms. In one of his best-known poems, *Marie*, he gracefully acknowledges this, and associates his mother, to whom the lines are addressed, in the work he is composing :—

'Si ton doigt y souligne un mot frais, un mot tendre,
De ta bouche riante, enfant, j'ai dû l'entendre;
Son miel avec ton lait dans mon âme a coulé,
Ta bouche, à mon berceau, me l'avait révélé.'—Vol. i. p. 77.

Brizeux, as his biographer remarks, has often introduced his mother, who seems to have been a very superior woman, into his verses; but, while other poets have personified some ideal parent, and hyperbolically celebrated an unreality, he did not absorb all the virtues of the maternal creation into the image he designed to represent, but he wrote of his mother as of a living, breathing woman, whom others also might learn to know and love, a

'Something not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food.'

When eight years of age, Brizeux was sent to a school kept by M. Lenir, curé of Arzannô, a real Breton village, and presenting a strange contrast to Lorient. Of Arzannô the poet's account would be—

'How could I name thy very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame?'

It is situated about five miles from Kemperlé, between Lorient and le Faouet, and is now included in the department of Finistère. It is the *chef-lieu* of the *canton*, but is entirely composed of the dwellings of peasants. Nothing modern has found an entrance there; it retains the ancient language, manners, and customs of Brittany; and the very country itself has its special physiognomy. The two rivers, the Scorf and the Ellé, so dear to a Breton heart, flow at some little distance from the place. The rector's very parsonage has its distinctive characteristics. But we will allow the biographer to speak for himself:—

'Ce qui est bien breton surtout,' says M. Saint-Réné Taillandier, 'c'est le presbytère et la vie du *recteur* au milieu de ses paysans. M. Sainte-Beuve, à propos de *Jocelyn*, mettant en scène cette famille de pasteurs et de vicaires chantés par les poètes ou poètes eux-mêmes, comme il y en a de si gracieux exemples en Angleterre, ajoute ces mots:—"La vie de nos curés de campagne en France n'a rien qui favorise un genre pareil d'inspiration et de poésie. S'il avait pu naître quelque part, c'eût été en Bretagne, où les pauvres *clercs*, après quelques années de séminaire dans les Côtes-du-Nord, retombent d'ordinaire dans quelque hameau voisin du lieu natal. M. Brizeux nous a introduits parmi ce joyeux essaim d'écoliers qui bourdonnait et gazouillait autour des haies du presbytère chez le curé d'Arzannô." Arzannô, comme on voit, est déjà un lieu consacré dans l'histoire de la poésie; on le citait, il y a vingt ans, à côté du délicieux *Auburn* de Goldsmith, et de ce village de Grunau, où Voss, l'auteur de *Louise*, a placé son vénérable pasteur. Le poète qui fera la célébrité d'Arzannô y arrive aujourd'hui tout enfant, il va vivre comme un clerc auprès du curé, il portera l'aube blanche, il chantera la messe dans le chœur, et c'est là, entre le presbytère et les champs de blé noir, entre l'église et le pont Kerlé, que naîtra sa poésie, vraie poésie du sol, naïve, rustique, chrétienne et merveilleusement encadrée dans un paysage d'Armorique.'—Vol. i. pp. xvii. xviii.

The good curé seems to have been, in many respects, a type of the old Breton clergy. His pupils, as well as all those that have had relations with him, speak of him as an excellent and superior man. Under a rustic exterior, there breathed a lively, keen spirit, endowed with many natural gifts, and a soul overflowing with goodness and simplicity. He had been educated at S. Sulpice, and, at the very period when the revolutionary powers liberated the students from their engagements, he determined to enter into Holy Orders. During the Reign of Terror, he was in constant danger of losing his life. Pursued from place to place, and compelled to remain hidden in the villages of Cornouaille, he became 'paysan avec les paysans.' There he was not idle. He had a passion for teaching; and, when wandering from village to village, without a home, and unable to exercise the functions of his sacred office, he found pupils in the farms, and lanes, and fields of Brittany. When the First Consul had the churches re-opened, M. Lenir was appointed head of a college which had just been established at Kemperlé; but he did not remain there long. He was presented to the cure of Arzannô, whither several of his pupils followed him. Many of these afterwards distinguished themselves in various spheres. Late in life, when the good curé's sight failed him, and his body became paralysed, he went to reside with his sister-in-law, and one of his nieces acted as reader to him. First, she would read the breviary, and then long passages from his favourite authors, Cæsar and Virgil; and the aged scholar still found delight in translating and explaining passages to those around him. But let M. Saint-Réné Taillandier again speak:—

'Enthousiaste et spirituel dans la conversation, il était brave en tout, brave d'esprit et de corps. Bien qu'il se livrât sans cesse avec une familiarité expansive, jamais on ne surprenait en lui quelque chose de commun; dans ses moindres actes, comme dans ses sentiments et ses paroles, il y avait toujours une dignité naturelle. Joignez à cela des allures élégantes, faciles, et vous jugerez quelle influence un tel homme devait avoir sur des enfants qu'il ne quittait presque jamais. Dieu et ses écoliers, c'étaient là toutes ses pensées. La vie matérielle lui était complètement indifférente; il n'y pensait qu'à l'occasion des pauvres; car il était charitable à tout donner. Si on lui adressait quelque observation à ce sujet: "Je n'ai connu personne, disait-il, qui se soit ruiné à faire l'aumône."—Vol. i. p. xx.

Such was the first instructor to whom the widowed Madame Brizeux entrusted the care of her son.

At the age of twelve, Brizeux quitted the good old priest, and entered the college of Vannes. This was in 1816. The previous year Napoleon had effected his escape from Elba, and once more bidden defiance to all the European powers. It is well known how the students of the college, during that memorable year, sallied forth one morning, to the number of

three hundred and fifty, after attending early mass in the cathedral of Vannes, to fight for their religion, their lawful king, and the white lilies of France; and how, joined by some old *chouans*, they engaged in a bloody battle near Auray with the *bleus*, whom they worsted. The adventures and exploits of these young men were recorded some twenty years ago by M. Rio, in his charming work, *La petite Chouannerie, ou Histoire d'un Collège Breton sous l'Empire*, and more recently by Mrs. Wilbraham, in her interesting story, 'The Young Breton Volunteer.' The lofty aspirations, the chivalry and the gallantry of these *filz des géants de la Vendée*, were still a living reality in the college of Vannes; and impressions and feelings were there imbibed by Brizeux, which neither time nor place, nor difference of position, could ever obliterate. The deeds of the youthful band form the subject of one of Brizeux's most admirable poems, 'Les Ecoliers de Vannes,' which is included in his *Histoires Poétiques*.

In 1819, Brizeux, then sixteen years of age, left Vannes, and entered the College of Arras, of which a great-uncle of his, M. Sallentin, was *Proviseur*. There he remained three years.

Brizeux has immortalized in his verses each of the places where he received his education. He has sung the praises of the worthy curé d'Arzannô—

'Humble et bon vieux curé d'Arzannô, digne prêtre,
Que tel je respectais, que j'aimais comme maître;'

without forgetting, at the same time, his schoolfellows, Albin, Lîô, Daniel:—

'Loïc du bourg de Scaër, Ives de Kerhuel,
Tous jeunes paysans aux costumes étranges,
Portant de long cheveux flottants, comme les anges.'

He remembered the College of Vannes in the 'Ecoliers de Vannes,' mentioned above; and he has sung the College of Arras in 'Le Vieux Collège,' one of the best pieces of his *Ternaires*.

In 1822 Brizeux returned to Lorient, where he remained some two years in an attorney's office. He then went to Paris to study law. His arrival in the French capital synchronized with the establishment of a new and famous literary school in France. Two years before, Lamartine's *Méditations* had appeared, and Victor Hugo had just published his *Odes et Ballades*. The *Globe* newspaper, though still in its infancy, had given a powerful impulse to the arts, to poetry, and to philosophy. It was then, as Brizeux often subsequently avowed, that he first felt the inspiration—no superficial or evanescent inspiration—of the Muse; and Paris seemed to call forth and expand all the true poetic feeling which nature

had given him, and which his past life had so pre-eminently tended to foster. He was by no means remarkable for the application with which he pursued the study of law. He had intimate relations with the chief of the romantic school; with Hugo, De Vigny, and Sainte-Beuve he became well acquainted; instead of diligently following the *cours* of the *Ecole de Droit*, he spent his time in visiting museums and libraries, and in attending the lectures of Cousin, Andrieux, and others then in the height of their fame; until he finally decided upon abandoning altogether the study of law, and devoting himself to a literary life.

Some of the literary connexions formed by Brizeux at this period do not seem to have been unattended with danger, if not to the poet, at least to the man; and even his faith appears to have been momentarily imperilled. In his article on Brizeux, M. de Pontmartin says:—

‘L’éducation, la virilité poétique de Brizeux dut s’achever dans des conditions, sinon mortelles, au moins dangereuses pour cette foi simple et robuste qu’il avait vue entourer son berceau sous les traits d’une mère, d’une patrie et d’un maître. Seulement—et c’est là une distinction capitale—si l’homme, en lui, ne fut pas inaccessible au doute, le poète resta chrétien. On ne le vit pas tomber, comme M. de Lamartine, dans une religiosité sans dogme et sans culte; comme M. Hugo, dans un naturalisme superbe où l’œuvre absorbe l’ouvrier; comme M. de Musset, dans cette poésie mêlée de blasphèmes et de sanglots qui forme l’inimitable accent de *Rolla*. Son âme put vaciller; sa muse ne se cramponna qu’avec plus d’amour aux vieux murs de ses églises bretonnes, vêtues de plantes sauvages dont il avait respiré le parfum. Si l’on osait accoupler une image sacrée à un souvenir païen, on pourrait dire que le Christianisme de Brizeux reprenait ses forces, comme Antée, en touchant sa terre natale. Chaque fois qu’il revenait de fait ou d’idée dans sa Bretagne, il embrassait du regard, avec un redoublement de tendresse, ces visages vénérés et bénis, ces costumes primitifs, ces traits de physionomie et de caractère, ces mœurs gardiennes des croyances, ces croyances protectrices des mœurs, ces croix, ces autels, ces sanctuaires.’ . . .

Brizeux’s first work was a little comedy, entitled *Racine*. It is founded on the well-known incident said to have occurred at the third representation of Racine’s *Plaideurs*, and which is amusingly related in a letter of Racine’s friend, M. de Valincour, to the Abbé d’Olivet. *Racine* was performed at the Théâtre Français, on the 27th September, 1827. It is not without some clever sketches and animated dialogues; but it also abounds in striking flaws in composition and artistic defects. Portions of the dialogue remind one of Andrieux. There is no similarity whatever between it and any of the author’s subsequent works. Brizeux thought little of *Racine* afterwards; it is not included in the poet’s complete works; and, indeed, copies of it have become exceedingly rare.

Brizeux, at this period, did not know his own powers. He

was but gradually learning their nature and extent, and, as his biographer says, *il se cherchait encore lui-même*. During the whole of his residence in Paris, he regularly, once a year, in vacation time, visited his mother, the revered curé of Arzanné, and the Marie who was as the guardian spirit of his poetic life. The sweet influences and associations connected with them had, indeed, for a short time been neglected, but they were too deeply entwined in the hidden depths of his very being to remain long forgotten. They will now shine forth in his writings, and shed on them true beauty, grace, and tenderness. Let us again quote M. Saint-Réné Taillandier :—

‘ Un jeune homme, né en Bretagne, a été élevé dans un village du Finistère. Il a eu pour maître un vieux curé, pour condisciples de jeunes paysans. Il a grandi au sein d’une nature à la fois douce et sauvage, courant à travers les bois, connaissant tous les sentiers des landes, ou passant de longues heures au bord des fraîches rivières de sa vallée natale. La piété de son éducation, sous la discipline du prêtre, s’associait librement à toutes les joies naïves d’une existence agreste. Une jeune paysanne, enfant comme lui, ornait d’une grâce plus douce encore cette nature tant aimée. Plus tard le jeune homme a quitté son pays, il est entré dans une vie toute différente. Le voilà dans sa chambre solitaire, à Paris, triste, inquiet de l’avenir, occupé de philosophie et d’art, comparant les voies discordantes d’un siècle troublé à l’harmonie que sa première enfance recueillit sans le comprendre. Ce contraste, mieux senti de jour en jour, devient un poème au fond de son cœur. Il fixe tous ses souvenirs dans une langue souple et harmonieuse, et il écrit ce livre, ce recueil d’élégies, d’idylles agrestes, décoré du nom de l’humble paysanne. Rien de plus frais ni de plus original : à la suave douceur des sentiments s’unit la franchise des peintures ; des scènes pleines de réalité et de vie servent de cadre à ce qu’il y a de plus pur, le poème de l’enfance et de la première jeunesse. ’—Vol. i. pp. xxxi. xxxii.

The biographer here refers to the poem called *Marie*, which has made Brizeux's name famous. Happy, indeed, are the poets who derive their inspirations from such scenes as Brizeux, and whose memories are of that holy nature which imparts freshness and purity to the writings which survive the recollection even of the individual! In this sense ‘speech is transitory, but writing is eternal.’

Marie was published anonymously, in 1831. In 1840, a third edition, with many corrections and additions, appeared with the author's name. During these nine years, Brizeux had learned, and felt, and studied much. A few weeks after the publication of *Marie*, he went to Italy with M. Auguste Barbier, author of *Les Iambes*, and gathered great and varied information during a somewhat prolonged sojourn at Florence and Naples. The August following he departed again for Italy, and visited Rome. On his return to France, he remained some months at Marseilles; and here occurred an event in Brizeux's life which must not be forgotten. M. Ampère was delivering a series of lectures before the Athenæum of that city, when he was transferred to the Collège de France. On leaving Marseilles

he was invited to name his own successor, and he fixed upon Brizeux, who, in 1834, commenced his lectures, selecting, for his subject, Poetry, ancient and modern. The May following, his course of lectures being terminated, he went again to Italy, which, the biographer tells us, was to the poet now as a second country—though he should have said, his third, for he had already informed us that *la verte Erin* was his *seconde patrie*. Brittany had given Brizeux simple tastes, ideas of purity and beauty, such as we love in our own Wordsworth—‘that charm of grace and power,’ ‘fresh from the fount of feeling;’ and Italy also had taught and elevated him by her ennobling treasures of art.

Brizeux's next works were, *La Nuit de Noël* and *Les Batailles de l'Odéon*, both of which originally appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and have since been incorporated into *Marie*. Another fruit of his sojourn in Italy was a translation of the ‘Divine Comedy,’ which was soon followed by another volume of poems, called *Les Ternaires*, subsequently republished under the title of *La Fleur d'Or*. This is considered by some inferior to most of Brizeux's works, but it was the poet's most cherished production. It abounds in impassioned and noble passages; and, as his biographer remarks, Brizeux, as a Christian, a philosopher, a poet, and an artist, has strewn his pages with the treasures he had found in his wanderings between the villages of Brittany and the Italian towns.

‘Des villes d'Italie, où j'osai, jeune et svelte,
Parmi ces hommes bruns montrer l'œil bleu d'un Celte,
J'arrivais, plein des feux de leur volcan sacré,
Mûri par leur soleil, de leurs arts enivré;
Mais, dès que je sentis, ô ma terre natale,
L'odeur qui des genêts et des landes s'exhale,
Lorsque je vis le flux, le reflux de la mer,
Et les tristes sapins se balancer dans l'air,
Adieu les orangers, les marbres de Carrare!
Mon instinct l'emportait, je rede vins barbare,
Et j'oubliai les noms des antiques héros,
Pour chanter les combats des loups et des taureaux.’

These verses from *La Fleur d'Or* well describe the feelings with which Brizeux revisited Brittany after his sojourns elsewhere; but whithersoever he went, his heart untravelled always returned to his *chère Bretagne*. When there, a friend of his, M. Guieysse, to whom he has addressed one of the poems in *Marie*, tells us how he spent his time:—

‘Vous savez avec quel plaisir il revenait en Bretagne. Après avoir consacré quelques semaines aux joies de la famille, il se retirait dans un bourg, loin des villes, le plus ordinairement dans une mauvaise auberge, seul gîte qu'il pût se procurer; qu'importe? il y trouvait les longues causeries du soir dans la langue du pays, au coin de la vaste cheminée, avec des paysans à qui il chantait ses vers bretons, et parmi lesquels il a rencontré plus d'une fois des appréciateurs intelligents.’

Certainly, if the best way—and it has been said to be so—to learn all concerning any class or nation, is to live as they do, to mix freely with them, and to be as one of them; then, truly, Brizeux did all in his power to understand Breton character and customs: and no Breton poet has a greater claim upon our faith in the pictures he presents us, or upon our gratitude for the trouble he has taken to make those pictures exact living realities. As M. Saint-Réné Taillandier remarks, M. Magnin has regretted that Brizeux should have confined himself to such lowly subjects as the traditions and manners of the peasants of Vannes, Tréguier, Carnac, and other places; and he has wished that he had written on Du Guesclin, Beaumanoir, Montfort, and Clisson. But the deeds of these heroes are recorded in the historian's page; and to Brizeux belongs the glory of enshrining the peasants' simple ways, and of gathering together the scattered fragments relating to the Druids and the early Christians. He devoted many years to the work, and in the result of his labours we recognise the heart of the man and the inspiration of the poet.

Les Bretons appeared in 1845, and was crowned by the French Academy. It is only to be expected that Brizeux's countrymen should prefer it to any of the poet's other writings; but it is a work of a high order—fresh, vigorous, original, and frequently *grandiose*. Brizeux's two last volumes of poems were, *Primel et Nola*—a charming idyl, and worthy companion to *Marie*—and the *Histoires Poétiques*, also most deservedly crowned by the Academy in 1856. This last *recueil* contains many short poems of great beauty, among which may be mentioned 'La Paix Armée,' 'Les Ecoliers de Vannes,' 'Le Missionnaire,' 'Les Pêcheurs,' 'Les Bains de Mer,' 'L'Artisane,' and 'La Traversée.'

There are two other publications of Brizeux which must not remain unnoticed, *La Harpe d'Armorique*, and *La Sagesse de Bretagne*. They were printed in Lorient in 1844. The former is a collection of verses, in the Breton tongue, for the peasants of Léon and Cornouaille; and most of them are now well known in the greater part of Brittany. 'Les bardes rustiques,' says the biographer, 'les débitent aux fêtes patronales avec l'accompagnement de biniou, les metayers les répètent au coin de lâtre pendant les soirées d'hiver.' Besides the Breton text, Brizeux has given a literal French translation. The 'Sagesse de Bretagne' is a complete treasury of Breton proverbs gathered by Brizeux himself from the mouths of labourers and sailors.

Brizeux died at Montpellier in May, 1858. He had for some time suffered greatly from disease of the chest, and in the pre-

ceding April he resolved to leave Paris and to repair to Montpellier, 'pour y chercher le soleil qu'il aimait tant.' But neither the April sun, nor the loving cares of friendship, nor the physician's skill, could arrest the progress of the malady. He reached Montpellier on the 16th of April, and three weeks after expired in the arms of his biographer and friend.

His funeral took place at Montpellier on the 4th of the following month. He was followed to the grave by a large concourse of people, which included the Judges of the Imperial Court, the professors of the faculty of Montpellier, members of several learned societies, and students. M. Saint-Réné Taillandier and one of the Judges of the Imperial Court delivered a funeral oration over his remains. Montpellier was not, however, to be his final resting-place. Like a true Breton, he wished his body to repose in Brittany, and his desire was complied with. A few days after his funeral, his brother arrived to fetch his body, which was conveyed to Lorient, and there met by a large crowd of persons. The same honours which had been paid him at Montpellier awaited him in his native town. At his grave, his biographer tells us, *de nobles paroles furent prononcées*; and Breton poets vied with each other in writing verses in his praise. M. Luzel, among others, wrote a piece entitled 'Mort du Barde de la petite Bretagne,' which we regret we have not space to reproduce. Had Brizeux lived a short time longer, he would probably have been elected a member of the Academy. One of the forty wrote thus on the subject to M. Saint-Réné Taillandier a few days after the poet's death:—'Hier, à notre réunion de jeudi, on savait la triste nouvelle, et l'on s'en est fort entretenu avec tous les regrets et les éloges dus à un poète qui appartenait par bien des côtés à l'Académie, et qui était fait pour lui appartenir de plus en plus.'

But Brizeux was not only an eminent poet, he was also an excellent man. He was kind-hearted, straightforward, disinterested, sincere, generous, warm, sympathetic, true. Like most generous natures, he was exceedingly enthusiastic and impulsive. His chief defects were a certain petulance, *brusquerie*, and irritability, which a high and unprejudiced authority has told us is one of the prominent characteristics of poets. Brizeux often accused himself of this, and deeply regretted his *écarts*. On one occasion he wrote a violent invective against the Germanic race. According to him, 'L'Allemagne était la Chine de l'Europe, le pays de conseillers titrés, des mandarins pédants; il raillait tout, le philosophe, le philologue, l'étudiant alourdi par la bière.' M. Saint-Réné Taillandier remonstrated with him for this, and refuted him out of his own verses. 'Soudain,' he tells us, 'je

'vis ses yeux se remplir de larmes; il prit le papier où était tracée son invective, et le déchira en morceaux.'

He had read much, though somewhat desultorily, like La Fontaine; and he was plainly a man of a highly cultivated mind. He was particularly fond of Shakspeare, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Goëthe, though, as his biographer adds, 'Il revenait toujours cependant à la tradition grecque et latine, aux chantes des pays du soleil, et avec la libre allure de sa critique, il leur associait les poëtes orientaux, les sages persans, les mystiques hindous, se rappelant, il l'a dit plus d'une fois, que sa race celtique était fille de l'Asie.' Like Pope, he spent much time in correcting and polishing his poems.

As far as an author's works may be supposed to reveal anything of his moral nature, we should say that Brizeux was a religious man. But we have positive evidence of this. With regard to Ultramontanism, he thoroughly detested it, and, like most serious and reflecting French laymen, was of opinion it had done much harm to religion. Let us once again quote his biographer:—

'Religion had animated his life and inspired his verses, and I shall doubtless be asked in what sentiments he expired. I must be discreet on this point; Brizeux desired to die, as he had lived, unknown. I will only say this (for he has not forbidden it, and the announcement may perhaps contain a salutary warning):—The party which affects to be religious, and which by its exaggerations and hypocrisy repels many noble souls from Christianity, had become to him, in his later years, more and more hateful. He feared to be confounded with such men, but surely this fear pre-occupied him a great deal too much: *quel rapport entre Partiste chrétien et de judaïques docteurs?* He died full of faith and hope, full of faith in God's goodness, and full of hope in a joyful resurrection. He accused himself of his sins in all the humility of a contrite heart. *J'étais si faible!* he used to say.'¹

Towards the end of his account of Brizeux, M. Saint-Réné Taillandier appends an extract from one of his own letters to a friend, written after the poet's death. We transcribe it, as illustrative of the narrow line which separates the sublime from the ridiculous, and of a curious feature in the French character. In justice, however, to the biographer, he must add that he himself speaks of his own language as *assez peu orthodoxe*. 'Le cercueil va partir pour Lorient. Ce pauvre corps que j'ai vu tant souffrir reposera sous la terre de Marie; l'âme est dans

¹ The following anecdote about Brizeux has been repeated to us by a French friend, and we have reason to believe it is perfectly authentic. Some time after the publication of *Notre Dame de Paris*, Victor Hugo's publisher met Brizeux, when the following dialogue took place:—

'Que pensez-vous de *Notre Dame de Paris*?' asked the publisher.

'C'est l'œuvre d'un habile archéologue, mais il y manque quelque chose,' replied Brizeux.

'Quoi?'

'La foi qui a fait élever Notre-Dame de Paris.'

'une autre Bretagne, en des mondes meilleurs, avec Platon, Virgile, saint Jean, Raphaël, saint Corentin, patron de Kemper, et saint Cornéli, patron des bœufs.'

We will now enter into a few more particulars on the subjects of Brizeux's poems, and give extracts from them. Brizeux was often asked, 'Marie a-t-elle existé? Vit-elle encore? L'avez-vous revue?' But the secret of his heart was the secret of the man as much as of the poet, and the questions remained unanswered. Marie, this young maiden, who 'dwelt by the untrodden ways,' near the river Scorf, and who has attained undying celebrity through the verses of Brizeux, was a real living woman, and no mere personification of an abstract idea, no mere creation of the poet's imagination.

At certain seasons of the year, it was the custom of the curé of Arzannô to assemble round him for instruction the children of the place.

'Alors le vieux curé par un long exercice,
Nous préparait ensemble au divin sacrifice,
Lisait le catéchisme, et, nous donnant le ton,
Entonnait à l'autel un cantique breton.
Mêlant nos grands cheveux, serrés l'un contre l'autre,
Nous écoutions ainsi la voix du digne apôtre;
Lui, sa gaule à la main, passait entre les rangs,
Et mettait les ricurs à genoux sur leurs bancs.'—Vol. i. p. 11.

It was through this catechising that Brizeux became acquainted with Marie. She is represented as not 'precisely pretty,' but possessing a singular grace; and the curé's youthful scholar loved her with real and deep affection. Marie's only title to distinction seems to have been this devotion on the part of the poet. All the little episodes in the poem of *Marie*—the scene at the pont Kerlô, the farewells uttered beneath the church porch, the Christmas night—are said to be literally true. The Marie of Brizeux was not the Beatrice of Dante; but does not the peasant girl, with her simple unsophisticated ways and rustic grace, with no arts of dress and fashion—her loving heart being all she had to give in return for the chivalrous homage of the poet, inspire us with interest and affection?

'Ne crains pas, si tu n'as ni parure ni voile,
Viens sous ta coiffe blanche et ta robe de toile,
Jeune fille du Scorf!'

It is a pleasure to read of this innocent maiden; if not 'a phantom of delight,' she is at least an image of sweetness and purity, and, though a reality, yet nearly allied to one of those ideals that 'feed the soul and render it happier and purer'—

'As pure in thought as angels are;
To know her was to love her.'

'Oh ! quand venait Marie, ou, lorsque le Dimanche,
A vèpres je voyais briller sa robe blanche,
Et qu'au bas de l'église elle arrivait enfin,
Se cachant à demi sous sa coiffe de lin,
Volontiers j'aurais cru voir la Vierge immortelle
Ainsi qu'elle appelée, et bonne aussi comme elle !
Savais-je en ce temps-là pourquoi mon cœur l'aimait,
Si ses yeux étaient bleus, si sa voix me charmaït,
Ou sa taille élancée, ou sa peau brune et pure ?
Non ! j'aimais une jeune et douce créature,
Et sans chercher comment, sans me rien demander,
L'office se passait à nous bien regarder.
Je lui disais parfois : Embrassons-nous, Marie !
Et je prenais ses mains ; mais vers sa métairie
La sauvage fuyait ; et moi, jeune amoureux,
Je courais sur ses pas au fond du chemin creux,
Longtemps je la suivais sous les bois, dans la lande,
Dans les prés tout remplis d'une herbe épaisse et grande,
Enfin je m'arrêtais, ne pouvant plus la voir ;
Elle, courant toujours, arrivant au Moustoir.

'Jours passés que chacun rappelle avec des larmes,
Jours qu'en vain l'on regrette, aviez-vous tant de charmes ?
Ou les vents troublaient-ils aussi votre clarté,
Et l'ennui du présent fait-il votre beauté ?'—Vol. i. pp. 11, 12.

Marie is not, however, a poem entirely devoted to the praises of the beloved maiden. It contains many charming little pieces addressed to Brizeux's mother, as well as on the love of one's country, on Brittany, on religion, on the Church, with all that is beautiful to the idea or to the eye, in its swinging censers, its kneeling crowds, its heaven-ascending music. The poems respectively entitled '*Les deux Statuaires*,' '*La Noce*,' '*Le Chemin du Pardon*,' '*Les Batelières de l'Odet*,' and the last piece, addressed to his mother, '*A ma Mère*' (vol. i. pp. 75—77), strike us as pre-eminently beautiful. In our account of Brizeux, we have alluded to the circumstances under which *Marie* appeared, and how, in the midst of his Parisian life, his faith seems to have vacillated, and how his thoughts were perpetually occupied with the Brittany he had left. In one of the poems addressed to the Breton maiden, after significantly referring to the life he there led, he speaks of the innocence and childlike religious faith of his youth, and shows what hold the recollections of former days retained upon his mind :—

'Aujourd'hui que mes pas négligent le saint lieu,
Sans culte et cependant plein de désir vers Dieu,
De ces jours de ferveur, oh ! vous pouvez m'en croire,
L'éclat lointain réchauffe encore ma mémoire,
Le psaume retentit dans mon âme, et ma voix
Retrouve quelques mots des versets d'autrefois.
Jours aimés ! jours éteints ! comme un jeune lévite,
Souvent j'ai dans le chœur porté l'eau bénite,
Offert l'onde et le vin au calice ; et, le soir,

Aux marches de l'autel balancé l'encensoir.
 Cependant tout un peuple à genoux sur la pierre,
 Parmi les flots d'encens, les fleurs et la lumière,
 Femmes, enfants, vieillards, hommes graves et mûrs,
 Tous dans un même vœu, tous avec des cœurs purs,
 Disaient le Dieu des fruits et des moissons nouvelles,
 Qui darde ses rayons pour chauffer les javelles,
 Ou quelquefois permet aux fléaux souverains
 De faucher les froments et d'emporter les grains.
 Les voix montaient, montaient ! moi, penché sur mon livre,
 Et pareil à celui qu'un grand bonheur enivre,
 Je tremblais, de longs pleurs ruisselaient de mes yeux ;
 Et, comme si Dieu même eût dévoilé les cieus,
 Introduit par sa main dans les saintes phalanges,
 Je sentais tout mon être éclater en louanges,
 Et noyé dans des flots d'amour et de clarté,
 Je m'anéantissais devant l'Immensité !"—Vol. i. pp. 17, 18.

The two first lines contain a remarkable avowal. Many portions of *Marie* are the history of the poet's own life, of his fond recollections, and of the present doubts and perplexities, the cravings and aspirations of his soul. His mind, when he wrote it, was still agitated with many contending emotions, and he had not yet utterly emancipated himself from certain injurious influences, political and religious.

In *Marie*, with so much that is noble and heaven-inspired, occurs a short piece here and there, or a sentiment, which is by no means unobjectionable. The poem entitled 'Jésus' reminds one, as M. de Pontmartin justly remarks, of Leconte de Lisle's 'Pâle Essénien' and Alfred de Musset's 'Rolla.' In the poem called 'Le Doute,' we fear that the poet only speaks the truth of himself when he says—

'Souvent le front baissé, l'œil hagard, sur ma route,
 Errant à mes côtés j'ai rencontré le doute,
 Être épicurien, craintif, qui chaque fois
 Changeait de vêtements, de visage et de voix.' . . .

' . . . Et moi, tel qu'un aveugle aux murs tendant la main,
 A tâtons, dans la nuit, je cherchais mon chemin.'—Vol. i. p. 58.

Neither do we particularly admire our poet's somewhat suspicious address to Liberty, coupled as it is with a certain sort of Equality:—

'Liberté, dans nos murs, toujours la bienvenue,
 Comme d'anciens amants nous t'avons reconnue,
 Et nous baisions ta robe, et tous avec gaieté
 Nous suivions au combat ta sœur l'Égalité !'

Such aberrations, however, were only transitory; the teaching, both by precept and example, of Brizeux's mother and of the curé of Arzannô were not lost upon the poet; and religion soon reasserted her legitimate and undisturbed supremacy. In the *Ecoliers de Vannes* there is a magnificent apostrophe to

Liberty, which shows the true poet and the true Christian, as well as the enlightened politician and patriot.

Turn we now to the *Bretons*. All who wish for a true and graphic account of Brittany and its people, of Breton manners and customs, of Breton *pardons*, pilgrimages, and feasts of patron saints, of Breton weddings and funerals, of Breton legends and antiquities, of Breton religion, and, we must add also, of Breton superstition and fanaticism, and other things existing now only in Brittany, will do well to read *Les Bretons*. It in many respects not only contains the best description of Brittany that we are acquainted with, but the most correct portraiture of the peculiar character, costumes, and habits of its people. The poem is divided into twenty-four *chants* or parts.

In an article on Brittany which appeared in this Review some years ago, and which has been since reprinted with others, with the author's name, occurs the following passage:—

'Breton religion, with its mixture of wildness and thoughtfulness, its tenderness and sad resignation, has other sides. Faith, as of old, works in many ways. It is a fearful thing, yet nothing new, that it can coexist, strong and all-pervading, with monstrous evil; it is compatible with violence, and hatred, and impurity. . . . At no distant time he [the Breton savage] made pilgrimages to obtain *de bons naufrages*; nay, by a distortion which is peculiar to his own stern character, and which, though less blasphemous, is almost more unnatural than his fierce appeals to the justice of God, he transforms her whom his Church regards as the type of unmingled tenderness, into a minister of unerring revenge. There is a chapel near Tréguier,—so says M. Souvestre, and there seems no reason to disbelieve him,—consecrated to "*Notre Dame de la Haine*," where men pray for vengeance, and believe that their prayer is never denied, at the shrine of her who is called the Mother of Mercies.'¹

If we recollect rightly (for we have not now their works at hand to refer to), the same statement is made by Trollope, Weld, and several others, in their respective works on Brittany.² This assertion was formally denied by the Bishop of

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, vol. xi. p. 151.

² Mr. Jephson, in his very interesting, but, in many places, singularly incorrect 'Walking Tour in Brittany,' also refers to it:—'A little beyond Kermartin, to the right, is the ruined church said to be called "Our Lady of Hatred," and to be resorted to by peasants, who there invoke evil upon their enemies.'—P. 81. What the writer, with characteristic inaccuracy, took for the chapel of *Notre-Dame de la Haine*, which is situated on the other side of the river, and a mile or two distant, is the ruined church of *S. Michel*! Mr. Jephson adds guardedly, and with the most charming *naïveté*, 'I will not vouch for the truth of the story.' We should think not. This is not the only mistake into which the able writer has fallen, in his account of Tréguier and its neighbourhood.

S. Briec and by M. Urvoy, head of the ecclesiastical seminary at Tréguier, both of whose letters appeared in a subsequent number of this periodical.¹ Both the prelate and the superior of the seminary seemed greatly astounded at such an assertion ever having been made, and the latter says, with beautiful simplicity:—

‘ Quel objet a pu lui donner le thème de sa burlesque histoire? Il y a sur la rive opposée au quai de Tréguier un oratoire sous le titre de *Saint-Yves de Vérité*. L’amour de la justice dont le saint et savant magistrat était pénétré, le zèle et le dévouement avec lesquels il défendait les opprimés, sont demeurés tellement gravés dans les esprits, que, dans des cas d’injuste oppression ou de procès inique, on l’a invoqué spécialement dans ce lieu pour obtenir de Dieu par son entremise que la vérité fût connue et l’injustice condamnée. Voilà un culte et un oratoire qui sont connus ici. Mais pour la chapelle de Notre Dame de la Haine et sa bizarre superstition, elles sont de la création de M. E. Souvestre et réellement sorties de son imagination fantasque. Car ici on ne trouve rien de pareil, ni dans le passé, ni dans le présent.’

M. le Supérieur, who had then passed some thirty years of his life at Tréguier, ought long ago to have been informed that the facts mentioned by M. Souvestre are not altogether the creation of his ‘imagination fantasque.’ M. Urvoy is certainly right in the name by which the chapel goes—it is usually called *Saint-Yves de la Vérité*; but this is a case in which there is nothing in a name. Many persons at Tréguier and elsewhere are aware that it is now appropriated to the by no means edifying purposes indicated by Souvestre; and if M. le Supérieur du petit séminaire de Tréguier has never, in the whole course of thirty years, heard of them, he must decidedly be living in a paradise of his own special creation. Brizeux’s account of the place is far more accurate and comprehensive than M. Urvoy’s:—

‘ En face de Tréguier, sur les bords du Jaudi,
Est un lieu, longtemps saint, à présent lieu maudit.
Des plâtres vers et nus, où rôde le cloporte,
Un loquet tout rouillé qui tremble sur la porte,
Au dedans un autel, sans nappe, et, sous les toits,
L’araignée immobile étendant ses longs doigts,
Voilà cette chapelle horrible! A la sortie
Partout le pied se brûle à des feuilles d’ortie.
Autrefois sa patronne était la Vérité :
C’est la Haine aujourd’hui dont le culte est fêté.

‘ Ils disent en Tréguier qu’aucun deux ne visite
Ni de jour ni de nuit leur Eglise maudite.
Mais à ce nom pourquoi se signer en tremblant,
Et jusqu’à la chapelle un sentier toujours blanc?
“ C’est vrai, vous répondront alors ces bonnes âmes,
Mais, croyez-le, jamais il n’y va que des femmes.”’—Vol. i. p. 263.

Will M. Urvoy here again assert that this is a ‘récit de fan-

¹ Vol. xii. pp. 295—297.

taisie et d'imagination?' Whatever may have been the original object for which the chapel was built, there is no doubt that it is now frequently used for the infamous purpose mentioned by Souvestre, Brizeux, and others, and that one may say of it with perfect truth,

'C'est la Haine aujourd'hui dont le culte est fêté!'

Having read of this chapel in several works, and seen M. Urvoy's formal denial of its being used for the object mentioned, we resolved, when at Tréguier, not very long ago, to investigate the subject for ourselves; and indeed we decided upon staying at Tréguier for that very purpose one day longer than we originally intended. What we saw and heard about the chapel we noted down immediately afterwards, and we will now take the liberty of extracting it from the journal we are preparing for publication:—

'E. was not up to much exertion, and so she decided upon remaining quiet at the hotel, while F. and myself proceeded to the spot, and investigated the whole matter. We found the little chapel, which is situated on the opposite side of the river; and, having obtained the key at a neighbouring house, we went into it, accompanied by the person who has charge of it. We came to the conclusion that M. Souvestre and others are wrong in the name they give the building, but that they are perfectly right in their account of the uses to which it is now appropriated. It is a wretched little chapel, and outwardly has not the slightest pretensions to anything ecclesiastical. Within, there is an altar rather shabbily and tawdrily decorated, and a box to collect alms to defray the expenses connected with it. On the right and left side of the altar, within two small niches, stand boxes containing the skulls of persons buried there, and on one I read the following inscription:—

"Requiescat in pace."

"Dans cette chapelle gît le corps d'Olivier Pierre de Clisson, pauvre pêcheur, humble serviteur de la S. Vierge, âgé de xxi ans, et décédé le xvi Décembre MDCCXIX."

"Priez Dieu pour le repos de son âme."

'The woman who had charge of the chapel, and conducted us in, did not seem to understand much French, and we could not speak Breton, but, after some difficulty, she told us that people still came here, frequently at dead of night (throwing a few pieces of money into the river as they crossed in a boat), to pray that God, in the case of those who had done them any offence, real or supposed, would make the truth manifest, and punish the evil-doer; that many a prayer was even now frequently offered at this shrine for judgment and vengeance on those who had wronged the petitioner. She added that, only the week before, the chapel had been visited by two ladies bent on this accursed errand, one of whom had come all the way from Nantes, and the other from S. Malo. One was an injured wife, the other an aggrieved daughter; and they had both undertaken the journey to invoke maledictions upon the head of those who, as they supposed, with or without good reason, had offended them. The woman allowed that such practices were opposed to the principles of Christianity, and that they were not countenanced by the clergy. I do not imagine for a moment that these abominable practices are connected with the actual teaching of the Roman Church; but why are they not absolutely pre-

vented? and why is there an alms-box for the reception of offerings to defray the expenses connected with the chapel? No religious services are now performed in it. Very probably this most unchristian *cultus* is a relic of some old pagan custom, which has become incorporated into the religion of the people, a religion handed down with little change from one generation to another.

Statements very similar to those made by the person who has charge of the chapel, we also had from other inhabitants of Tréguier; and we very much fear they are a matter of historical truth. But let us turn away from this subject.

We should have been glad to have given additional extracts from different parts of this fine poem, but space forbids. 'Le Pardon,' 'Les Conscrits,' 'Les Lutteurs,' 'Les Noces,' are all particularly good. One short passage, we however must give from 'Les Noces,' which forms the conclusion of the poem. Any one who has visited Brittany, must have been struck by the swarms of importunate beggars met everywhere. But the Breton creed is that of Madame de Chantal. The Bretons are most kind to the poor, and will, with her, look beyond the miserable, and, perhaps, repulsive object that solicits alms, and share her faith and love, and say, 'I do not see them, but Jesus Christ in them.' Brizeux thus speaks of the ceremonies which take place, and of the treat given to the poor, on the occasion of a marriage:—

'Moi-même j'arrive au terme de ma route,
Long chemin qu'un plus fort eût trouvé court sans doute,
Mais ronces et graviers entravaient tant mes pas,
Que souvent je disais : Je n'arriverai pas !
Seule alors vous m'aidiez, ô Puissance cachée !
Humble force du cœur qu'en parlant j'ai cherchée !
Et vous, l'Inspirateur, mon Dieu, je vous bénis :
J'ai commencé par vous, et par vous je finis.

'Quand l'éternel oubli recouvre tant de races,
Mon peuple dans mes vers aura-t-il quelques traces ?
Bretagne, ô vieilles mœurs, noble rusticité,
Ensemble harmonieux de force et de beauté !

'Ah ! cette noce encore a des pompes plus hautes :
Avec le second jour viennent de nouveaux hôtes,
Sans robes d'écarlate et pourpoints de drap bleu,
Mais les membres du Christ et les hôtes de Dieu,
Les pauvres.—Plus de cent autour de l'aire à battre,
Maigre essaim d'affamés, étaient venus s'abattre :
Si triste tous les jours, si joyeux ce matin,
Qu'ils attendent leur part des bribes du festin ;
Aussi les voilà tous, munis de leur écuelle ;
Mais les feux sont éteints ; la noce, où donc est-elle ?

'La noce était au bourg, et priait pour ses morts,
Autour du treteau noir où l'on pose les corps ;
Puis, le service dit, on vit la foule entière
Chercher chacun sa robe aux coins du cimetière ;

Et le sol fut couvert de parents à genoux
Occupés à prier pour ceux qui sont dessous,
Les conviant ainsi, dans leur couche profonde,
A se mêler un jour aux fêtes de ce monde.

'A vous, pauvres ! à vous, enfin, estropiés !
Déposant leurs habits de deuil, les mariés,
Chacun heureux et fier de vous servir lui-même,
Viennent les bras chargés des mets que le pauvre aime.'

Vol. i. pp. 288, 289.

La Fleur d'Or abounds in beautiful pieces. There is one especially, which, for grace, naturalness, and elegance, is unsurpassed, and worthy Chénier, Lamartine, and Hugo. It is entitled *A E.*, and begins thus:—

'Le jour naît : dans les prés et sous les taillis verts
Allons, allons cueillir et des fleurs et des vers,

Tandis que la ville repose ;
La fleur ouvre au matin plus de pourpre et d'azur,
Et le vers, autre fleur, s'épanouit plus plur,
A l'aube humide qui l'arrose.

'Que de fleurs ont passé qu'on n'a point su cueillir !
Sur sa tige oubliée, ah ! ne laissons vieillir
Aucune des fleurs de ce monde.

Allons cueillir des fleurs ; par un charme idéal
Qu'avec l'encens des vers leur parfum matinal
Amoureusement se confonde.

'Allons cueillir des vers ! sous la fleur du buisson
Entendez-vous l'oiseau qui chante sa chanson ?

Tout chante et fleurit, c'est l'aurore !
Je veux chanter aussi : blonde fille du ciel,
Ainsi de fleur en fleur va butinant son miel
L'abeille joyeuse et sonore.

'Cueillons des fleurs ! Et puis, heureux de mon fardeau,
Je reviendrai m'asseoir près du léger rideau

Qui voile encor ma bien-aimée,
Et du bruit de mes vers dissipant son sommeil,
Je ferai sur ses yeux et sur son front vermeil
Tomber une pluie embaumée.

'Riante et mollement soulevée à demi,
Je veux que de mes fleurs sur son front endormi

Sa blanche main suive la trace ;
Et qu'en un doux silence admirant leurs couleurs,
Elle doute longtemps, qui, des vers ou des fleurs,
Ont plus de fraîcheur et de grâce.'—Vol. ii. pp. 23, 24.

In the poem, or rather collection of poems, called '*Primel et Nola*,' and now included in the *Histoires Poétiques*, the portrait of Monsieur Flammik, the rustic denizen of Brittany, *qui veut faire le monsieur*, and who apes the manners, language, and dress of the Parisian dandy, is cleverly drawn. We ourselves, in the course of our peregrinations in certain parts of Brittany, have occasionally come into contact with individuals of the

Flammik type, and can testify to the correctness of the sketch:—

'Voici Monsieur Flammik avec son air matois,
Il n'est plus paysan et n'est pas un bourgeois.
Sous ses habits nouveaux méprisant ses aïeux,
Au tondeur aux moutons il vendit ses cheveux.
Il revient de l'école, écoutez son jargon :
Ce n'est pas du Français, ce n'est plus du Breton.
Attablé le dimanche aux cabarets voisins,
Il se moque du diable, il se moque des saints.
Tel est monsieur Flammik, fils d'un bon campagnard ;
Notre agneau blanc se change en un petit renard.
Voici monsieur Flammik avec son air matois,
Il n'est plus paysan et n'est pas un bourgeois.'

Vol. ii. pp. 242, 243.

In *La Harpe d'Armorique*, the same Monsieur Flammik is very easily described in Breton verse.

In the *recueil* called 'Cycle,' which also now forms part of the *Histoires Poétiques*, are found translations from different poets, ancient and modern. We will extract the version, or imitation rather, of the 'Sic vos non vobis.' It is good, but not equal to the original:—

'J'ai fait des vers, un autre en eut tous les honneurs.
Vous pour un autre aussi portez sous les chaleurs,
Brebis, vos toisons blanches ;
Vous pour un autre aussi posez, oiseaux chanteurs,
Votre nid sur les branches ;
Vous pour un autre aussi, grands bœufs, de vos sueurs
Fertilisez les terres ;
Vous pour un autre aussi, pompez le suc des fleurs,
Vous, abeilles légères.'—Vol. ii. p. 404.

In the 'Poétique Nouvelle,' à propos of the French capital, we find the following noble passage, though perhaps, the word *justement*, in the fifteenth line, should not be received without some qualification, as the sacred Name employed further on is certainly objectionable:—

'Mais entends-tu gémir les tragiques douleurs ?
L'homme, hélas ! n'est jamais sans un sujet de pleurs.
Nous voici parvenus sur la place publique.
Dans un marais de sang ici la France antique
Disparut ! Un roi saint, son épouse, sa sœur,
Un poète au cœur d'or, généreux défenseur,
Et de saints magistrats, et des prêtres sublimes,
Des femmes, des vieillards, et cent mille victimes !
Une pierre a couvert le hideux échafaud,
Mais le sang fume encore, il bout, il parle haut.
O sombre tragédie ! ô drame lamentable !
Que nous font désormais les héros de la Fable,
César même et Brutus, le stoïque assassin ?
Ici mourait un tyran, ici mourut un saint !
Toute une nation justement affranchie,
Soudain ivre de sang et folle d'anarchie,
A son brillant passé sans regret dit adieu,

Répudiant ses mœurs, ses grands hommes, son Dieu,
Ceux qui la conduisaient dans sa nouvelle voie,
De ses déchainements les premiers sont la proie ;
Puis sous le couperet elle traîne en janvier
Celui que tout martyr aurait droit d'envier :
Aux mains de trois bourreaux sur cette horrible place
On dépouille le Christ devant la populace,
Le doux Capétien, le fils de saint Louis,
Au front loyal et pur, orné de fleur de lis,
L'esprit haut, le cœur tendre appelé Louis Seize,
Client par qui vivront Malesherbe et de Sèze !
Mais l'hostie a changé l'échafaud en autel,
Et l'âme en pardonnant s'éleva jusqu'au ciel.'

Vol. ii. pp. 445, 446.

We shall conclude our extracts by giving the larger portion of the 'L'Elégie de la Bretagne,' the last piece published by Brizeux. The beginning, like the rest of the poem, has been much admired, and deservedly so. It reminds one of Victor Hugo's splendid poem, 'Le Géant':—

- 'Silencieux men-hirs, fantômes de la lande,
Avec crainte et respect dans l'ombre je vous vois !
Sur vous descend la nuit, la solitude est grande ;
Parlons, ô noirs granits, des choses d'autrefois.
- 'Quels bras vous ont dressés à l'occident des Gaules ?
Géants, n'êtes-vous pas fils des anciens géants ?
Une mousse blanchâtre entoure vos épaules,
Pareille à des cheveux nés depuis des mille ans.
- 'Immobiles rêveurs, sur vos landes arides
Vous avez vu passer tous les hommes d'Arvor :
Dans leurs robes de lin les austères Druides,
Les *brenn* étincelants avec leurs colliers d'or.
- 'Puis les rois et les ducs sous leurs cottes de mailles,
Les ermites cachés à l'ombre des taillis,
Tous les saints de Léon, tous les saints de Cornouailles,
Et du pays de Vanne et des autres pays.
- 'De l'orgueilleux César à la Bonne Duchesse,
Sur les envahisseurs vous avez vu courir
Ceux dont la liberté fut la seule richesse,
Et qui, brisant leur joug, criaient : *Plutôt mourir !*
- 'Jours anciens, jours sacrés ! Alors, puissantes gardes,
S'élevaient de grands bois autour des grands châteaux ;
Les salles résonnaient aux voix mâles des bardes,
Et la voûte des bois aux concerts des oiseaux.
- 'Les châteaux sont détruits et nue est la campagne,
Des chanteurs sans abri les accords ont cessé ;
L'ardent souffle s'éteint au cœur de la Bretagne,
Et partout l'intérêt jette un souffle glacé.
- 'Sortez d'entre les morts, hommes des anciens âges !
Mettez en nous la force et les simples penchants !
Ah ! plutôt que vieillir, conservez-nous sauvages,
Comme aux jours où les cœurs s'animaient à vos chants !

'Moi, je dévoue encore aux divines colères
 Les profanateurs de cet âge insensé,
 Avars destructeurs des chênes séculaires
 Et des sombres granits, ces témoins du passé!'

Vol. ii. pp. 283, 284.

This is grand, and, in more than one respect, highly poetical. The poet then apostrophises the steam-engine, big with ruin and desolation:—

'Ah! le grand destructeur arrive! Sous la nue
 Une lourde vapeur annonce sa venue:
 C'est un dragon de fer, un monstre aveugle et sourd,
 Sans ailes,—ce dragon ne vole pas, il court;
 Sur son chemin uni roulant comme une meule,
 Il va, plein d'un brasier, qu'il vomit par sa gueule;
 Esclave obéissant, mais, dans un brusque ennui,
 Brûlant les insensés qu'il emporte après lui. . . .
 O race des Bretons, vouée à la souffrance,
 Nous n'avions pas de mot pour dire l'espérance;
 Le dernier de nos jours penche vers son déclin,
 Voici le dragon rouge annoncé par Merlin!
 Il vient, il a franchi les marches de Bretagne,
 Traversant le vallon, évenrant la montagne,
 Passant fleuves, étangs, comme un simple ruisseau,
 Plus rapide nageur que la couleuvre d'eau:
 Il a ses sifflements! Parfois le monstre aveugle
 Est le taureau voilé dans l'arène et qui beugle:
 Quand s'apaise la mer, écoutez longuement
 Venir sur le vent d'est le hideux beuglement.'

The same ideas and apprehensions have been more prosaically put forth by other writers, but they seem to us scarcely called for. Certainly, as De Quincey says, 'Father Time is become very importunate, and clamorously shrill, since he has been fitted up with that horrid railway-whistle;' but we doubt whether the poet's vaticinations will be realized for generations to come; at any rate, we predict that the 'men-hirs longtemps debout,' and the 'chênes séculaires,' 'ces témoins du passé,' will still remain for a long time undisturbed. In our opinion, the influences of railways and electric telegraphs, in changing the character of Brittany and of Bretons, have been greatly over-rated; and ages will elapse before—

'Trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.'

Of course more frequent and rapid means of communication, and the consequent greater facilities of commerce, and the new relations into which the inhabitants will be brought, will effect certain modifications in the habits and pursuits of some of the people; Flammiks will doubtless be on the increase; but we doubt whether extensive and radical changes will be produced in the moral features of Bretons any more than in the general physical aspect of the country. Breton character and habits

are as immoveable and unchangeable as the soil on which they are nurtured—

'Cette terre de granit recouverte de chênes.'

It is well perhaps that it should be so, and that—especially in the present state of French society—Bretons should cling with characteristic pertinacity and stubbornness to their ancient ways. Doubtless, as the *commis-voyageur* remarked, Brittany is, in some respects, *le pays le plus arrière de la France*; doubtless there is immense room both for moral and material improvement, and Bretons might certainly rise higher in the scale of social and thinking beings, but they might also fall, like many of their countrymen (if Frenchmen can be called such) into the opposite and worse extreme. An able writer, M. Pelletan, in his recently-published *Nouvelle Babylone*, describes his countrymen as an utterly degenerate race, caring for nothing but the gross material enjoyments that wealth and civilisation (so called) can procure, squandering on dinners at the *Café Anglais* and other places, and in ministering to the voracity of *courtezans*, money won at the lottery of the Bourse—caring for no literature but the prurient novels of Flaubert and Feydeau—destitute of religion—careless of their personal dignity—absorbed by dissipation and luxury, vices which it seems to be the policy of the Imperial Government to foster and develop to the utmost of its power; and, as a finishing touch to the picture, he gives them all the low vices of Oriental sensualisms—the soul of a lackey in the body of an ape. This flattering portraiture may be considered by some as overdrawn, but it is that also given by Father Félix in his *Conferences*. A spirit of religion, however, has moulded the Breton people and their manners; it interpenetrates their daily life; their wants are but few and their wishes all confined;

'Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all;'

and he is contented with it; and it is better he should remain so than exchange his primitive habits and simple confiding faith—not unaccompanied with certain repulsive superstitions—for the fictitious and demoralising 'civilisation,' the refined barbarism, and the gross practical heathenism prevalent in so many parts of France.

But we must now give the conclusion of the Elegy. All those who witness with consternation the cold and dreary materialism, and the levelling and democratic tendencies of the age; all those who do battle for the ideal, and for the cause of practical religion and philanthropy; all those who would raise the 'plodding groveller' above the actual, the sensual, and 'the things that are seen,' will heartily re-echo many of the sentiments of the poet, especially towards the conclusion of the poem:—

- ' Adieu, les vieilles mœurs, grâces de la chaumière,
 Et l'idiome saint par le barde chanté,
 Le costume brillant qui fait l'âme plus fière. . . .
 L'utile a pour jamais exilé la beauté.
- ' Terre, donne aujourd'hui tout ce que tu peux rendre !
 Le laboureur n'est plus un ami, c'est un roi ;
 Sous l'ombrage en rêveur il n'ira plus s'étendre :
 Le pur amour des champs on ne l'a plus en soi.
- ' Bientôt ils descendront dans les places des villes
 Ceux qui sur les coteaux chantaient, gais chevieris,
 Vendant leurs libres mains à des travaux serviles,
 Villageois enlaidis, vêtus en ouvriers.
 O Dieu, qui nous créas ou guerriers ou poètes,
 Sur la côte marins et pâtres dans les champs,
 Sous les vils intérêts ne courbe pas nos têtes,
 Ne fais pas des Bretons un peuple de marchands !
- ' Nature, ô bonne mère, éloigne l'Industrie !
 Sur ton sein laisse encor nos enfants s'appuyer !
 En fabrique on voudrait changer la métairie :
 Restez, sylphes des bois, gais latins du foyer !
- ' La Science a le front tout rayonnant de flammes,
 Plus d'un fruit savoureux est tombé de ses mains,
 Eclaire les esprits sans dessécher les âmes,
 O bienfaitrice ! Alors viens tracer nos chemins.
- ' Pourtant ne vante plus tes campagnes de France !
 J'ai vu, par l'avarice ennuyés et vieilliss,
 Des barbares sans foi, sans cœur, sans espérance,
 Et, l'amour m'inspirant, j'ai chanté mon pays.
- ' Vingt ans je l'ai chanté !—Mais si mon œuvre est vaine,
 Si chez nous vient le mal que je fuyais ailleurs,
 Mon âme montera, triste encor, mais sans haine,
 Vers une autre Bretagne en des mondes meilleurs !'

Vol. ii. pp. 283—287.

French poetry and French poets are, in general, but little known in England—French religious poets, for the best of all reasons, especially so. Those who wish for real and high-toned poetry, for an interesting and correct account of Breton legends and customs, for picturesque descriptions, for accurate delineations of moral character, for grace, freshness and originality, for delicacy of touch, and great artistic skill—those who seek for the tender, the beautiful, and the true—will find all this in Brizeux. What the poet's idea of poetry was is embodied in two of his own lines:—

' Au prêtre d'enseigner les choses immortelles ;
 Poète, ton devoir est de les rendre belles ;'

and this idea is practically carried out in the two volumes before us. The poet is dead; but the Beautiful never dies. It is written of—chanted in poem—thought of—sighed for—aspired after, though it will never be fully realized, till the bright shore is gained for which, we trust, Brizeux has left this earth.

' In that land of beauty,
 All things of beauty meet.'

- ART. II.—1. *Essays and Reviews*. John W. Parker and Son, West Strand.
2. *The Confession of Faith, and other Standards*. Printed by Authority. 1860.
3. *The Inspiration of Scripture*. By WILLIAM LEE, M.A. Rivingtons.

So much has already been written upon the Essay and Review controversy, that it seems at first sight a useless step to recur to the subject. Nor should we have ventured to do so, were it not that we are anxious to present the question in an aspect which has not hitherto met with much attention. Our apology for troubling our readers must be the unspeakable importance of the matter in debate, and the fact that the sceptical tendencies represented by the Essayists, so far from being extinct, are still as active as ever. We fear, indeed, there is but little prospect of a speedy termination to this controversy. Many things seem to indicate that it will go on and, perhaps, intensify. Scepticism has not yet developed its full power of attack. There are ideas antagonistic to the religion of Christ, latent in the public mind, which have not yet been brought into play. The appearance of Bishop Colenso's book shows that the previous lull in the storm was only delusive, and we shall not be surprised if, very soon, it breaks forth with redoubled fury. Everything, indeed, seems to indicate that in these latter days the religion of Christ will encounter a trial as great as, perhaps greater than, any it has yet come through. For the result, we have not the slightest fear; but in the meantime, it is sad to think of the multitude of souls that will make shipwreck of their faith, and of the still greater number whose spiritual life will be stunted through perplexing doubt.

The case presented by the Essayists is, that the Old Theology, in the face of advancing knowledge, has completely broken down. So entirely, in their idea, is this the case, that they do not even condescend to inform us how or in what way this has occurred. They take it for granted. They assume that to go before an educated audience and preach what has hitherto been regarded as orthodox Christianity, is to insure its rejection. Men will not, and cannot, believe it. It is inconsistent with what they *know for certain* from science and advancing knowledge. And this inconsistency attaches not only to Miracles, Inspiration, and other like points, but generally to the old theology as a scheme

or system. It is too narrow as an exponent of God and His universe. Science reveals a much wider and grander idea. Such being the case, they argue, the time has come for making some concession. There are Christian ideas and a Christian life, against which no contradiction can be alleged. They are enough for all practical purposes. Let us only give up the idea of a special and supernatural Christianity, and, with God's blessing, we may preserve the rest.

Now, with regard to the case thus presented, we must frankly admit that it is a reasonable one. If there is a discrepancy between what men *know for certain* and what they are taught to believe, there can be no question as to which must succumb; and we cannot but attribute the best of motives to those who, convinced of discrepancy, were anxious to save what they could. Nay, we would even go so far as to allow that, *primâ facie*, their case was a probable one. No candid and thoughtful Christian can help feeling that very serious difficulties have of late arisen. Contradictions between knowledge and religious faith, however much they may be ignored, are evidently deeply and distressingly felt. But, it strikes us, a fatal mistake was committed by the Essayists in their mode of procedure. As soon as these contradictions emerged, without the slightest inquiry, they called upon us to give up Christianity in the only aspect in which it is worth contending for. But, surely, a previous question of vast importance was here overlooked! It was taken for granted that the theological ideas predominant in the public mind, which were found untenable in the face of advancing knowledge, were the genuine theology of Christ and His Church. We do think, before demanding such a sacrifice, this point ought to have been ascertained. A rigid criticism of the prevailing theology ought to have been instituted. It ought to have been ascertained how far and in what respect these ideas were contradicted, and how far the contradiction applied to the genuine teaching of Christ and His Church. Had this procedure been actually adopted, we feel very certain the Essayists would have found there was no such pressing claim for the sacrifice demanded of us. We do not say they would have been prepared to maintain a supernatural Christianity; for there would still remain the great philosophical question as between faith and sight, a special and a general providence of God, concerning which minds have always differed, and will continue to differ. But what we do say is, that they would speedily have seen that this eternal question has not been specially altered by advancing knowledge; that, in fact, a supernatural Christianity is as tenable now as it has been at any moment since Christ came.

We propose, in the present paper, to call attention to this aspect of the question. It will be our object to point out in what respect the popular ideas of theology diverge from those of the Ancient Church; and, if we mistake not, it will turn out that just in proportion to this divergence do these ideas clash with advancing knowledge. But here the question meets us: What is the popular theology, or—as it is termed, derisively, by sceptical writers—orthodoxy? Amid the many sects which make up the national Christianity, each with its own peculiar dogma, to which shall we look as the representative one? This difficulty is more apparent than real. When we look more narrowly at the various religious systems, we find that their differences are quite subordinate. All are agreed in the main. There is, in truth, but one theological system accepted by all; we mean Calvinistic Protestantism. Even within the Church, where there is the counteracting influence of Catholic ideas from the Prayer-Book, Calvinism may almost be said to predominate. Not only is it the only theology of the Low-Church party, but many of its ideas are more or less accepted by High-Churchmen. In fact, with the exception of those who have been thoroughly influenced by the Catholic movement, every intelligent Englishman will instinctively look at Christianity from the Calvinistic point of view. Our task is thus simplified: in analysing Calvinism we shall find the key to the Popular Theology.

Nowhere is Calvinism laid down with such logical precision and consistency as in the standards of the Scottish Establishment. The 'Confession of Faith' and the 'Longer Catechism' are, probably, the ablest theological documents of the Reformed Church. It will thus be an advantage, in the contrast we propose, to take these as our basis. It may, indeed, be said, that by doing so we make our whole undertaking illusory, as, probably, few moderns would accept in its entirety the 'Confession of Faith.' Probably they would not; but, if we mistake not, it will appear that the theological system there laid down is essentially the theology of the present day. The points which are not accepted, as will be shown, are not the leading doctrines which make up the system, but certain deductions therefrom. In fact, the 'Confession of Faith' will give, in a way which no other document could, the key to the present Popular Theology. Unfortunately, in our inquiry we shall have to travel over somewhat extensive ground. In order to get a clear view of the popular system, we shall have to survey, in a brief and hurried way, much theological ground. This we deeply regret, as it would have been much more interesting to have taken at once to

the questions of the Bible and Inspiration. To do this, however, would have been to sacrifice the pith and marrow of our argument. It will be seen, as we go on, that the two theologies, proceeding from a single point, diverge more and more the one from the other. The one enlarges and strengthens with its advance; the other contracts and gets weaker. At length, when they issue on the great points of modern controversy, the one has but a single prop whereon to stay itself, and that is shattered by our advanced knowledge; the other has a widely-extended basis, which no possible advance of human knowledge can ever touch.

Every theology is determined, in all its parts, by the view which it takes of the original and subsequent state of man. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that we should fix our eye closely on the teaching of Calvinism in respect of this cardinal point. The Old Theology had taught that man was originally created perfect in body and soul: and this perfection in respect of his soul, consisted in the fact that it was made in the image and likeness of God, and gifted with Reason and Freewill. In this state, man lived in the closest union with God, and from that union sprang certain supernatural gifts. His body possessed, by special endowment, freedom from suffering and death, and the lower motions and appetites of his soul were kept strictly under the dominion of Reason; so that in all things he could follow the will of God. Thus, Original Righteousness was not a natural but a supernatural gift, arising out of man's union with God. The effect of the Fall was, that this intimate union was broken, the supernatural gifts were lost, and there remained to man only his natural gifts of Reason and Freewill. Original Sin is thus, strictly speaking, the want of Original Righteousness. But, inasmuch as with this the *frænum cupiditatum* is removed, and the act of sin has a deteriorating influence on the human will, it is in reality something more. Man's Freewill is thereby weakened, and a bias towards evil established within him, and this to such a degree, that without Divine aid he cannot attain to good.

Calvinism takes up a decided position against this view. It denies that Original Righteousness was a supernatural gift. It was something inherent in or arising out of man's nature. Man could, by the strength of that nature wherewith he was gifted at creation, without any special help of God, attain to perfect righteousness. In the words of the Confession, God 'created 'man, male and female, with reasonable and immortal souls, 'endued with knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness, after 'His own image, having the law of God written in their hearts, 'and power to fulfil it: and yet, under a possibility of trans-

'gressing, being left to the liberty of their own will.'¹ Hence the Fall is something inconceivably disastrous. It is not the deprivation of accidental gifts, as in the Catholic system, but the ruin of our nature to its very core. The Confession tells us, that by the Fall, man became 'dead in sin, and wholly defiled in 'all the faculties and parts of soul and body.' His Freewill was so entirely destroyed, that henceforth he was 'utterly 'indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and 'wholly inclined to all evil.'² A foreign Confession, if not so logically precise in its definition, is far more vehement in describing the calamity: '*Intima, pessima, profundissima (instar 'cujusdam abyssi) inscrutabilis et ineffabilis corruptio totius 'naturæ humanæ.*' Such are the words of the 'Formula Consensus.'

It would be difficult to mention any doctrine which has such thorough possession of the popular mind as this awful doctrine of Total Ruin. It is the one idea, preached from innumerable pulpits, which is ever uppermost in the religious mind. It is thus seen how essentially Calvinistic is the Popular Theology. For this is the leading doctrine of Calvinism. It is the dominant idea which moulds and shapes the whole system. Throughout the whole field of theology it must be verified, at whatever cost. It will be seen, as we go on, how this takes place; how it preys, so to speak, upon other doctrines, empties them of their native significance, and narrows and contracts them into agreement with itself. It thus produces a one-sided Christianity, which is especially open to the attacks of scepticism. How, indeed, can we wonder at this? If Calvinism sets out with a doctrine at variance with the consciousness of all men, can we wonder if the results of that doctrine should clash with their matured and systematic knowledge?

Having stated the fundamental doctrine of the Fall, there are certain semi-philosophical questions which must be disposed of before proceeding to theology proper. The condition of man by the Fall being so dreadful, the first question that occurs, is as to the mode of his recovery. Both Catholic and Protestant would admit that, without Divine aid, recovery is impossible. But the different views taken of the Fall, make an essential difference in their conception of this aid. According to the Catholic view, if we suppose that man has fallen into a pit, it will be enough if he be taken by the hand. With the aid of that hand, preventing and supporting his own efforts, he may be delivered. But the idea of Calvinism, that man is totally disabled, makes such aid insufficient. Man cannot be delivered unless he is lifted, like a

¹ Confession of Faith, chap. iv.

² Chap. vi.

dead body, out of the pit. In the Catholic theology, the human will, though of itself incapable, is yet to be estimated as one factor: in the Calvinistic system, it counts for nothing. In no sense can man contribute anything towards his recovery; for it is exclusively the work of God. Thus far, indeed, both Lutheranism and Calvinism agree, but now arises a question on which they differ: If man can contribute nothing towards his recovery, has he the power of preventing it? In other words, is Grace resistible or irresistible? Luther, frightened at the gulf before him, here hastily drew back, and maintained that Grace is resistible. He exclaimed stoutly against the idea that we are passive in the hands of God, like stocks and stones. By this timely retreat, he avoided the Divine Decrees, and was able to maintain that God wills the salvation of all, and that it is man's fault if he is not saved. Yet, doubtless, he was here inconsistent with himself. A resistible grace is impossible, except on the supposition of some remnant of Freewill. Calvin, with clearer logic, saw the impossibility of this tenet, unless he recurred to the Catholic doctrine of the Fall. For if by the Fall, we are 'utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all 'good, and wholly inclined to all evil,' every man must naturally resist Grace: nor is our conversion conceivable, except on the supposition of such overpowering grace as shall prove irresistible. It is easily seen, that the Divine Decrees are a necessary corollary from this teaching, although many Calvinists have arrived at them also on purely philosophical principles. It must rest with God, and God alone, to determine who are, and who are not, to be saved. And this He has done irrespective of any foresight of faith or good works or perseverance on their part, but solely of His own good pleasure. By an absolute decree (eternal, or subsequent to the Fall, *Supralapsarians*, *Sublapsarians*), He has foreordained a fixed and definite number (the Elect) to eternal life. All others He has 'passed by,' 'left,' and so foreordained to eternal damnation. The doctrine of the Perseverance of the Saints, again, follows directly out of this. For if our salvation is the result of a Divine decree, it cannot be supposed that man has the power of preventing that decree taking effect. Hence, whatever sins or departures from God the elect person may be guilty of subsequently to his conversion, they must be powerless to change his final destiny.

Probably very few moderns would follow the Confession of Faith into these awful deductions; and yet it is difficult to see how, with the vivid idea of "Total Ruin" ever present to the mind, they can avoid doing so. At any rate, sceptical minds will pursue consequences when reverent love will be silent and draw back. It is worthy of serious attention, that on the view here

presented is grounded, almost entirely, the infidelity of the working classes. The pages of the *National Reformer* and the writings of Mr. Holyoake abundantly prove this. It may, indeed, be said that it is not Calvinism, but their necessitarian principles, that lead them to Atheism; it being impossible, on any principles of necessity, to reconcile the action of God with our ideas of right. This is, indeed, true. But it is also true that Calvinism is essentially necessitarian. The doctrine of Necessity is implied in the Calvinistic doctrine of the Fall. And as this is the only Christianity of which they are conscious, they are by it only confirmed in their unbelief. How many of these men might be rescued were a nobler Christianity placed before them!—were they made aware of the Catholic doctrine of the Fall, which, grounded on and appealing to their inner consciousness, would proclaim to them the noble doctrine of Human Freedom!

We now come to what is, more strictly speaking, theological ground, and the first question on which we shall have to touch, is the idea of Christ's mission and work. For what ends did God send His Only Son into the world? Both parties would answer, To counteract the effects of the Fall; and hence it is seen that our idea of man's condition by the Fall will determine our idea of Christ's work. On the one hand, Catholicism teaching that the evil of the Fall was the loss of Original Righteousness, and the other, *dona supernaturalia*, will naturally teach that Christ came to restore these. And as man was only enslaved to sin by reason of their loss, and the consequent weakening of his Freewill, it will follow that with their restoration man will be recovered from sin. In a word, the leading idea of the Catholic Theology is, that Christ came *ex injustis justos facere*—Christ came to make men righteous. It will not, indeed, follow that this end is actually attained (in this world at least) in individual cases. For man's will, liable to constant deterioration from actual sin, is a necessary factor, and may not co-operate. But still, Perfect Restoration is the leading idea, and, so far as God is concerned, has been provided for. We desire especially to call attention to this doctrine, for it is of the utmost importance in view of the attacks of modern scepticism. It follows from it that the idea of Satisfaction or Sacrifice must, in the Catholic Theology, take a co-ordinate position with other and higher ends for which Christ came.¹ Sacrifice is, indeed, absolutely necessary by reason of man's sin, but it is not the only nor the ultimate end of Christ's mission. It is, as it were,

¹ 'Alia multa sunt cogitanda in Christi incarnatione præter absolutionem a peccato.' S. Aug. De Trin. 13. See S. Thomas Aquinas, Ter. Pars. Quæst. 1, Art. iii.

but a necessary and preliminary condition. The end of Christ's mission, as has already been remarked, is the Restoration of Man. This idea may, indeed, be carried much further. It has often struck Catholic theologians, that the blessings conferred by the Incarnation are out of all proportion to the idea of simple restoration. By the Hypostatic Union in Christ, and our union to Him in the Mystical Body, we are more than restored. We are elevated far above Adam in his first estate. Hence, many have been led to connect the Incarnation with some great purpose on the part of God, of which we have but partial knowledge. Some have even gone so far as to maintain that its remedial aspect is but accidental to it; and that even if man had not sinned, God would have been Incarnate. However this may be, it is obvious that, in the Catholic system, the mission of Christ is a work worthy of God. The more it is meditated, the more it rises in magnificence. It not only answers all our anticipations, but gives us higher ideas of God and His Being. In truth, it is to the Incarnation that we owe those lofty conceptions of the Divine Being which are peculiar to Christianity, and before which every heart of man must bow. So soon as the Incarnation is put aside, our ideas of God are lowered; and this will be seen more and more as scepticism advances in its onward path.

If we turn now to the Calvinistic system, we shall see the first disastrous result of its doctrine of the Fall in the region of theology. It follows from that doctrine that Christ's mission is not only denuded of its significance, but perverted to something utterly different. Our idea of Christ's mission is our conception of the ends for which Christ came; and, as we have seen in the Catholic system, these ends are conceived as many. The Catholic Theology was not only able to prove, for certain, that Christ came to restore man: it had anticipations of vast and mysterious purposes beyond. But the doctrine of Total Ruin not only eliminates these higher anticipations; it necessitates us to cancel even the idea of Restoration. For if man is utterly ruined, he is incapable of Restoration. That which is only partially injured may be put right—that which is entirely destroyed cannot. There remains, in fact, to Calvinism but one single conception of the end of Christ's mission, and that is the idea of Vicarious Satisfaction. Thus the whole doctrine is narrowed and perverted, and, what is worse, made quite unworthy of Almighty God. The Incarnation thus conceived presents to us God the Father stern and implacable. Shrouded in the awful attributes of His Eternal Justice, He is unmoved by the Godlike feelings of Beneficence and Love. In willing the Incarnation of the Eternal Son, He has not in view the

elevation of a fallen and lost creature: He is only willing so far to relent as to save a few: nor will He do this without stern conditions. In the first place, the great body of mankind are to be passed by and left, an eternal monument to the glory of His Justice. In the second place, He will only save the few on condition that another take their nature, bear to the full the punishment of their sin, and thus satisfy His Justice.

We question whether even the doctrine of the Divine Decrees is more depressing to the mind than this view of the Incarnation, and yet no other is possible with the Calvinistic doctrine of the Fall. Nor is it needful for us to remark how open it lies to the attacks of scepticism. Sceptics have not failed to point out the unlovely aspect in which God the Father is here presented to us. In making Him the Incarnation of Justice, so to speak, He is withdrawn from the love and adoration of mankind. An abyss is opened up between Him and the Son; and some warrant is given to the sceptical attacks on the doctrine of Vicarious Satisfaction.

In the Catholic system these attacks are obviated by its broader conception of the ends of Christ's mission, and its doctrine of the remedial character of Christ's sufferings as the complement and perfection of ours. Christ suffered not only to satisfy Divine Justice, but to justify and perfect His brethren in the eyes of God and all creatures.

The next point that occurs for consideration is the Mode of Salvation. It is a consequence of this narrow view of the Incarnation that the salvation of man is reduced to a 'scheme,' a 'covenant,' a 'bargain,'—to something in the light of a commercial transaction. No doubt, in Holy Scripture, the idea of Covenant occurs as applied to the various Dispensations; and it is both consoling and assuring, if taken in connexion with other ideas. But in the Calvinistic system it stands alone, and assumes an aspect which grates upon the mind. Religion is reduced simply to a bargain or covenant between God and man. There have been two such Covenants: the one the Covenant of Works, made with Adam; the second, the Covenant of Grace, made in Christ. In the first, God promises eternal life on condition of perfect obedience, and by breaking this covenant man incurred eternal ruin. By the second, God, in virtue of the perfect satisfaction of Christ, offers pardon, acceptance, and eternal life to the Elect.

The evil of this conception is equally great, whether the matter is viewed from a speculative or practical point of view. Looking at it from a speculative point of view, we see that it makes theology perfectly comprehensible. The Catholic Theology,

although satisfying to the full the intellect of man, is yet not fully comprehended by the intellect. Its great doctrines—the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Mystical Body—are above our comprehension. Intelligible so far, they end in mystery. The mind, in meditating on them, is ever kept in a state of adoration, as feeling itself on the borders of the Infinite and Eternal. But under the Covenant idea, theology is as comprehensible as it is vulgar. God is lowered to the understanding of man. He is placed in an unworthy and incongruous aspect as a party to a bargain, and hence is occasioned great irreverence.

But again, looking at the matter in a practical point of view, we find the evil is not less. Religion is not only perfectly intelligible, but it is made a mere matter of the understanding. It is withdrawn entirely from the other parts of our nature, where its true home ought to be; and the practical effect of this is the elimination of the great idea of Christian worship. Worship is the oblation of the whole man, body and soul, to Almighty God. It is the devotion, not only of the intellect and will, but of the affections and the creative or æsthetic part of our nature. In its expression it comprehends not only the grandest conceptions of God, the most entire devotion to Him, but the whole tribute of the heart and of the creative senses. In the old Church, from the earliest times, worship held a prominent place, and was conducted always with outward dignity, and, where possible, with splendour and magnificence. In the elevating ideas connected with Christian worship, we trace the higher type of civilization which Christianity has produced. Indeed, worship was not only a practice but a dogma, and sprang directly from the Incarnation and work of Christ. It was one of the ends of the Incarnation, that man might thereby be enabled to offer to God the worship that was His due, and which, by reason of his sin, he was unable to pay. In the idea of the old Church, expressed in the Books of Hebrews and the Apocalypse, Christ, the perfect man, was the High Priest of the Church's worship. In the Sanctuary of Heaven He offered up the worship of the Church on earth, perfecting what was lacking, and making it an offering worthy of God. The Covenant idea, however, has the effect of entirely destroying the idea of Worship. Religion being a bargain between God and man, nought else is needed than that man should be enlightened as to the terms of the bargain. The dogma of Utter Ruin, too, here comes in. That man, even in Christ, can offer aught worthy of his Maker, or which God will love to accept, is entirely inadmissible. Hence, in the idea of Calvinism, worship is 'empty pageantry,' 'mummery,' and, in view of the Fall, 'idolatrous' and 'carnal.' The 'one thing needful' is to communicate the knowledge of the 'scheme.'

To preach, or to hear the Word of God, is worship; even prayer is turned into a sermon. The practical effect of this is hardly to be estimated. We need only mention that, in the limitation of religion to the understanding, we have the key to the *hardness* of the Calvinistic character, and its utter insensibility to every moral and æsthetic beauty.

The next point that arises for consideration, is the mode in which the Salvation purchased by Christ is to be apprehended. Religion being a covenant between God and man, it is manifest it can be in no other way than through Faith. Hence, the peculiar prominence which Faith assumes in the Calvinistic system. It is the only condition on man's part which is really needed, and, on the other hand, it is a condition which is absolutely indispensable. But Faith in the Calvinistic idea is a very different thing from what it is in the Catholic Theology. In the latter, it is belief in the external doctrines of Revelation—those articles of faith which are summed up in the Creed. In the Calvinistic system, it means simply the appropriation by the individual of God's promise through Christ. It is the living conviction that Christ died, not only for the Elect in general, but for the individual believing. Hence, it carries with it the full conviction or *assurance* of the individual's acceptance, or, in other words, that he is in the number of God's Elect. Here we have the true explanation of that inordinate spiritual pride which distinguishes the genuine Calvinist. It is seen that it is perfectly unavoidable. The convert is necessitated to look upon himself as especially favoured of the Almighty. He is one of God's Elect—a 'brand rescued from the burning.' He has been selected from the abyss of a ruined world, out of countless numbers of his fellow-creatures, and predestined to eternal glory in Heaven. To him has been vouchsafed the inestimable privilege, that nought can deprive him of his crown. The decree of God has gone forth, and nothing, not even his own sins and backslidings, can prevent its taking effect. While thus privileged himself, he is obliged to look upon all who differ with him, as hopelessly lost and given up to a reprobate mind. For 'Saving Faith' is not simply the only instrument of Salvation; it is absolutely indispensable. Every one who has it not, is doomed of God. Thus not only all professing Christians who are not Calvinists, but the countless numbers of mankind who never heard the Gospel, are ordained of God to eternal woe.

This peculiar view of Saving Faith brings into very striking prominence the Calvinistic doctrine of Effectual Calling, now generally called Conversion, or Regeneration. In the Catholic Theology, Regeneration is the technical term for the work of the Holy Spirit in Baptism. It is distinguished from Conversion as

being exclusively the work of the Holy Spirit,¹ irrespective of all co-operation on our part. In the same theology, Conversion is a work of after-life. In one aspect, it is the work of a lifetime; in another, it may occur suddenly in those where, through deadly sin or inward apostasy from the Faith, the Spiritual Life has become extinct. It is the awakening of the Soul, through the help of the Spirit, to a sense of its sin, and it ends in repentance and amendment of life. In the Calvinistic system, however, Conversion, Regeneration, and Effectual Calling are only different names for the same thing; and they have a totally different meaning. In that system, all are children of wrath, and totally alienated from God, from infancy upwards. This is a necessary tenet in Calvinism: for Salvation being a covenant which can only be apprehended through Saving Faith, it is obviously impossible that any can be partakers of Salvation till they have attained to sufficient intelligence to be able to apprehend its terms. Then, again, not every one who has attained to sufficient intelligence may attain to Saving Faith, but only those who, by God's decree, have been foreordained to eternal life. These latter, in His 'appointed and accepted time,' He is pleased effectually to call by His Word and Spirit, and this not from any works foreseen in them, but of His own free and special grace alone—they being 'altogether passive' therein; and their call is, that they are awakened to Saving Faith so as to be able to accept the Salvation offered in Christ.

In the theological statement of this doctrine, everything is apparently smooth and easy. The transaction accomplishes itself quite like a matter of business. But it is something very different in practice. It is an arduous spiritual struggle, through which each one of the Elect must come. It is full of tumult and excitement, doubt, darkness, and despair, till at length the convert emerges into a state of calm and assurance. If we examine it more closely, the whole process resolves itself into a syllogism which the mind must elaborate: All who believe in Christ are the Elect and saved: I believe in Christ; therefore, &c. It is in the contribution of the minor that all the difficulty is felt. 'Wrestlings' and struggles have to be gone through ere this can be accomplished; and the hagiologies of Calvinism are full of such contests. In this warfare, the great antagonist has ever been the Devil. The graphic pen of Sir Walter Scott has pictured Balfour of Burleigh, with drawn sword, combating with Satan; nor is the picture at all exaggerated. Many a wild enthusiast has fought with Satan in bodily shape; and even in our own day, we have only to glance at a Revival Meeting, to see how Satan, in the intensity of his warfare, does not always confine himself to impalpable suggestion.

A philosophical opponent might account for the intensity of this struggle on other principles than the special enmity of the Devil. He might perceive in Calvinism, as we have tried to delineate it, a system starting with a principle at variance with the consciousness of all men. He might trace it in its subsequent development, elaborating position after position more and more one-sided, till at length it culminates in the doctrine of Conversion. And then he might shrewdly suspect that the intensity of the struggle was owing, not so much to the Devil, as to our innate reason and common-sense striving to assert its mastery. Be this, however, as it may, it is evident that, hitherto, Calvinism has adhered to strict logic. Nothing can exceed the compactness and unity with which it thus far proceeds. But we now approach a question on which it has the choice either to forsake its logic or reduce itself to absurdity. We allude to the all-important question of Justification.

Justification is another name for the state of Salvation—that condition to which we are elevated in Christ, and being found in which at the time of death we obtain eternal life. The Old Theology, holding that Christ came *ex injustis justos facere*, believes that it is a state of *Inherent Righteousness*. It believes that not only is Christ's righteousness, through our union with Him, imputed to us and reckoned as ours, but Justifying Grace is actually infused by the Spirit. Faith, hope, and love are awakened in the soul, and it is made really just and well-pleasing to God for Christ's sake. In a word, Justifying Grace is a *gratia gratum faciens*. On the other hand, since our Salvation is not, as in the Calvinistic system, the result of a Divine decree, but is dependent on the co-operation of our wills, it is possible for a man to fall from that Grace. He falls from it by deadly sin or inward apostasy, just as he may hinder and mar the Divine work by lesser or venial sin. In like manner, the Grace of God may be recovered after a fall by a true repentance.

Now, in the first place, let us see to what doctrine of Justification the Calvinistic system would naturally be determined, by the force of its premisses, and thus we shall be able the better to estimate its actual doctrine. The doctrine of *Inherent Righteousness* must be abandoned on many grounds. In the first place, it is inconsistent with the doctrine of the Fall. The entire corruption of human nature, and the total incapacity of the human will, make the supposition of anything good residing in man quite inadmissible. It is conceivable, indeed, that by elevating Baptism to a higher position, or by supposing in Conversion a special work of the Spirit undoing the effects of Original Sin and in a measure reforming our nature, Calvinism might arrive at *Inherent Righteousness*. But such a principle, once admitted,

would overthrow its entire theology, and speedily bring it back to Catholicism. It would also afford a ground for human merit, a doctrine which had been grossly abused in pre-Reformation times, and against which Calvinism especially took a decided stand. In fact, the Calvinistic system is necessitated to teach the permanence of entire corruption in the Regenerate, and hence the impossibility of Inherent Righteousness. In the second place, the idea of Christ's mission as that of Vicarious Satisfaction is decisive as to the non-necessity of Inherent Righteousness. It is injurious to Him to suppose that aught can be added to the perfection of His Atonement. It is faithlessness to Him to be careful or anxious about ourselves. In so far as we are concerned about our own estate, we distrust the efficacy of His Atonement, and disbelieve in the Covenant.

From these considerations two propositions would emerge: First, that Good Works in man are impossible; and, secondly, that the so-called Good Works are not of necessity to salvation, but rather injurious. Hence the doctrine of Justification, which Calvinism would logically teach, would be this: Justification is a bare pardon of our sins (and acceptance for Christ's sake; the justified man is in no respect morally or spiritually better than another, for he is as to his nature totally corrupt and opposite to all good; he differs from him only in that he is a pardoned sinner. Or, in other words, the logical issue of Calvinism is pure Antinomianism.

But it is manifest that this is nothing else than a *reductio ad absurdum*. Philosophers tell us that the highest knowledge is to know nothing, and here we have a religious system which ends in the doctrine that, practically, there is and can be no religion. For religion is the relation that subsists between God and man, and the intercourse consequent upon that relation. But the logical effect of this teaching is that, in man's present state, there is and can be no such relation. 'For what communion is there between light and darkness? Or what concord hath Christ with Belial?' How can the All-holy God subsist in relation with entire pollution? He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity; and, therefore, all communion between God and man must cease in our present state. The voice of prayer and the song of praise must alike be hushed to silence; and the convert can only hope that after this life there will be a recreation of his nature, when he may be admitted to the communion of love.

The human mind, however, could not subsist under such an idea. The heart craves for communion with God; and hence Antinomianism, deprived by its tenets of a *natural relation* towards God, has built for itself, on the doctrine of Election, one

which is *unnatural*. The convert is privileged on the score of his election: as the elect of God, he can draw near to Him; and this he does in such familiar way as to make sober minds shudder.

Such is the difficulty before Calvinism as respects the doctrine of Justification; and it is well worth observing in what way it surmounts it. The dilemma in which it is involved is simply this: If it shall carry out its system logically, it ends in Antinomianism and reduces itself to absurdity; if it modifies it by a recurrence to the old doctrine of Justification, and thus saves religion, it overthrows its theology and falls back into Catholicism. The device adopted in order to get out of this difficulty is exceedingly clever, though it has introduced into Calvinism a weak point, which has been a source of never-ending controversy. It is to divide the idea of Justification into two. The Old Theology, as we have seen, teaches that Justification is the infusion of righteousness; but then, as no man can perfectly answer to the grace of God, his inherent righteousness must be more or less deficient; consequently, it needs to be made up by the righteousness of Christ; and this righteousness is imputed to him, and is really his, by reason of his union with Christ. It was exceedingly adroit in Calvinism to seize upon this double idea as a mode of escaping its difficulty. It held that Justification consists simply in the latter process—the imputation of Christ's righteousness. The infusion of righteousness was a separate process altogether, which Calvinism designated by the name of Sanctification. The advantage gained by this distinction was immense. On the one hand, it was enabled to teach, in logical sequence of its preceding tenets, that Justification is a bare pardon of our sins and acceptance for Christ's sake,—thus removing our salvation from all dependence on our own inherent holiness, and resting it exclusively on the Divine decree and Christ's satisfaction. On the other hand, by introducing the idea of Sanctification, subsequent to and independent of Justification, it was enabled to maintain an Inherent Righteousness, and thus save religion from absolute destruction.

But it is evident the whole idea of Sanctification is incongruous, if not inconsistent, with Calvinism. It is altogether unlike its other doctrines. They find their place in exact and logical order: but Sanctification has all the appearance of a clumsy addition, adopted for a purpose, and not growing naturally out of its theology. It gives rise also to the difficult question—What relation does it hold to Justification and Salvation? In the Old Theology, where Justification and Sanctification are one and the same thing, of course it is indispensable: we cannot be in a state of Salvation unless the heart is purified by Justifying Grace. But Calvinism must clearly establish the independence

of Salvation on Inherent Righteousness, in order to rest it on the Divine Decree and the Atonement. Hence it is exceedingly difficult to answer the question—In what order does Sanctification stand to Salvation? or, in other words, Are Good Works necessary or unnecessary? In effect, we have here opened up a source of never-ending controversy. We have amongst Calvinists every degree of appreciation and depreciation, from the tenet that they are absolutely necessary and indispensable, to the contrary one that they are positively injurious. The 'Confession of Faith' contents itself with the general statement, that God is pleased to accept them in Christ—that they are the fruits and evidences of a true and lively faith, and that by them, believers manifest their thankfulness, strengthen their assurance, edify their brethren, stop the mouths of adversaries, and glorify God.

Before coming to the ground of Apology, where the interest of modern controversy principally centres, we have just time to glance at the Calvinistic doctrine of the Sacraments. Our idea of Sacramental Grace will rise or fall according to our appreciation of the doctrine of Inherent Righteousness. In the Old Theology, where Inherent Righteousness is a necessary condition of Salvation, Sacramental Grace must hold a most important place. It is to the Sacraments that man must look, both for the beginning and the continuance of Divine Grace. In Baptism Grace is first infused; in Confirmation it is perfected; in the Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood it is renewed and increased. By the Divine help vouchsafed in these lifegiving ordinances, Justifying Grace is begun and continued in the soul, and man is thereby maintained in a state of Salvation. In Calvinism, however, where Inherent Righteousness has no connexion with our salvation, the Sacraments must be deposed from this high place. Whatever efficacy may be attributed to them, we see clearly they cannot be held as necessary to Salvation. Yet still, so long as Inherent Righteousness is held at all, there is room for the idea of Sacramental Grace; and it is obvious the idea will rise or fall, according as Good Works are believed to be necessary or unnecessary. Among the moderate Calvinists, where Good Works are highly estimated, Sacramental Grace will be more highly appreciated; while, on the other hand, in those who tend to Antinomianism the idea will become almost extinct.

These remarks are applicable to the Sacraments in general; but when we come to examine them by themselves, a difference immediately emerges. While the statement holds good with regard to the Lord's Supper, there are particular reasons which render it void in respect of Baptism. Regeneration, as we have

seen identical with Conversion, takes place only when the soul is awakened to saving faith. It must be obvious, therefore, that in the case of infants, the Regeneration cannot take place in Baptism, they being incapable of Saving Faith. So in the case of adults, as Faith is a necessary condition of Baptism, it must be supposed to have already taken place. From these causes, the idea of Grace given in Baptism is all but eliminated, and the Sacrament is reduced to a 'sign and seal of the Covenant of Grace.' We may thus perceive the cause of the extreme sensitiveness of Calvinists with respect to the 'soul-destroying doctrine.' It is obvious, that to attach the idea of Regeneration to Baptism, is by implication to reject the tenets of Effectual Calling, Saving Faith, the Covenant, and, indeed, the whole Calvinistic Theology; and perhaps it would be more proper, under these circumstances, to call it 'the dogma-destroying doctrine.'

With regard to the Lord's Supper, there are not the same reasons to militate against it; and hence we find among the original Calvinists a very high idea of its efficacy. The notion of Christ's work as a Vicarious Satisfaction, an act past and done, must indeed disconnect it from His present Mediation, and so deprive it of its Sacrificial aspect. But as a Sacrament, it was highly appreciated;—it being believed that, through it, we really and truly feed upon Christ's Body and Blood. It must be obvious, however, that Calvinism supplies no ground for permitting the Christian life to centre around the Sacraments. Inherent Righteousness having no necessary connexion with Salvation, which is dependent on the Divine decree and Saving Faith, it is evident that to dwell much upon Sacramental Grace, is to take off the mind from 'the one thing needful.' Hence, even those Calvinists who lay stress on righteousness, can hardly dwell much upon the Sacraments—much less those who tend to Antinomianism. We consequently find that the onward tendency of Calvinistic Theology has been to depreciate the Sacraments. At the present day, very few would allow a real partaking of Christ's Body and Blood: and the idea of Grace, so far as admitted, is limited to the strengthening of Saving Faith.

Those who have followed us thus far, will have perceived that, to all intents and purposes, Calvinism is the theology, as far as they may be said to have a theology, of the people. However little some of its deductions may be generally accepted, yet it is certain that Christianity, as a whole, is viewed from the Calvinistic point of view. The Calvinistic doctrines of the Fall, the Incarnation, and Justification are the ruling ideas of Christianity which naturally come up in the mind of an ordinary Englishman. And had we time, we might speculate on how far the intellectual narrowness of these ideas has to do with the

doubts and questionings of modern times. The advance of science has not only extended our view of God's universe, but has given us higher ideas of His Being and Action. Can we contemplate God as great in creation and little in religion? But we cannot pause upon this question. In truth, after all, the theological difficulties of Calvinism are as nothing compared with those which arise on the ground of apologetics. We have now, therefore, to proceed to the consideration of these, as they develop themselves out of the different conceptions of the Bible and the Church.

The Church and the Bible are the two pillars on which the whole structure of Christianity is erected. They are indispensable the one to the other. They mutually balance and support each other, and their adjustment is so nice, that if their mutual relation is in the slightest degree disturbed, very disastrous consequences must ensue. The Visible Church, in the Old Theology, is the Body of Christ. It is an organic Body, constituted by Christ, of which He is the Head: and it is formed, animated, and guided by the Spirit. Thus, in the Church, man is brought into relation with God through the Incarnation of Christ. We are not, however, concerned so much with the theological idea of the Church, as with its apologetic aspect; and, therefore, we may pass over all those parts in its outward and inward constitution which form its essence so to speak, and regard it simply in the latter point of view. There is only one point which we must notice—that the Church, like everything else in this world, can never perfectly realize its idea. It is essentially militant: that is, the contest with evil which is ever going on in the individual soul is but a type of that higher contest which the whole Church wages with the same power. In this warfare, the Church may suffer damage: nor are we concerned here to determine how much injury the Church may sustain from this cause consistent with the preservation of her life. It is enough to remark, that externally she may be injured (as by the rupture of outward communion), and internally in her faith and spiritual life. Yet the promise of Christ is guarantee, that however much the gates of hell may injure, they shall never *prevail* against her. In a word, the Church in this world is ever striving to realize, never able to perfect, her idea.

There are two points of view in which the Bible may be regarded¹—*first*, as the historical narrative of the supernatural facts on which the Church and its faith are grounded; *secondly*, as the interpretation of these. In the former point of view, speaking *logically*, the Bible is both antecedent to and indepen-

¹ In order to simplify our argument, we here confine our attention to the New Testament.

dent of the Church. But it is to be observed, that in this point of view it does not exist *as the Bible*, that is, as a book of Divine authority. It is regarded merely as a book of credible history. In the latter point of view alone is it a book possessing Divine authority. But then, in this point of view, it is neither antecedent to nor independent of the Church: it is the production of the Church. The Church, in fact, creates the Bible; for not only is the Bible actually written by members of the Church, but whatever Divine authority it possesses it derives from the Church. It is only in virtue of their office in the Church as teachers, and the acceptance of their teaching by the Church, that the writers have Divine authority. Were either of these conditions removed, the writers would have merely human authority.

To understand this, we must bear in mind that in the Catholic Theology the Church, and the Church alone, is the interpreter of the supernatural facts on which the Faith is grounded. For this she has a twofold gift—first, the oral instruction of the Lord; and, secondly, the gift of the Spirit, to guide her into all truth. The first gives the objective basis; the second the internal faculty for the attainment of the truth. And it is only as the embodiment of these two helps that the Bible attains its position and significance in the Catholic Theology. It is the voice of the Spirit uttered through the Church, when the oral teaching of her Lord was fresh in her memory.

It is to be remarked that we are here treating the matter, simply, in an apologetic point of view. Were we looking at the Bible in its theological aspect, we should find higher ground on which to rest it. In the doctrine of *Charismata*, or special gifts imparted to members of the Church, we should arrive at the special gift of Inspiration. But this is not a question for apology; it is one which can only be raised on Theological ground after the Faith has been established. It is, however, to be remarked that this higher view of the Bible only makes it more dependent on the Church for its existence. It is only as members of the Mystical Body that such special gifts can be possessed, and they are only credible when the Church's existence and Divine life have been presupposed.

If we turn now to the Calvinistic Theology, we shall see that this mutual relation of Church and Bible is essentially altered. In truth, the Covenant idea is the destruction of the Church; for religion being simply a promise of eternal life in Christ, and its acceptance on man's part, the office and work of the Church are practically abolished. There is no need of a Divine organization to mediate such a religion. All that is needed is a revelation from God, in which the terms and conditions of the Covenant shall be clearly laid down, and man can, without any

external help, by the simple aid of the Spirit, appropriate the promises. The Bible is conceived as such a revelation: it is believed that, at various times, God has selected individuals from among men, and has made them the instruments whereby His Spirit has dictated the terms of the Covenant. Hence, as the Bible is the only thing needed for the salvation of man, the Visible Church is completely set aside. In truth, the common saying is pointedly and completely verified—'The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants.' We do not, indeed, say that in the Calvinistic system there is no Church idea, but only that, in an apologetic point of view, it is the same as non-existent. Calvinists do conceive a Catholic or Universal Church, but it is thought of as invisible. It is made up of the Elect, the body of true believers gathered from the whole world, and known only to God. Hence it must be obvious that, as a witness to Divine truth parallel with the Bible, it must be entirely inoperative. It has neither speech nor language; it is impalpable to any sense; and, for any testimony it can bring, might as well have no existence. In like manner the Visible Church, as conceived in Calvinism, is useless for apologetic purposes. It is a voluntary association, composed of those who profess the Faith, but it is neither prior to nor independent of the Bible. On the contrary, it is dependent entirely on the Bible. It was a fact, no less than a principle, in the Old Theology, that the Church creates the Bible; but in Calvinism this principle is exactly reversed. It is not the Church that creates the Bible, but the Bible creates the Church. There could be no Church till there was first a Bible revealing the terms of the Covenant. Thus in Calvinism, so far as apology is concerned, the Bible stands alone.

The consequences of this teaching have been singularly disastrous in our times, and we would earnestly invite attention to them.

I. In the first place, the whole basis of apology is altered. In the Catholic Theology, the Bible has nothing whatever to do with apology. It, indeed, enters largely into apologetic treatises, but not *as the Bible*. In the eyes of the apologist, it is regarded simply 'as any other book.' It is not distinguished in his eyes from the testimony of the Christian Fathers, or even that of heathen writers. In like manner, the apologist has nothing whatever to do with the question of Inspiration: he relegates that entirely to the theologian, as a question which can only arise when the end of apology has been attained. Catholic apology is based entirely on *facts*. The first fact to be made out is the supernatural life of our Lord, evidenced in a succession of Miracles, and culminating in the Resurrection. From this we arrive at the stupendous result of the Incarnation. In the language of

S. Paul, Christ is proved to be the Son of God, in power, by the resurrection from the dead.¹ And how completely the Primitive Church based her apology upon this is seen from S. Paul's expression—'If Christ be not risen, your faith is vain.' Having attained this ground, the next facts to be made out are—the foundation of the Visible Church; the instruction of the Twelve, by the Lord Himself, in its doctrines and mysteries; His consecration of them to be its teachers and rulers; His promise of the Spirit to guide them into all truth, as also His promise of His own Presence with them to the end of the world. If these facts, witnessed to by the Church in all ages, are borne in mind, it is seen that the whole structure of Catholic doctrine is established irrespective of the Inspiration of the Bible. The fact of the Incarnation is guarantee that the doctrine received by the Apostles from the Lord, and taught by them and the Primitive Church, is the truth of God, without supposing any special inspiration to attach to their writings. And this, in fact, was the apologetic ground which the Primitive Church took up.

The apology of Calvinism must proceed on a totally different basis. Its aim must be to establish the Inspiration of the Bible, and it stands or falls according as it attains or does not attain this end. But is it possible on Calvinistic principles to arrive at this result? We believe that it is not: and in proceeding to point out how this happens, we know that we may be blamed by some, who will deem it a thankless work, and one undertaken in the interest of unbelief. But let such persons weigh well the present aspect of the Neologian controversy; let them bear in mind the enormous advantage which unbelievers reap from a patent flaw; let them weigh the effect which this has on individual minds in determining them to doubt and scepticism, and they will see, we should think, the advantage which religion will gain if it can be rescued from an untenable position.

The Calvinistic principle, as we have stated, is the Bible, and the Bible only—the Bible the special and immediate gift of God. The only things conceived as necessary, under this principle, for the salvation of man are—the death of Christ, and a revelation prescribing the terms on which that death is applicable. Accordingly, it conceives of God as sending His Son, and at the same time promulgating a Bible. Now, according to this conception, two things are necessary to the verification of the Bible—first, that there should be distinct and positive evidence that it comes from God; and, secondly, that there should be distinct and positive evidence as to what is and

¹ We cannot *logically* gather the fact of the Incarnation out of the Resurrection; but it establishes the credibility of our Lord's claim to be the Son of God to which the Church witnesses.

what is not the Bible. But neither of these conditions is satisfied on the Calvinistic principle.

Prophecy and Miracle are undoubtedly the two proofs on which both Catholic and Protestant must ultimately rely. It is only by such supernatural working that we can be satisfied of the interposition of God. All the other proofs, important as they are in their place, must fall to the ground if these are not first established. What, therefore, has to be done is to *connect* these supernatural facts—in the case of the Catholic with the *foundation of the Visible Church*—in the case of the Calvinist with the *writers of the Bible*. We have already shown how the Catholic is enabled to accomplish his task. He has the testimony, not only of the writers of the Gospels, but the witness of the Church in all ages, that his Risen Lord founded the Mystical Body, gifted it with His Spirit, and gave it authority to teach all nations. But in what way can the Calvinist connect miracle and prophecy with the *writers of the Bible*? We have only to run over, in thought, the different Books of the Bible to convince ourselves that it cannot be done.

The nearest approach to it is the Pentateuch, and even here it is not complete. Moses appeals to miraculous works: but it is not in attestation of his books, but of his Divine mission to the Jews; and the two things are perfectly distinct. Moses might have been Divinely commissioned to the Jews, and yet not be inspired to write a book narrating the particulars of that mission. Of the historical books, from the time of Moses downwards, the writers are not known for certain; consequently, we can have no guarantee that they were Divinely inspired. Because they related in many instances miraculous events, it does not follow that God inspired them. The Prophets stand in a higher position. To those of them to whom fulfilled prophecy can be distinctly traced, we may legitimately attribute Divine inspiration. But we cannot accomplish this without presupposing the truth of the Christian theology; for the most signal prophecies have reference to it. But if the Calvinist does this, he argues in a vicious circle: for he establishes the prophecy by the theology, and the theology by the prophecy. It is obvious that, to render the argument valid, the theology must have a distinct and independent basis, as it has in the Catholic system. In effect therefore, as we see, all, or nearly all, of the Old Testament is wanting in proof that it has come from God. If we come to the New Testament, the lack of the common proof is even more signal. The four Gospels [and the Acts of the Apostles must be set aside; for we can trace neither miracle nor prophecy to any of the writers. That they related miraculous events does not prove that they were inspired, any

more than the writers of the apocryphal gospels. In like manner the Epistles of S. Paul, and all the other Books. Although miraculous works are attributed to S. Paul, yet it may be safely said that, apart from belief in the Church, they could not be credibly ascertained; and so with every other writer of the New Testament Canon.

There is, thus, no distinct and positive evidence, on Calvinistic principles, that the Books of the Bible are inspired by God. But neither is there distinct and positive evidence as to what is, and what is not, the Bible. For, granting that we are satisfied with such evidence as we have of the New Testament Books, on what principle, in the Calvinistic point of view, shall we accept the inspiration of S. Paul and reject that of S. Barnabas; or that of the Book of Revelation while we deny that of the Shepherd of Hermas? In what respect are Hebrews, S. James, and S. Jude preferable to S. Clement, S. Polycarp, or S. Ignatius, or the Acts of the Apostles to the Martyrdom of S. Polycarp? There is as much external evidence for one as for another; and we shall presently see whether the problem can be solved by internal evidence. The truth is, as we have already pointed out, that none of these Books have an attestation sufficient to satisfy the requirement of the Calvinistic principle. It is required not simply that miracle and prophecy shall be the subject of the Book, but that they shall distinctly and clearly guarantee the inspiration of the writer.

But, it may be said, this is a wrong point of view in which to place the matter. The Books of the Old Testament must be taken as a whole, and when so taken, the numerous prophecies, types, &c.—all pointing to and having their fulfilment in Christ—are a proof which no candid mind can resist that they come from God. In like manner, all the supernatural occurrences connected with the origin and promulgation of Christianity must be taken as a whole, and the result is thus well put by Dean Ellicott:—

‘If we admit the general truth and Divine character of the Christian Dispensation, we can hardly believe that those who were chosen to declare its principles, and to make known its doctrines, were not especially guarded from error in the execution of their weighty commission, and were not Divinely guided, both in the words they uttered and the statements they committed to writing.’—*Aids to Faith*.

On this we have to remark, that we have here a complete change of ground; and it is of the utmost importance that we should fix our attention on this change, and try to estimate its import. The idea of connecting miracle or prophecy with the writers of the Bible is now given up as hopeless. By the hard logic of facts, the Calvinist is driven to acknowledge that there

is no direct and positive evidence for the Inspiration of the Bible; it can only be established, if at all, in a roundabout way by a probable inference. But what does this confession amount to? It amounts simply to this—that the Calvinistic theory of the Bible is untenable. That theory gives to the Bible a primary place in God's purposes. It assumes as the *ratio* of His dealings with man that He has given us a Saviour and a Bible. But it is now compelled to own that this is a wrong view of the case. For if the Bible had a primary place in God's purposes, is it conceivable we should not have had immediate and direct evidence for it? The Catholic Theology maintains that the primary end of God's dealings with man was not the giving of the Bible, but, in the case of the Old Testament, the establishment and instruction of the Theocracy—in the case of the New of the Mystical Body; and the facts of the case completely answer to this—for we have direct evidence for these, as we have indirect for the Bible. But the facts of the case do not answer to the Calvinistic conception; for if the Bible can only be established by a probable inference, it must have a secondary and incidental, not a primary place in God's purposes.

The Calvinistic Theology, on the subject of the Bible, thus finds itself in irreconcilable opposition to facts. God has not acted, in His dealings with man, as that theology conceives him to have done. Nor need we stop to remark, that with this forced admission the whole fabric of Calvinistic Theology must fall to the ground. For with the Bible only is intimately bound up the Covenant idea, Forensic Justification, and, in fact, the whole scheme of Calvinistic Theology. It is a much more important observation, to endeavour to estimate what the effect of this incongruity will be on the popular mind. For we may depend upon it, consciously or unconsciously, it will present itself to the mind of every one who reflects upon the subject. Such an one comes to the study of the Evidences with the idea of the Bible uppermost in his thoughts. It is the basis on which Christianity is erected; and the giving of it, as he conceives, was the immediate end which God had in view in His dealings with man. Of course he expects some direct and convincing proof that it comes from God; but an examination of the facts speedily convinces him that there is no such proof. He can find no direct and positive evidence for the giving of the Bible; and what is the consequence? Having no other *ratio* of God's dealings to fall back upon, religion, in his mind, is saddled with such a dead-weight of improbability, as it will be difficult if not impossible to overcome. We have not inattentively observed the workings of scepticism as it reveals itself, not only in open attacks, but in

incidental and casual expressions in the popular literature; and we are convinced that to these and other like incongruities it owes its cause, much more than to the more prominent difficulties connected with physical science.

But there may be minds that will make light of these difficulties, and, provided the inspiration of the Bible can be established at all, will not care much in what way. We have, therefore, now to go on to examine the argument, as given by Dean Ellicott, in order to see whether, on Calvinistic principles, the inference to Inspiration can be legitimately drawn. The argument is, that we have a connected series of supernatural agency—miracles, prophecy, &c.—beginning with Adam and ending with Christ and His Apostles; and the inference is, that we cannot conceive God as having acted so, without at the same time supposing that He guided the narrators into truth, and guarded them from error.

It is not necessary to object to this, that it assumes a most important point which might be called in question—viz., that God intended to instruct the world by a written Bible; for if He did not, we are not justified in drawing the conclusion. But this only by the way. There is another condition, which is absolutely necessary to the validity of the conclusion, to which we shall confine ourselves. We mean that hinted at by Dean Ellicott—viz., that the writers of the Bible shall be distinctly designated as having authority from God to write their Books. It is not enough that they wrote narratives of the Divine events with commentaries on them. In the case of the New Testament many others did the same, who, so far from being inspired, had very erroneous views of the events and of God's purposes. They must be those *chosen to declare its principles and make known its doctrines*. They must have a distinct attestation from Almighty God as a guarantee for their truth. In the case of the Old Testament, we may infer such a commission from the words of our Saviour. But how are the writers of the New Testament to receive their attestation? How are we to know that they were chosen of God, and commissioned by Him to narrate and interpret Christ's Divine mission?

Probably the answer that would suggest itself would be—They were commissioned directly by our Lord Jesus Christ: He chose eleven Apostles, and commissioned them to teach all nations. And if we suppose that this commission was not to them as individuals, but—as is implied by the words, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world'—to His Church as represented by them, then we have everything necessary for the validity of the conclusion. The New Testament is the creation of the Church, and it is unreasonable to suppose that

God should not have guided His Church into truth and guarded it from error, if He interposed for the salvation of man by sending His only Son. But if this commission was only to the Apostles individually, as the Calvinistic theory maintains; if Christ did not in their persons found a Visible Church at all, then it is not sufficient. For, unfortunately for Calvinism, the New Testament is not the composition of the eleven; and we cannot argue that, because Christ commissioned eleven men to be His witnesses, therefore certain other men who witnessed were recognised and inspired by Him. We have not even the comfort of knowing that the eleven attested our present Canon. Most of them were dead or scattered before it was written. But there is a much more serious difficulty behind this. The moment we ignore the existence of the Catholic Church as a Divine society commissioned by Christ, it becomes a matter of speculation, how far the eleven would have sanctioned the theology of our present Canon;—how far, for instance, they would have agreed with S. Paul in his views of Christ's Person and Work.

The difficulty is, indeed, enormous—far greater than at first sight it might appear. It is not simply a doubt as to whether we are to admit or exclude certain Books from the Canon—as, for instance, the Books of Hebrews, S. James, the Shepherd of Hermas, or S. Barnabas. As these writers are generally orthodox, their admission or exclusion would not seriously affect the Faith. The real difficulty is far deeper. A criticism of the Apostolic Age reveals the fact that, as much or perhaps more than any other, it was active in controversy. Nor only so: but the differences between the contending parties were more radical. We cannot open S. Paul's Epistles without feeling conscious that he was opposed by a party who differed from him fundamentally in its conception of Christ's Person and Work, and, indeed, on all the points which make up the circle of Modern Theology. It was a party which, in numbers, weight, and influence, was by no means contemptible. It was headed by Apostles, as even S. Paul confesses: and though he calls them false apostles, yet it is to be remembered that they would reciprocate the term. Here, then, we have two widely-extended parties, both accepting the supernatural facts of our Lord's life, yet differing fundamentally in their theological views. Both of them claimed apostolic authority—both of them claimed to give the mind of Christ. On what principle are we to discriminate between them? On what principle are we to hold one school as commissioned by God, and so to infer the inspiration of its writings, while the other school we set down as heretical?

If we accept the unanimous testimony of primitive antiquity,

that Christ founded a Catholic Church, we are at no loss. The Church was a visible object before the eyes of men. Bishops exhibited their credentials of ordination from the Apostles; and as the people believed in 'the Holy Catholic Church,' they naturally turned from the self-constituted teacher and listened to the Church, sure that in it they found the truth. But if we eliminate the Church idea, we not only raise for ourselves the historical difficulty of accounting for the almost unanimous acceptance of Catholic Theology and the Catholic Church in the second century, but we destroy the only principle on which we can rest the inspiration of the Canon. That we are not here raising an imaginary difficulty, any one may satisfy himself by a reference to the common Neological books, such as Baur or Schweigler. He will find that they simply carry out the principle involved in the denial of the Visible Church. Apart from it, they have no ground on which to establish a difference between S. Paul and his Judaizing or Ebionite opponents; and so they put them on a footing of equality. Denying inspiration to both alike, they treat them freely as ordinary religious leaders.

To attempt a reply to them, except upon Catholic ground, must be perfectly futile. There are only two principles on which a Protestant theologian can fall back—viz., criticism, or a reference to an internal verifying faculty. But both of these are inadequate for the end in view, as having only a negative value. Criticism, for instance, might easily establish an important difference between the Canonical and certain other Books. It might show that, while certain of the latter have erroneous matter, the former must command our respect and submission. But having done this, it has not put them in such a position, as that we can infer their Inspiration and the necessary truth of their theology. There are many books that might come through the trial of criticism unscathed, but which we should not on that account believe to be inspired. What is wanted is, that the Books of Scripture should be designated as authorized by God; and this criticism can never accomplish. It has only the negative value of detecting imposture. It can assure us, infallibly, that such and such a book cannot be inspired, because of certain drawbacks. But it can never prove, in a positive way, that it is inspired.

In like manner a reference to an internal verifying faculty must fail for the same reason; it can only have a negative value. To satisfy the religious nature of man is a condition which every religion must more or less conform to; but we cannot argue that, because a religion does this, it must come from God. Recent experience has abundantly shown that an

internal intuition of the truth is not to be depended on. In the Mormons and other recent sects, we have abundant evidence to the contrary. They are as perfectly convinced from internal evidence as any believer in the Bible. And this fact can easily be accounted for. Internal intuition only guarantees the truth of the *religious sentiment*: it does not guarantee the truth of the story in which that sentiment is embodied. In fact, mix a certain quantity of genuine religious sentiment with any story, however absurd, and if it is only preached with energy and zeal, it will find numerous converts. Hence we may see the great danger of raising internal intuition from a negative to a positive evidence; for so soon as we do this, we must fall into a system of pure ideology. The theological difference, for instance, between S. Paul and his opponents, was the doctrine of the Incarnation. If, therefore, we rest the proof of S. Paul's inspiration on internal intuition, the net result at which we arrive is, that the Incarnation is true as a religious idea, but without foundation in fact—a doctrine in which we should have the concurrence of Strauss.

Thus the Calvinistic Theology completely breaks down upon the subject of Inspiration—in the first place, as being unable to supply any direct proof; and, in the second place, as having destroyed the only means of giving such designation to the Canon as we might be justified in inferring its Inspiration. The last resource of the Calvinistic apologist is really pitiable. In his inability to attain any designating authority, he is contented to rely on the general acceptance of our present Canon by the Primitive Church. But what an enormous fallacy is hereby perpetrated is sufficiently obvious. If we presuppose the miraculous life of Christ, His constitution of the Visible Church, its spiritual gifts and authority in matters of faith, we have then in the testimony of the Church, a direct witness from God independent of the Bible. But otherwise: if there is no Divinely-constituted Church antecedent to and independent of the Bible; if the Visible Church is not Divinely gifted at all; if it is merely a voluntary association of believers created by the Bible, then it is obvious that the opinions of the Fathers, and, indeed, of the whole Church, as to what are the Books of Scripture and their Inspiration, are but the opinions of fallible men. They are not entitled to greater weight than are the opinions of any other body of religionists as to the inspiration of their Books. How can we, in the Calvinistic point of view, rely upon this as giving even the remotest probability to Inspiration? Can we conjure the Church into being for a single moment? Can we summon her before us as witness for a special point, and when she has delivered her testimony on that

single point, relegate her to the realm of things non-existent? Can we accept her testimony upon one point, and ignore her deliverance upon all others? Truly has Schwegler called this an astonishing inconsequence!

II. The second consequence arising out of the Calvinistic system, to which we would draw attention, is that only one theory of Inspiration is possible—the Dictation theory. The Bible being conceived as God's covenant with man, it must be thought of as specially dictated by Almighty God. No other theory of Inspiration is compatible with Calvinism. The slightest departure from this conception, and the whole Calvinistic theology crumbles to the dust; and of course, with those who view the matter from the Calvinistic point of view, with it goes faith in a supernatural Christianity. But is the Dictation theory tenable in the face of modern criticism? We feel the immense difficulty and delicacy of the question here raised. Though the Church has never given any definition upon the point, yet, ever since the commencement of the fourth century, verbal inspiration (which, though not equivalent to the Dictation idea, is very near to it) has been more or less tacitly accepted and acquiesced in by immense numbers of Catholics. It would be a thankless task, and the part only of the Devil's advocate, rudely and unnecessarily to disturb convictions so hallowed by length of time. Yet the present aspect of the Neological controversy almost forces us to the conviction, that the time has now come when the expediency of so doing ought to be seriously entertained. Verbal inspiration, however extensively it may have been believed, cannot be accepted as the deliberate judgment of the Church. The judgment of the Church can only be ascertained when the question has been fairly raised and argued, and she has been guided to a decision by the Spirit. The matter, therefore, is still open; and it must rest with the authorities to determine whether the old state of things is still to remain, or whether the Church, relying on the guidance of God's Spirit, is to address herself to the solution of the question.

The present state of the question is simply this. In the popular conception, the Dictation theory is a matter of life and death to religious faith. Religion is, in fact, rested solely and entirely on this basis. But many objections, incompatible with this supposition, are urged on behalf of the critics. We are not at all disposed to rake up any of these: unhappily, they are only too easy of access to any one who desires to inform himself. It is enough for our present purpose to intimate what an extensive ground they cover. Setting aside the purely critical difficulties as to authorship, &c., we shall find among them inaccuracies in human affairs such as man is liable to—deficient

and wrong views of Nature; ideas natural to an uncultivated age, but which it is almost impossible to believe can have been dictated by God; defective views of moral and spiritual truth, and even imperfect views of God's Being and Attributes. We do not say whether, or how far, these objections are made out; it will be for those in authority to do so. They will have to determine how far answers to them which will relieve the public mind can be put forth. And, in forming their judgment, they will have to bear in mind especially this aspect of the question—that even one of these objections fully sustained will be fatal to religious faith. Though in ninety-nine cases the answers are perfectly sufficient, yet if there is a failure in the hundredth, all the previous labour will go for nothing. It will of course, too, form a serious question, in this view of the case—whether it is right to rest the religious faith of the people on one single prop, where a formidable case on the opposite side may be made out?—whether this is not necessarily to paralyse both faith and spiritual life? Above all, they will have to consider whether it is fair that religious minds should be kept in a continual state of uncertainty and anxiety, lest some unexpected advance in human knowledge should at any moment render reconciliation impossible.

It would be presumptuous in us to dogmatize in a case of so much difficulty. Yet, as the matter is still undecided by the Church, and as it is occasioning a widespread anxiety, we may be permitted to express certain views, which long and anxious and, as we trust, reverent thought on this matter has suggested. We desire especially to say that what we propose must be considered merely as tentative—as offered by way of suggestion for abler and more spiritual minds, not as if we were fully convinced that what we have to say must be the truth.

1. In the first place, then, it will be obvious, from what has been said, that to the Catholic, the Dictation theory need not be, as it certainly is to the Calvinist, a matter of life and death. The Catholic Faith is sufficiently established independent of the Inspiration of Scripture. Were the doctrine of Inspiration, as commonly held, proved to be false, it would not affect the Catholic theology; for that rests upon *facts*—not upon a book. The two facts of the Resurrection of Christ and the foundation and continuance of the Catholic Church, are enough for all apologetic purposes. At most, the difficulty about Inspiration is, in the Catholic Theology, but a speculative theological difficulty—a point about which the people need not trouble themselves. We think, if this view were fairly placed before the public mind, it would afford an immense relief from present anxieties. People would be relieved from that nervous dread of

advancing knowledge which at present continually haunts the religious mind. They would at once perceive that no possible advance of human knowledge can ever really affect their Faith. Facts are stubborn things: though a book may be criticised and set aside, a fact cannot. Were it once felt that the Faith really rests on facts, religious minds might be at rest. They are then entitled to say to men of science—We have facts as well as you, and they are as much entitled to be considered as any that you can bring. You are not entitled to dogmatize upon your facts without taking ours into consideration also. In effect, no principle can be accepted as truth which does not cover all the facts.

2. In the second place, if we come to a more particular consideration of Inspiration, we shall see that the Dictation theory is not that which will naturally grow out of antecedent Catholic Theology. The question may be stated thus: For what *end* did God inspire the men of the Bible? Did He inspire them to *write a book*, or did He inspire them to carry out His own high purposes with regard to themselves individually and His Church at large? In a word, has God's Spirit worked with man, *in the first instance*, for the creation of a Bible, or for the creation of a Church? It is only the former conception which involves and requires a Dictation theory: the latter does not imply it. But it is obvious that the former is a Calvinistic, not a Catholic conception. Nay, so far from being a Catholic conception, we confidently affirm that its admission will necessarily overthrow the Catholic Theology. We are not, indeed, entitled to argue from this, that the idea of Dictation is untrue in the Catholic Theology, for we cannot conclude from negative premisses. But, at least, it will show us that it is something foreign to it—an addition that must be made without any ground whereon it can rest. In short, if Dictation is admitted by the Catholic, it must stand to his theology in much the same relation as Sanctification does to the Calvinist.

3. In the third place, the Dictation idea seems inconsistent with the general working of God's Spirit, as conceived in the Catholic Theology. Throughout the whole of God's dealings in that system, man's native dignity and freedom are recognised. God is ever ready to help; but man must appropriate the Divine aid, and with it work out his own destiny in his own way. This is the conception of the ordinary gifts of the Spirit, by which each individual soul is saved. But a like analogy would seem to be required in the extraordinary or miraculous gifts whereby God's purposes with regard to the Church at large are accomplished. A man may indeed, like S. Peter, fall into a trance; or, like S. Paul, be caught up into the third heaven,

through the influence of the Spirit, and, for the time, both his personality and freedom may seem to be lost in the Divine; but when he returns to himself, he is a free and rational agent like other men, responsible to Almighty God for the use he makes of his opportunities. There is no constraining power laid upon him, compelling him to use them in a certain way. He may disabuse them, as we know the Prophet Balaam did, and as S. Paul has a consciousness he might have done. According to this view, it would be left to the gifted man to use his gift for the working out of God's high purposes. And as he is not necessitated in the use of his gift, so he is not necessitated in the narrative of how he used it. But the Dictation idea seems incongruous with this. It wears about it an aspect of compulsion and necessity. The inspired writers are not free and responsible men. They are reduced to the character of instruments, so to speak. Their personality and freedom are alike annihilated, and God alone speaks through them. Then, again, if the narrative is necessitated, it becomes a question whether the events narrated are not also necessitated, for they are equally needful for the instruction of mankind. In fact, pursue the Dictation idea, and we are landed in a system of necessity worse even than the Divine decrees. The reason is obvious: it places the Divine action in such a light as to interfere with the freedom of man.

On the other hand, let us now try to sketch out the view of Inspiration which, as we conceive, would naturally grow out of antecedent Catholic Theology. Previous to the coming of Christ, and the establishment of the Mystical Body, it is obvious the operations of the Spirit would have a fragmentary character. As, then, there was no Mystical Body, 'fitly framed and compacted,' through which the Spirit could work according to law, He would operate here and there on the wide field of humanity; and in these operations, He would not have before Him, in the first instance, the purpose of giving a Bible, however much the actual Bible would find its place in His Providence. His end, in the first instance, would be to educate and prepare mankind for the coming of the Son. With this view, in addition to His ordinary working, various individuals are selected, to whom are vouchsafed supernatural gifts. These gifts would be conceived as the power of working miracles, revelations of God's purposes, visions, prophecies and the like; and they would form the supernatural, the inspired, or Divine element in the Bible. On the other hand, there would be a human element, which would consist of the relation in which the individual or age felt themselves placed towards this element. Their own personality and freedom being recognised, they might derive much or little

Divine knowledge from it; it might eliminate more or less of error and imperfection from the natural knowledge of their age—more or less evil from themselves. After the gifted individual had fulfilled his mission, he would write out, for the instruction of mankind, whatever revelations or prophecies the Spirit had given through him, and a plain narrative of the supernatural events in which he had been instrumental. This narrative would not be conceived as specially dictated by the Spirit, but as a spontaneous one, in which the supernatural element would be viewed and judged of from the point of view of the individual and age.

In the Messianic Period, the difference would be, that the working of the Spirit would then be conceived as regular, and the Divine element would consequently be in such preponderance as almost to exclude the human. The possession of these supernatural gifts would not be thought of as limited to the actual writers of the New Testament. On the contrary, they would be imparted throughout the Mystical Body wherever the Spirit saw fit. Only all the actual writers will be thought of as possessing a supernatural gift. They will be not only men who live in constant communion with God, but to whom is vouchsafed special and supernatural vision. Yet their narrative is conceived as their own peculiar production. The idea of an Epistle of S. Paul, for instance, is that of a man who writes to instruct the Church, and who for this end uses whatever natural and supernatural knowledge he may be in possession of.

We should be inclined to suppose, that the view here given is that which the Bible bears on the face of it. The occasion of the Book of Revelation, for instance, is thus related by S. John: 'I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last: and what thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the Seven Churches which are in Asia.' The vision was vouchsafed by the Spirit—the writing of it was committed to S. John. In like manner, the preface to S. Luke's Gospel assigns, as the occasion of his writing, that it *seemed good to him*, having a perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write his Gospel. This perfect understanding, as the Church believes, he would have both from natural and supernatural sources. Yet he is not conscious of any power constraining him and guiding his pen, beyond that free intellect wherewith God had gifted him. S. Paul, too, was a man possessing the *Charismata* of miracles, and visions, and revelations, yet he writes his epistles with the freedom and responsibility of a man. He writes as one who, on occasion, could give a direct

answer from the Lord, and who could and did give his own opinion too, when not specially enlightened by the Spirit.

However, we do not wish to dogmatize in a case of so much difficulty. It must be for others to judge how far what we have advanced has any weight. Only we think it ought to be earnestly considered whether, in restoring the Bible to what we conceive is its natural position, we should not be raising it to a really higher and more authoritative one, than by retaining it in one which, as we humbly think, is unnatural. We must, too, take into earnest consideration the difficulties which a Dictation theory will have to encounter from modern criticism. These, as we think, are greater than most people imagine. We do not pretend to judge how far the answers which have or may be given will suffice to solve them; only, of one thing we are certain—if they are not perfectly successful, matters will be worse. On the other hand, in the view which we have ventured to advance, every possible objection of critics finds a natural and easy solution. While the supernatural facts of the Bible remain true and real, inaccuracies in human affairs, such as man is liable to, wrong conceptions of natural things, ideas appropriate to the age, even imperfect conceptions of God and Divine things, are easily accounted for. They are what we should have been led to expect on *à priori* considerations. We should have been led to expect, for instance, that Noah or Abraham would have less Divine knowledge, and judge more imperfectly of supernatural things, than Isaiah or Jeremiah. In short, we are prepared for the dawn of Divine light, beginning in the earliest times, gradually brightening with the lapse of time, till in Christ and His Church it attains to perfect day.

Should these views have anything solid in them, we should be prepared to advise that Catholic theologians should boldly accept the challenge of modern criticism. They have nothing to fear from the results of criticism. On the contrary, it has already been proved that a reverent and fair criticism has only served to confirm and put in more striking relief the fundamental facts on which the Christian faith is founded. It reveals the wondrous work of God's Spirit in His dealings with man. Only, we have a right to demand that this criticism shall be both reverent and fair. The assumption on which Neologians proceed, that all special and miraculous agency on the part of God is impossible, is simply preposterous. It is as absurd as would be the work of a man who should criticise the naval history of England on the supposition that sailing was impossible. Such a person might plausibly account, on *natural* principles, for the delusion of Nelson and his sailors in supposing that they fought the Battle of Trafalgar. But this is not the way in which

common-sense people would judge of the matter. Were they really convinced of the impossibility of sailing, they would have but one short word whereby to designate the whole story. And so it must be with the Bible. It professes to be, and is nothing else than, the history of God's special and miraculous dealings with men. If that is impossible it must be set aside, and the whole question is at an end.

The controversy is thus thrown back upon the great philosophical question of God's Being and Action, which we do not enter upon. This only we may remark, that any theory of God's Being and Action which will exclude special and miraculous agency, will at the same time exclude a special Providence, and thus overthrow every vestige of religion whatsoever. It will also overthrow the Personality and Freedom of man. With whatever fine words it may be decked out, it is and can be nothing else than utter Atheism or Pantheism. But no Christian man need fear such a philosophy. The Personality and Freedom of God being presupposed, miraculous agency is possible; but the Personality and Freedom of God are inseparably bound up with the Personality and Freedom of man—the one stands or falls with the other. On this ground, therefore, we can take our stand. All men of sound and unbiassed mind are conscious of Personality and Freedom. They know it as much as they know the light of the outward eye. We can appeal to every heart of man on this ground, certain of having an affirmative response. We can only have a negative one where the mind has been surrounded by a coil of cobwebs—reasonings of the logical understanding intruding upon ground where they are not valid.

We have now gone over the ground we proposed, very imperfectly. Nor do we know how far the view we have taken may commend itself to those entitled best to judge. But if there appears to be any truth in it, there is one plain duty which must occur to every clergyman who values the interests of religion,—to uproot as speedily as possible from the public mind the Calvinistic ideas wherewith it is stocked. Ten or twenty years hence it may be too late. Supposing the results of criticism, which at present are confined to books, are scattered broadcast through the country and read by the people, the frightful consequence is not doubtful. The very earnestness and sincerity of the people of England will make matters worse. We know the consequence when the idea of the corruption of the Church first dawned upon the public mind. The abhorrence with which the people turned from it made the retention even of the essentials of its constitution doubtful. If by God's care and providence we retained these, we are still suffering from the lack of many

things essential to its welfare. And so it will be with the Bible. If it once dawns upon the public mind that the ideas wherewith they have regarded the Bible are a delusion, in proportion to their previous veneration will be the intensity of the recoil. It may, too, be worth while for the politician to speculate upon this chance. Supposing the majority of Dissenting ministers, finding that Justification by Faith is no longer acceptable, have betaken themselves to the more interesting topics of politics or social science,—will the art of government be easier? It is, indeed, no problematic case about which we are speculating. In almost every country in the world, whatever of intellect Calvinism possessed has already ranged itself on the side of infidelity; and there are symptoms in the public mind which show that the same process is begun here. We can only trust that, with God's care and blessing, our country may be preserved from this awful fate.

ART. III.—1. *The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich. A Long Vacation Pastoral.* By ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. Oxford: Macpherson. 1848.

2. *Ambarvalia.* Poems by THOMAS BURBIDGE, and ARTHUR H. CLOUGH. London: Chapman and Hall. 1848.

3. *Poems.* By ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. With a Memoir. Macmillan and Co. Cambridge and London. 1862.

THE name which appears at the head of this article, has during the past year made the round, so to speak, of our serial literature; the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* being, perhaps, the only periodicals which have not contained some account of the life and writings of the deceased poet. We are consequently somewhat late in the field, and our readers may be disposed to turn away from the discussion of a subject that has already been so amply ventilated. We would submit, however, to their judgment the consideration, that literary criticism, however able, does not exhaust the problems suggested by this name; that it may be possible to consider from a different point of view some of the questions mooted in connexion with it; and that if our way of looking at them shall seem to the world somewhat narrow and bigoted, it may not (and we earnestly desire that it shall not), in reality, be inconsistent with fairness or true charity.

Of the critiques which have appeared, some are written from an acquaintance with Mr. Clough's poems only, some claim to proceed from intimate knowledge of their author. The present writer cannot pretend to anything like intimate acquaintance with Arthur Clough; but he was one of many who, though knowing him but slightly, watched with a deep interest his stormy and chequered career.

The chief outward facts of Mr. Clough's life may be briefly summed up as follows:—He was born at Liverpool in 1819; was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold; won the Balliol scholarship at Oxford with singular *éclat* in 1837; obtained a second class in classical honours in 1841, and a Fellowship at Oriel in 1842. In 1848 he resigned his position at Oxford, travelled in France and Italy, and was living in Rome throughout the siege of that city by the French in 1849. Appointed to the Wardenship of University Hall, London, he found this

post as uncongenial to his very peculiar temperament and opinions, as an Oxford tutorship. He resigned it, and went to try his fortunes in America; but the offer of an appointment in the Education Department of the Privy Council brought him back to his native country. He married a cousin of Miss Nightingale's, and by this lady, who survives him, leaves a youthful family. As secretary to a commission appointed to inquire into military education, he travelled again to Paris, and thence to Vienna. These labours, combined with literary work, and much aid given to Miss Nightingale, overtasked him, and he travelled for health to Greece and Constantinople. During a second tour for health to Italy, he was struck by *malaria*, and died at Florence on the 13th of November, 1861. He has left behind him his poems, some well-executed articles in Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography,' a pamphlet (now out of print), and a revised edition of Dryden's 'Translation of Plutarch.'

With this slight summary as a basis, we proceed to a more detailed criticism upon the life and works of the author.

The letter of Canon Stanley, published in the *Daily News* of January 9, 1862, gives us a brief insight into the boyhood of Clough at Rugby. Questionable as are some of the assertions put forth in that letter, there can be no dispute, we imagine, about the correctness of the portion relating to his schoolboy days, which Mr. Palgrave has interwoven into the memoir prefixed to the collected edition of Clough's poems:

'Of all the scholars at Rugby School, in the time when Arnold's influence was at its height, there was none who so completely represented the place in all its phases as Clough. He had come there as a very young boy, and gradually worked his way from form to form till he reached the top of the school. He did not, like some of the more distinguished of his contemporaries, hold aloof from the common world of schoolboy life, with which "Tom Brown" has made us familiar, but mingled freely in the games and sports of his schoolfellows. He received also into an unusually susceptible and eager mind the whole force of that electric shock which Arnold communicated to all his better pupils. Over the career of none of his pupils did Arnold watch with a livelier interest or a more sanguine hope. By none, during those last years of school life, or first years of college life, was that interest more actively reciprocated in the tribute of enthusiastic affection than by Clough.'¹

¹ An indirect illustration of Clough's prowess in one of the chief Rugby games, that of foot-ball, appeared in the dedication of a little pamphlet on the subject, attributed to a deceased son of Dr. Arnold, the author of 'Oakfield.' It was

Clough came into residence at Oxford in 1838, we believe. Many who were personally unacquainted with him heard much about his remarkable powers, either from other Rugbœans, or from his associates at Balliol. His friends used, not unnaturally, to compare him with his distinguished schoolfellow, whose words have just been quoted, and the general opinion seemed to be, that, though inferior to Arthur Stanley in power of combination, and in ready reproduction of his stores, he was superior to that brilliant scholar in actual originality. But the high estimate formed concerning him by those who knew him well, was obliged to rest in great measure upon trust. It was true that a scholarship at Balliol was in itself one of the highest, if not the very highest, prize that an undergraduate could win and wear; and it was reported that one of the Fellows of that College had kept the essay which Clough wrote, interleaved it, and made notes upon its various paragraphs. But in subsequent academical contests, Clough was less fortunate. He was believed to have written for the Newdigate prize poem, without success. His eminent schoolfellow carried off a series of prizes, such as has seldom fallen to the lot of any university student before or since, the Ireland scholarship, the Newdigate, and three University essays; but Clough did not attain any of these successes, and at the final examination was not ranked in the first class.

Now we believe that few honours are more fairly bestowed than those at Oxford: but mistakes of course will occasionally occur; and even where there is no mistake, it is impossible to regard the adjudication then made as being in anywise a final one. Of two men, *A* and *B*, who appear respectively in the first and second class, *B* may have been the less industrious, and by subsequent zeal reverse their relative position; especially if, as sometimes happens, *A* is disposed to recline upon what he has achieved. Or, again (and this is a very common case), *B* has had the misfortune to be so imperfectly trained, that such labour as can be compressed into an undergraduate's existence is unable to win for him the position to which his talents entitle him. Or, once more, as Professor Goldwin Smith has observed, examination must be allowed to be a somewhat coarse test of true merit and proficiency. There will always be some who have acquired a kind of knack of so displaying their goods in the shop windows, as to convey the impression of larger stores than they in reality possess; while others, far more richly endowed, are somewhat deficient in the art of producing their goods, as it

inscribed to the heroes of the game, as known in the days of the writer, and among them Clough's name stands conspicuous.

were, to order, and at a moment's notice. It is a great glory to the remarkable society which has numbered among its Fellows the names of Keble, Davison, Whately, Hampden, Arnold, Pusey, Sir C. Grey, Sir J. Awdry, and many more, that it seems to have discovered the art of forming a real judgment on the intellectual power displayed by the candidates who have sought admission into its circle. In the case of Dr. Newman, of Mr. Clough, of Mr. Arnold, of Mr. Burgon, of Sir A. Grant, Oriel set the class-list at defiance, and how completely has the verdict of that college been ratified.

As, then, Clough did not possess the particular kind of ability which wins many academical prizes (with the very important exception of the Balliol Scholarship and Oriel Fellowship), those who were not intimately acquainted with him, were obliged to take something upon faith, especially before his election at Oriel. Nor, perhaps, at the first glance, did his appearance suggest the presence of such powers as he really possessed. The editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* describes him, not, we think, unfairly, as 'a man of very shy demeanour, of 'largish build about the head and shoulders, with a bland and 'rather indolent look, and a noticeable want of alertness in his 'movements.' But the forehead was a very noble one. A friend of the writer, who paid particular attention to such matters, used to consider that there was none finer in Oxford, and that was saying much, as the Oxford of 1838—1848 (the term of Clough's residence), was by no means deficient in the outward indications of intellect. There existed, however, one arena which, though very limited, afforded some opportunity for a display of Clough's powers to several who were not within the immediate circle of his friends. About 1840, if we are not mistaken, there was formed a small society for discussion, which from its being originally limited to ten members, was called the Decade. It was afterwards enlarged, and one (if not more) of those admitted, when he looked around on those by whom he sat, might well feel with *Ivanhoe* that he 'was a young knight 'of lesser renown and lower rank, assumed into that honour- 'able company, less to aid their enterprise, than to make up 'their number.' Considering, however, that the Decade did not last above ten or twelve years, and that the entire number of its members from first to last was probably under thirty, a fair share of influence and celebrity has certainly fallen to the lot of those who composed it.¹ Two won for themselves

¹ Two *jeux de mots* in connexion with the Society may possibly amuse the reader. On the occasion of one of its earliest meetings, a scout rushed into the rooms of a member of Exeter College, saying that a gentleman was on the

an honourable place in the House of Commons, one is the eminently successful governor of a far-away colony, one became head of an English theological college, several have been tutors of leading colleges in Oxford, four are at this moment professors in that university, and professors (we may add) who have made themselves felt far beyond the usual circle of academic influences. Considered as a training-school for public speaking, the *Decade* was decidedly inferior to the general debating society known as the 'Union.' But the smaller assembly had the advantage of being able to handle more recondite subjects than would have been suitable for the atmosphere of the more numerous one; and its members enjoyed the advantage of listening to several rising men who never addressed the 'Union.' Here, as elsewhere, there needed something to break through Clough's natural shyness and reserve of manner. But occasions did arise when these impediments to the development and display of his fine powers were scattered to the winds; and at such times it was the opinion of some who were no mean judges, that in that brilliant *coterie* he fairly proved his right to the very first and highest place.

We do not pretend to have enjoyed many opportunities of hearing Clough speak; but we did hear enough to make us believe that the above verdict was not far from the truth. Two great manifestations of his loftiness of tone and force of argument we can more especially call to mind; and after the lapse of more than sixteen years there can, we trust, be no indecorum in dwelling upon them for a few moments.

One of these discussions arose out of a motion to the effect 'that Alfred Tennyson is the greatest English poet of the age.' This was brought forward by a gentleman of elegant and highly cultivated taste, whose growing influence in parliament and in the press was destined to be cut short by death at a still earlier period of life than was allotted to Clough. It had, we believe, been expected that a counter-claim on behalf of William Wordsworth would be urged by a member bearing a name associated with the Lake country, as well as with Rugby; and who has since proved a special right to have an opinion on such matters. But owing to the accidental absence of this gentleman, the task

staircase, who wanted to know where would be the meeting of the *Decayed* for that evening. The person applied to playfully remarked to a friend, that this misplaced accentuation augured ill for the permanence of the Society. Another member of the last-named college, who was disappointed at the kind of discussions carried on at the Society's meetings, said that had he known how dull it was—

πολλὰ κεν δέκαδες δυνάτο οἰνοχόοιο;

the felicity of this application of Agamemnon's speech (Il. ii. 128), lying in the circumstance that the concluding word was a translation of the speaker's name.

was undertaken by Clough. It would not be fair to record Clough's judgment upon the present Laureate, nor the grounds on which he avowed his preference for Mr. Tennyson's predecessor; especially when we consider that neither 'In Memoriam' nor the 'Idylls of the King' had as yet been published. But the address he then made was in every respect well calculated to establish the truth of all that his intimate friends maintained concerning him. It was characteristic of the speaker, that, just after his opening sentences, he observed the entrance of two or three who had arrived too late for the speech of the mover. 'For the benefit of those members who have just joined us,' said Clough, 'I will briefly recapitulate the case that has been alleged on behalf of Tennyson.' He then proceeded, with much terseness and admirable fairness, to give a short summary of the speech of his gifted opponent.

The other occasion was of a different character. A motion was proposed to the effect, 'that the State ought to make some formal recognition of the growing power of the manufacturing interest.' This gave an opening for the expression of some of Clough's strongest and most vehement convictions. In a speech, which electrified some even of those among his audience who were by no means ultra-Conservative, he gave vent to his feelings about the claims of the poor, the duties incumbent upon holders of property, and such like topics. Our recollections of Clough's attitude in this debate enable us thoroughly to understand and appreciate the following portion of Canon's Stanley's letter:—

'Some traits return, now that he is gone, which stamp his image on the mind with a peculiar force. One trait which he shared with Arnold, but from an entirely independent and spontaneous source, and in a degree even more intense, was his sympathy with the sufferings and the claims of the poorer and humbler classes of the community. This, at one period, may have led him into an excessive regard for the more democratic and socialist tendencies of opinion, both here and in France. Many letters, partly playful, partly serious, exist, describing with truly dramatic power, and at the same time generous enthusiasm, his impressions of Paris in 1848 and of Rome in 1849. But this, or at least the outward expression of this, passed away, under the disappointment, which I believe that he felt (somewhat akin to that of the Reformers of the last century), on the futile issue of that year of blasted revolutions. Still the feeling itself was permanent, and one which, even to those who could not enter into it, was touching and edifying in the highest degree. A record of it remains in a striking pamphlet (now probably very scarce), which he pub-

lished at Oxford, on the Irish famine in 1847, in which (to use his own words):

'The graces and splendours of composition were thoughts far less present to his mind than Irish poor men's miseries, English poor men's hardships, and (addressing himself to the youth of Oxford) your unthinking indifference. Shocking enough the first and the second, almost more shocking the third. . . . There is one thing about which you must not do as you please. You must not insult God and man alike with the spectacle of your sublime indifference. The angels of heaven, one might believe, as they pass above those devoted shores, in gazing on that ordained destruction, let fall untasted from their immortal lips the morsel of ambrosia sustenance. If we, as they, were nurtured on other food than our brothers, if no gift of ours could allay those pangs of famine, still methinks this undisturbed, unrestrained fruition were not wholly free of guilt. How much more, when every crumb we touch is abstracted from that common stock, which, in the Eternal Registers, is set down, I fear, as scarcely less theirs than ours.'

The great lesson which Clough seemed anxious, in his speech as in the above pamphlet, to impress upon others was, that (to use his own words so far as we can remember them) 'the possession of wealth or station was a call, not to self-indulgence, but to self-denial.' And if this teaching was combined with an amount of socialism with which we are unable to sympathise, it must be borne in mind that there was little peril in that direction to be apprehended among those whom he addressed. The temptation both among academic authorities and undergraduates would generally lie entirely the other way. On one ground, indeed, there might be room for more dread of Mr. Clough's Chartism than that of most people. There were some young men of his standing who took up language like that of Mr. Feargus O'Connor as a pastime, and nothing more. In some cases they might be seen to combine with their democratic speech a more than ordinary appreciation of the attentions of persons of high social standing. But no one who had the very slightest acquaintance with Clough could suppose that he would ever condescend to such trifling as this.

The debates to which we have just referred were calculated to elicit Clough's sentiments in the field of modern politics and literature. His acquaintance with Greek history is, to some extent, exhibited by his contributions to Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.' Without any wish to enter into invidious comparisons, we may point to such articles as those on Agesilaus, Cleomenes I., Demosthenes the general, and Cleon, as among the very best of their kind in that valuable work. It is somewhat singular to find that our author, despite his democratic tendencies, by no means anticipates Mr. Grote in his attempts to whitewash the celebrated Athenian demagogue.

In the autumn of 1848 appeared Clough's first poetical publication, 'The Bothie of Toper-Na-Fuosich,' or, as he afterwards preferred to call it, 'The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich.' In this poem, probably the first thing that will arrest the reader's attention is the metre. It is composed in hexameters. Now, hexameters are at the present moment, in mercantile phraseology, 'looking up.' Within these last few months, two eminent names, associated in the minds of many rather perhaps with science than with literature, have pleaded its cause; the one by precept, the other by example. The paper of Dr. Whewell, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for April 1862, is an admirable pendant to the translation of the first book of the 'Iliad,' by his old friend, Sir John Herschell, in the *Cornhill Magazine*. These papers, even if we had nothing else to stand upon, would certainly make us hesitate before accepting Dean Alford's bold assertion, that the hexameter 'is not an English metre, and it never will be.' But *if* it triumphs, as we think that it eventually may, no slight share in the gaining of that victory ought in fairness to be allotted to Clough. To our ears his hexameters in the 'Bothie' have a vigour and nervousness that contrast most favourably with the languishing sweetness of Longfellow's 'Evangeline.' Dr. Whewell indeed asserts that many of the lines in the 'Bothie' 'are of a most barbarous and dissonant kind, suggested apparently by the author's love of the grotesque.' But we must remember that the poem itself includes, and is meant to include, a good deal that is of a grotesque character, and the verse is intended to sink or rise with the subject. The author's great innovation is the adoption of the spondee into the fifth place as the rule, instead of its being (as in Greek and Latin) the rare exception.

We turn from the metre to the subject. Briefly, it may be described as the story of a University Long-Vacation reading-party. The hero, whose political views and ultimate indecision are a transcript of the author's state of mind, after a flirtation with *one* country girl, becomes engaged to *another* of similar condition, although the latter is depicted as a maiden of far higher mind. Once admit that the poet's creation, Elspie, is a possibility among Highland damsels reared in a hut or bothie, and the rest, although not highly probable, is certainly not impossible. The characters of the other young men of the party are admirably sketched, and the wit and humour of the conversations excellent. That some scenes—as, for instance, the Highland gathering in the first book—were mainly coloured (not to say actually drawn) from the life, there is, we suppose, little doubt; and we have even heard some personages identified.¹

¹ The Marquis of Ayr was said to represent a deceased nobleman, whose title was taken from a town on the river Aire.

The tutor, Adam, is made to play the part of a Mentor, to whom the youthful Telemachus of the party virtually replies throughout: 'there is much force in some of your reasonings, but, on the whole, I incline to dissent from you.' There is great merit and real originality in many of the metaphors and similes; but, above all, there glows that ardent love of nature which even a casual meeting with the author might enable one to perceive to be one of his ruling passions. Those who, having lived much in mountainous scenery, have been readers of Clough's poems, may probably acquit us of exaggerated statement, if we say that not even Wordsworth himself is truer to the heart of hill-country nature than Arthur Clough. We shall venture to assume that many of our readers are still unacquainted with the 'Bothie,' and proceed to support our assertions by a few extracts; premising, however, that we shall quote from the earlier edition of the poem. For, even after making due allowance for a natural prepossession in favour of that form which has become familiar to us, we are compelled to think (with an able critic in the *Church and State Review*) that the alterations of the later edition are, on the whole, not felicitous.

The following is from the scene of the banquet. Its motto (and the mottoes throughout are very cleverly chosen) being *Socii cratera coronant*. The *anacoluthon* observable in Sir Hector's address is certainly not a special peculiarity of the after-dinner speaking here described.

'Two orations alone the memorial song will render;
For at the banquet's close spake thus the lively Sir Hector,
Somewhat husky, with praises exuberant, often repeated,
Pleasant to him and to them, of the gallant Highland soldiers
Whom he erst led in the fight;—something husky, but cheery, tho' weary,
Up to them rose and spoke the grey but gladsome Chieftain:—

Fill up your glasses once more, my friends—with all the honours,
There was a toast which I forgot, which our gallant Highland homes have
Always welcomed the stranger—I may say, delighted to see
Fine young men at my table. My friends! are you ready? The Strangers.
Gentlemen, I drink your healths—and I wish you—with all the honours!'

—P. 8.

We offer the following as a specimen of Clough's sarcastic views of certain phases of life. We may not be always disposed to endorse these views; but seldom, if ever, can it be asserted that his insinuations are wholly groundless. The present one, for example, is not devoid of a certain degree of countenance from art as well as from real life. Pictures of good boys thus engaged with richly dressed parents may be seen. Of course there is another side to the question, but it is well to have the danger in one direction vividly set before us.

'We must all do something, and in my judgment do it
In our station; independent of it, but not regardless;
Holding it, not for enjoyment, but because we cannot change it.

Ah ! replied Philip, alas ! the noted phrase of the prayer-book,
 Doing our duty in that state of life to which God has called us,
 Seems to me always to mean, when the little rich boys say it,
 Standing in velvet frock by mamma's brocaded flounces,
 Eyeing her gold-fastened book, and the chain and watch at her bosom,
 Seems to me always to mean, Eat, drink, and never mind others.'—P. 11.

Our next extract shall be a few lines exhibiting the different accounts of a walking tour by two of the party, Arthur Audley and Lindsay—nicknamed by his companions the Piper.

'And it was told, the Piper narrating and Arthur correcting,
 Colouring he, dilating, magniloquent, glorying in picture,
 He to matter of fact still softening, paring, abating,
 He to the great might-have-been upsoaring, sublime, idéal,
 He to the merest it—was restricting, diminishing, dwarfing,
 River to streamlet reducing, and fall to slope subduing,
 So it was told, the Piper narrating, corrected of Arthur,
 How under Linn of Dee, where over rocks, between rocks,
 Freed from prison the river comes, pouring, rolling, rushing,
 Then at a sudden descent goes sliding, gliding, unbroken,
 Falling, sliding, gliding, in narrow space collected,
 Save for a curl at the end where the curve rejoins the level,
 Save for a ripple at last, a sheeted descent unbroken,—
 How to the element offering their bodies, downshooting the fall, they
 Mingled themselves with the flood and the force of imperious water.
 —P. 22.

We speak under correction, but, so far as we are aware, 'the great might-have-been' which we now observe in reviews and magazines is a phrase invented by Clough. A little further on, we have another phrase, 'the joy of eventful living,' which seems to have become part of the language. The American essayist, Mr. Emerson, has placed it in his 'Conduct of Life' without any marks of quotation, probably because he was unaware of the source whence the words came. To have achieved this is something : it is part of the praise bestowed on Giusti by the Italians. We proceed to subjoin part of another passage of a different character, embodying thoughts often hinted at, but seldom so emphatically expressed.

'Grace is given of God, but knowledge is bought in the market ;
 Knowledge needful for all, yet cannot be had for the asking.
 There are exceptional beings, one finds them distant and rarely,
 Who, endowed with the vision alike and the interpretation,
 See, by their neighbours' eyes, and their own still motions enlightened,
 In the beginning the end, in the acorn the oak of the forest,
 In the child of to-day its children to long generations,
 In a thought or a wish a life, a drama, an epos.

¹ The merit of placing in juxtaposition terms not previously thus allied, was pointed out in the *Guardian* review of Clough's and Burbidge's 'Ambarvalia,' in an article of excellently good taste and good feeling. As we have no suspicion of its authorship, we may mention that we heard on high authority that Clough himself was much gratified by its kindly tone.

There are inheritors, is it? by mystical generation,
 Heiring the wisdom and ripeness of spirits gone by : without labour
 Owing what others by doing and suffering earn ; what old men
 After long years of mistake and erasure, are proud to have come to,
 Sick with mistake and erasure, possess when possession is idle.'—P. 30.

From among many beautiful descriptions of scenery, we select this as an especial favourite :—

'It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,
 Then when brackens are changed, and heather blooms are faded,
 And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are bonnie ;
 Alders are green and oaks ; the rowan scarlet and yellow ;
 One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the aspen,
 And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of the birch-tree,
 Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace, and earrings,
 Cover her now o'er and o'er ; she is weary and scatters them from her.
 There upon Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,
 Under the alders knitting, gave Elspie her troth to Philip.'—P. 45.

There is more that we would gladly quote ; but we must hasten onwards to the consideration of other matters. The 'Bothie' reveals the state of utter uncertainty about the great problems of life to which Clough's mind was by this time reduced.

'If there is battle, 'tis battle by night : I stand in the darkness,
 Here in the *mêlée* of men, Ionian and Dorian on both sides,
 Signal and password known ; which is friend and which is foeman ?
 Is it a friend ? I doubt, though he speak with the voice of a brother.

* * * * *

Yet is my feeling rather to ask, Where *is* the battle ?
 Yes, I could find in my heart to cry, in spite of my Elspie,
 O that the armies indeed were arrayed, O joy of the onset,
 Sound thou Trumpet of God, come forth, Great Cause, to array us,
 King and Leader appear, thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee.
 Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O where is the battle ?
 Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in Israel,
 Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,
 Backed by a solemn appeal, "For God's sake do not stir there !"

The author, we fear, renounced Christianity, and became a kind of Deist. Before we can so much as attempt to analyse any of the causes of this sad fall into scepticism, we must try to lay down some general principles.

Few facts can be considered as better attested, both by experience and by revelation, than that any earnest awakening of good principle must leave a certain number of men worse than it found them. Patriotism, for example, is a noble sentiment. Can any one doubt but that numbers of the Athenians in the age of Xerxes and in the age of Philip of Macedon, or of Germans living in the year 1813, became far finer and more exalted characters than they would otherwise have been, in con-

sequence of the spirit of self-sacrificing patriotism then evoked. As little can we doubt but that numbers in each case became worse men, more selfish and more treacherous than (humanly speaking) they would have proved in a time of less trying and extraordinary character. Look at a smaller world. Take a parish, where matters have been going on in a sort of semi-careless manner, without any great demonstration of religious zeal on the one hand, or any unenviable notoriety. But a young and active rector is appointed to the charge: many good works, hitherto unthought of, are originated; many souls are lifted into a far loftier atmosphere of thought and action; but (melancholy truth) it is well-nigh certain that wickedness will, in some quarters, prove more rampant, more open and unblushing than was the case under the former management. To earthly eyes, some of the people seem to become very decidedly worse. A similar result in both directions follows on any great crisis, as, for instance, the visitation of any Christian city by an earthquake, by the plague or cholera.

Believers in God's Word will readily acknowledge that its pages, if they leave much mystery still hanging round such solemn truths, at any rate recognise them and prepare the mind to look forward to both results. The house of Israel cannot become as the heathen: if they do not rise above the idolaters, they must sink to a far lower depth. The Child, whom Simeon takes in his arms, is set for the fall no less than for the rising again of many in Israel; and the apostles are a savour of death unto death, as well as of life unto life.¹

Abstractedly, then, it is no necessary reproach to a great moral or religious movement, to say that particular persons have been thrown back by it into carelessness, or scepticism, or profligacy. But at this point there comes into view another element which infinitely complicates the question. We have been assuming that a given movement is good; but how if its goodness be sullied with much admixture of evil; how if, while the cause remains good, the agents employed in promoting it are bad? It is obvious that in such cases we cannot attribute the defalcation of this or that person solely to the re-action consequent upon a given movement. His recoil may have arisen from the influence of faults inherent in the views which he adopted, or from the prejudice excited by the tone or conduct of some unworthy supporters. Dr. Arnold was keenly alive to the force of the distinction we are attempting to draw. An ardent supporter of liberalism in politics and of the Reformation in religion, he perceived how men might be alienated from

¹ Ezekiel xx. 32; St. Luke ii. 34, 35; 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.

either of these causes by the presence of such elements as those to which we have alluded. We might cite, by way of illustration, some of his remarks on Falkland; or, as still more, perhaps, to the purpose, the following:—‘In speaking of the Revolution of 1688, I can imply no doubt whatever as to its merits. I grant that, descending to personal history, we should find principles sadly obscured; much evil must be acknowledged to exist in one party, much good or much that claims great allowance in the other.’ Again, on the letters of Junius: ‘One is ashamed to think of the celebrity so long enjoyed by a publication so worthless. . . . If I wished to pre-judge a good man against popular principles, I could not do better than to put into his hands the letters of Junius.’¹ Of the English Reformation he used to say that it was especially necessary, ‘not to forget the badness of the agents in the goodness of the cause, or the goodness of the cause in the badness of the agents.’

And now to return to our immediate subject, from which we may seem to have been wandering. We have before us the spectacle of a mind of singular conscientiousness, purity, and philanthropy, which was subjected to the influence of two great waves of thought, Arnoldism and Tractarianism; and which, after being sensibly affected by both, deserted both for a vague scepticism. Many are, no doubt, prepared to condemn, with equal severity, each of these schools, and to look upon such an issue as occurred in Clough’s case as the natural result of such training. Very different, again, will be, in other quarters, the degree of blame respectively attributed to these two schools, their principles and their supporters, when such a case as the present is discussed with reference to them. We have no wish to undertake the task of analysis, nor do we pretend that we should be likely to accomplish it with perfect fairness. Although not disciples of Mr. Maurice, we can recall with gratitude a remark made by him some ten or twelve years since, namely, that one great danger of religious periodicals and newspapers lay in their constant efforts to persuade men that all good came from their own party, all evil from that of their opponents. Fain would we avoid either danger. We acknowledge with regret, but frankly, that in the ranks of Germanism we recognise many who once took sweet counsel together with us; and we hope that we are prepared to listen to any really candid exposition of the faults fairly censurable, in that cast of thought with which this Review is associated in the minds of its readers, or in the conduct of those with whom we sympathise. Not less

¹ Lectures on Modern History, pp. 238–240; p. 250; p. 272.

incumbent is it upon us to admit ungrudgingly the immense amount of good effected by men from whose principles we differ widely; as, for instance, Dr. Arnold. By all means let us acknowledge the wonderful loftiness of view, the hatred of all that is mean and base, the sympathy with nobleness, displayed in his 'Lectures on Modern History' and in the volumes (especially the third volume) of his 'History of Rome:' and let us listen, with no half-averted ears, to the glorification of the schoolmaster by Tom Brown. But as, on the one hand, we are not compelled to be silent in respect of the work achieved through the agency of the movement commenced in Oxford some thirty years since, so neither are we, on the other hand, required to shut our eyes to aught that appears to us mistaken in the principles enforced by Dr. Arnold, or in the subsequent career of those who were once subjected to the sway of that powerful and energetic mind. We may fairly ask whether it is not true that many highly-gifted disciples of that school are now among the adherents of neology. Two only, we believe, of the more distinguished Oxonians of Clough's time can be said to have renounced the worship of Christ: Clough himself, and a Fellow of Wadham College now known as an ardent Comtist. It may be a mere accident that both were connected with Rugby. But Rugbœans will drive people into remarking this, if they will persist in representing their much-loved school as wholly faultless.

Thus much, at least, however, we believe that we may justly claim, namely, that he who would inquire into the history of Clough's mind, should take his life and training *as a whole*. Absurd and unjust as it would be to pretend that all the good characteristics of his heart and intellect were due to the atmosphere which he breathed at Oxford, and the scepticism solely due to Rugby, it is not, we submit, either just or generous *entirely* (or almost entirely) to reverse the statement. And here we are glad to be able to claim the support of an independent testimony. It is not easy for two critics to approach the subject of Clough's life and sentiments from more opposite points of the compass, than those from which it is approached by the present writer and by the author of the article in the last October number of the *National Review*. But in this we are both agreed, that any serious attempt to trace the course of that erratic mind must take into account both factors, so to speak, of the product; and not one only, or even one predominantly. The criticism of the *National Review*, whether correct or not, at any rate tries to hold the balance between the influences of the two (partly co-operative, partly antagonistic) systems to which Clough was subjected. Not so, we conceive, the following statement of Canon Stanley.

'Beyond his Oxford days I will not follow him. It was his misfortune that those Oxford days were cast in the time of that great theological tempest, which (as Professor Goldwin Smith well remarks in his *Lectures on Modern History*) has cast the wrecks of the most gifted minds of the University on every shore. This is not the place to inquire into the precise nature of his religious views then or afterwards. But whoever will be most inclined to condemn his opinions in after years, may be assured that a rigorous analysis of the process by which he arrived at them will trace them, in great measure, to an abrupt and excessive reaction against the school of theology then dominant in Oxford, by which he was not only influenced, but for a time fascinated and subdued. When at last he broke away from the University and the Church, it was with the delight of one who had known more than other men the weight of the yoke which ecclesiastical authority had once laid upon him.'

It is not, we trust, inconsistent with sincere respect for the high character borne by the writer of the above lines to express a doubt, whether his own mind is capable of instituting that 'rigorous analysis,' of which he speaks, in any case which touches so nearly the credit of his own personal friends. Not only, however, is the fairness of the representation as a whole open to question: but the correctness of the statement put forth in the last sentence as a matter of fact has been also seriously impugned. Is it true, that Clough 'broke away from the University and the Church—with delight?'

This is one of those questions to which it is probably impossible for human lips to frame a complete and satisfactory reply. A mind that has gone through so much will, of necessity, have its varying moods; will feel and speak somewhat differently at different epochs; will be influenced, as by many minor incidents of health, spirits, outward events and scenes; so, too, by the company in which it is thrown, by the temper of the person to whom letters are addressed. It would be strange, indeed, if a man like Clough, who could scarcely make up his mind on any of the great problems that lie before us, should have proved strictly consistent in the language which he employed about resolutions so important, and involving so much. Even in the case of separations less momentous, we know that the actors have not preserved a uniform tenor of thought. Fox, on the memorable night of his severance from Burke, declared that Burke had been his master, and that he had learned from him everything that he knew. Yet it is on record that, on another occasion, Fox asserted (we think it was over his wine) that 'after all, Burke had always been a d—d wrong-headed fellow.' Are we to infer (as we have seen it hence inferred) that Fox's previous language in Parliament had been all mere falsehood and hypocrisy? Surely not: we believe, for our own part, that the eulogy on Burke proceeded from Fox's nobler and truer self, and that the subsequent utterance was made thoughtlessly

in some moment of irritation, perhaps under the influence of an imperfect function of the digestive powers.

In the case of Clough, we do not pretend to be able to speak, with anything like dogmatic confidence, on the point at issue between the impugnors and the defender of Canon Stanley's accuracy, whose respective letters appeared in the *Guardian* issues of January 22 and 29, and February 5, 1862. To learn that Clough had conveyed to different minds very different impressions of his states of feeling did not take us by surprise. The question still remains—which of these two impressions thus produced was the truer, deeper manifestation of his inmost self?

If we are in any degree to avail ourselves of Clough's poetry; if his verse be in truth (as we cannot but believe) the expression of his real thoughts and feelings, then we must say that we have been unable in the 'Bothie,' in the 'Ambarvalia,' or in the poems now published since the author's death, to find one single line that can be held to corroborate Dr. Stanley's assertion, that Clough 'broke away from the University and the Church—with delight.' On the other hand we know of few volumes of the same size, from which we might cull more frequent avowals, more or less direct, of the saddening and unsatisfying character of the scepticism into which Clough unhappily fell.

It would certainly seem probable, on *à priori* considerations, that scepticism must be injurious to a poet. We are inclined, so far at least as regards all the higher kinds of poetry, to accept Mr. Ruskin's definition: 'the suggestion, by the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions.' But he who doubts and hesitates, where others believe, has surely cut off from himself an immense and important portion of those grounds. Nor does it at first sight seem, as if the facts of the case militated with such anticipations. The three who are considered in the present age to occupy the highest thrones in the realms of poesy, Homer, Dante and Shakspeare, are all (according to their light) earnest believers. Of the great poetic stars that gem the intellectual firmament of Greece, scarcely one appears to have had its lustre dimmed by the clouds of unbelief. Far more might, of course, be asserted respecting the poets of Hebrew song; for they *are* poets, though they are likewise something far higher. In a not wholly dissimilar spirit, *mutatis mutandis*, might we speak of some famous Orientals; as, for example, the Sanscrit and Arabian bards and the Persian poet, Firdusi. And among the Roman poets, Virgil and Persius are eminently religious men. It were easy to make a long list from among the poets of modern Christendom, including such names as

those of Spenser, Racine, Calderon, Tasso, Milton, Klopstock, Wordsworth.

But, on the other hand, it must be frankly acknowledged that the list of great poets who have been sceptics, or even worse, is very considerable; and that it has been largely increased during the last hundred years. Lucretius, Leopardi, Goethe, Heinrich, Heine, Shelley, Alfred de Musset, are all on the wrong side of that line which separates faith from unbelief. It would be a curious problem to discuss in what way these minstrels have laid hold on other grounds for exciting noble emotions, in the absence of that primary one of religion. We can only venture upon a few random suggestions.

With respect to the first-named in our list, we have to consider what sore temptations to total unbelief were presented by the Greek and Roman mythology. But it is singular that Lucretius has been an object of great admiration to many earnest Christians. This phenomenon has been treated with much fulness and beauty by Mr. Keble, in his *Praelectiones Academicæ*. He shows how that great poet's love of the Infinite, how his lamentations over the shortness and feebleness of human existence, may all be so read as to prove the need of religion, and, as it were, lay a foundation for it. We may add that the poet's philanthropic sentiments, such as that grand and touching line,

‘Imbecillorum esse æquum misererier omnes,’

tend in the same direction, and help to justify the verdict of our poetess, who had (quite independently) arrived at the same conclusions with the author of the ‘Christian Year.’

‘Lucretius—nobler than his mood :
Who dropped his plummet down the broad
Deep universe, and said, “No God,”
Finding no bottom : he denied
Divinely the divine, and died
Chief poet on the Tiber side,
By grace of God ! his face is stern,
As one compelled, in spite of scorn,
To teach a truth he could not learn.’¹

In Leopardi, not all the majesty of his verse and sculptured beauty of diction is sufficient to overcome the sense of dreariness, which his unbelief continually suggests. He is compelled to fill up the void, as he best may, by his love of nature and of art; his affection for his sister, his interest in the past glories of Italy. Heine, if he deserves a place with the rest here named

¹ Mrs. Browning's “A Vision of Poets.” The highly finished paper on Lucretius by M. Sellar in the *Oxford Essays* for 1855, though quite taking a line of its own, is by no means antagonistic.

(which is doubtful), is a poet in spite of his scepticism, not in anywise in consequence of it. Never, probably, has he soared higher than when, as in his *Jehuda ben Halévy*, he throws himself into a state of sympathy with the fallen fortunes of his Hebrew countrymen. In such compositions he has reared his superstructure on the basis of faith in a religion which, though meant to be only local and transitory, was yet really and truly divine, really and truly a preparation for the religion of Christ. Goethe, however much heathenised as a man, was yet able by his extraordinary genius, by his varied insight and sympathy, to enter into the feelings of all classes of Christians; and frequently, both as poet and critic, testified his admiration for the presence of a Christian element in the creations of prose, fiction, and of the drama. Shelley one may charitably hope to have been partially insane. Against the raving, in which he blasphemed the name of the Saviour of the world, we have to place the strange inconsistency of his poetic homage to her whom all generations call blessed, in that she was chosen to be the mother of that Saviour. And lastly, De Musset, amidst his too often immoral productions, yet leaves on the mind of him who reads in a right spirit, his more unexceptionable poems, the strongest impression of the satiety attendant on a *blasé* existence, mingled with wishes (of which we cannot doubt the sincerity for the time) that he had been born before the age of Voltaire, and were able to believe in the 'holy word of Christ.'

Short and hurried as has been the above reference to these exceptional (for, after all, they are exceptional) cases of unbelieving poets, we cannot think that more detailed examination would alter the general conclusion to which they point. That conclusion we conceive to be, that the alliance between poetry and religion is natural, that the divorce between them is forced and unnatural. Whether it be an *Æschylus* revelling in the supernatural, or a De Musset sighing that he cannot do so, each poet, though in a widely different way, is surely proclaiming the self-same principle.

We return to Clough, and we ask what circumstances there were which could at all make up to him, as a poet, for his most unhappy scepticism. That it grievously narrowed his field of vision, we can hardly doubt. Compare with Clough's poems an equal number of pages in those, say, of Robert Browning, and see how varied is the symphony of the author of '*Paracelsus*,' by the side of the few restricted and reiterated tunes contained in the volume before us. Even after making due allowance for the comparative shortness of Clough's career, must not his great want of variety be mainly attributed to his unbelief?

But as we have seen, in the case of some other poets, the

way in which they have tried to fill up the vacuum caused by lack of faith, it may be interesting to ask what were, in this respect, the resources of Clough? Those who look at his intellect fairly, will probably pronounce it to have been somewhat deficient in subjectivity, in versatility, perhaps also in the higher ranges of the imaginative faculty. His utterly unsettled state of mind prevents, likewise, the display of that vigour which confidence in the truth of a man's teaching can alone impart. But we cannot fail to recognise the presence of a power that he had fairly won by his many virtues. In the first place, there was his rare conscientiousness. Other men may contrive to reconcile with their sense of honour and duty, the retention of places of emolument and trust, long after they have resigned all belief in the truths, which those places were presumed to be means of supporting. Not so Clough; he gave up at once the high and honourable post which he had won in Oxford, and threw himself on the world for a livelihood. It was even said, and we can well believe it, that at a time when such pecuniary aid would have been of real consequence to him, he refused to write in periodicals which would gladly have opened their columns to him, because he was unable to concur in their general tone. Such scrupulousness endows a man with a rightful privilege to utter warnings, serious or sarcastic, to those around him whom he sees to be following a course quite opposite to his own; and of these warnings many are scattered up and down his pages. In the next place, though (to our deep sorrow) Clough seems to have renounced belief in revelation, yet whatever he *did* retain, he acted up to, far more consistently than most of us, who believe indeed much that he lost, but do not with equal resoluteness carry out our belief into practice. Courage, purity, belief in God, warm philanthropy, patriotism, a deep sense of the sinfulness of sin, all these, besides his love of nature, were present to enable him to summon up in other minds 'the noble emotions.' Let it be added that in his scepticism there was nothing Voltairian; he did not (as it has been well remarked) try to turn and rend the creed that he had resigned. Widely as we dissent from most of his speculations, it is seldom indeed, if ever, that Clough seems open to blame on purely moral ground:¹ though of course in speaking thus we waive for the moment the profound question, how far unbelief

¹ We have always regretted the presence of one or two lines in the 'Bothie,' that seemed slightly coarse. The conjunction of Clough's poems, with Mr. Burbridge's (of which some were thoroughly gross), was a most unhappy one. But Clough's are, by this last edition, for ever severed from that unfortunate companionship. The omissions from his own poem, made by Clough's directions, give evidence of prudence and good taste.

is of itself the evidence and the result of something morally wrong at the foundation.

The following is a fair sample of that satiric censure upon the world's ways, which our author's conscientious self-sacrifice gave him a perfect right to utter.

'THE LATEST DECALOGUE.

Thou shalt have one God only ; who
Would be at the expense of two ?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency ;
Swear not at all ; for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse.
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend.
Honour thy parents ; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall.
Thou shalt not kill ; but needst not strive
Officiously to keep alive.
Do not adultery commit ;
Advantage rarely comes of it.
Thou shalt not steal ; an empty feat,
When it's so lucrative to cheat.
Bear not false witness ; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly.
Thou shalt not covet ; but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.'—P. 50.

The next we are about to quote seems generally selected as the most beautiful, the most truly poetical of all his compositions.

'*Qua cursum ventus.*

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day,
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;
When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving side by side :
E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.
At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist what first with dawn appeared !
To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O, blithe breeze ; and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.
 One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there !'—P. 25.

That, after all, Clough did but little towards the realization of the high hopes entertained of him is admitted by his warmest friends and admirers. To us, we own, he seems to have exhibited but slight growth in power after the publication of *Ambarvalia* in 1848. As this assertion may seem to spring from mere prejudice, we shall briefly attempt to set forth a portion of the evidence on which it is based.

We have in the volume before us the author's hitherto unpublished poem, entitled *Amours de Voyage*. It is perhaps characteristic of the writer's general state of feeling at the time, that the hero is a *quasi-lover*, who cannot make up his mind whether he really is in love or not. *Il doutait de tout, même de l'amour*, is one of the mottoes. This circumstance almost excludes the possibility of what Mr. Matthew Arnold thinks so essential to poetry ; namely 'a grand action' as a basis. However, let that pass. What we complain of in the poet's treatment of his theme is the sort of under-current of assumption, that because he had become thoroughly and exclusively republican and sceptical, the world was immediately bound to carry out *his* theories with perfect consistency, without misgivings, without halting or repentance.

Mr. Palgrave, in the not very satisfactory memoir prefixed to these volumes, quotes from one or two of Clough's letters. These letters appear to have been written, not in English, but in Carlylese. This is a language which is possibly tolerable at first hand, but at second hand surely most intolerable. We shall consequently only state the gist of them, which is, that Clough rejoiced at Paris in the existence of the Republic, but found out in a few days that the glory of his dream was departing. Untaught, apparently, by this experience, he lingered on at Rome, because (says Mr. Palgrave) he was 'unable or unwilling' to believe that what at least bore the name of Republic could 'really lead the crusade on behalf of despotism.' Such conduct may mark the amiable enthusiast : we cannot say that it seems to us a sign of any great knowledge of human nature, or of any great insight into French nature.

For, in the first place, what right has any man to conclude that because a nation has just established a republic, republicanism must needs prove their one solitary passion? Lord

Macaulay has justly derided the pretensions of those second-rate play-wrights, who depict their *dramatis personæ* as influenced by some one ruling passion to the exclusion of every other. Much less can we expect a great nation to be thus under the dominion of one idea alone. It certainly does not follow that because a people are governed in a particular manner, they may not reasonably suppose that the circumstances of another nation are so peculiar that *they* cannot be ruled similarly.

Thus much on the assumption that nation No. 1 is in a state of thorough contentment with that species of constitution, which it is interdicting to nation No. 2. But suppose that the former has only adopted this constitution under the pressure of a momentary impulse, and soon after renounces for itself the very kind of government, of which it has deprived its neighbour. Obviously, whether the policy of armed intervention has been justifiable or otherwise, the charge of inconsistency is greatly lessened. Now, this seems really to have been the case with France. That Mr. John Stuart Mill is correct in maintaining that a certain set of politicians had determined on a Republic, if the Orleanist monarchy were overthrown, we will not dispute. But the nation, as a whole, appears to have been completely taken by surprise in 1848. M. M. de Carné and de Montalembert assert this in the most emphatic terms. '*Il y a une république, il n'y a pas des républicains,*' was the expression of a well-wisher to the new régime. Another witness (who, if not unprejudiced, is certainly far less prejudiced than Clough) observes in speaking of the varied forms of constitution which his country has tried: 'De tous les gouvernements qui se sont succédé depuis soixante ans, aucun n'a eu une existence plus agitée et plus courte que la république, aucun n'a laissé derrière lui une mémoire chargée de souvenirs plus pénibles.'¹

Clough must have known (or, at any rate, might have known) that no inconsiderable party in France supported the expedition to Rome on what they believed to be sincerely religious grounds. A much larger party, in whose breasts the religious element burnt but feebly, were very unwilling to break with the old traditions of their country. One of those traditions undoubtedly was, that the French nation was a kind of lay supporter of the Papacy.² Added to this tradition was the reflection that if France did not take the first step, Austria undoubtedly would. If our memory serves us aright, it was M. Odilon Barrot who,

¹ Prince Albert de Broglie; '*Questions de Religion et d'Histoire,*' (tome i. p. 91).

² '*Charlemagne, dans son testament, légua à ses fils la tutelle de l'Eglise romaine. Ce legs, repudié par les empereurs allemands, avait passé comme une espèce de fidéi-commis à la couronne de France.*'—Preface to *Du Pape*. De Maistre, though not a Frenchman, knew very well for whom he was writing.

in defending before the French Chambers the expedition to Rome, skilfully availed himself in turn of each and all of these various sentiments.

But that possibly the French themselves were not violently enamoured of their own republic, and therefore cared little for the fate of republics elsewhere; that there might be sincere Roman Catholics who believed in the temporalities of the Papacy as a necessary condition the upholding of its spiritual claims to supremacy; that the prejudices of which De Maistre had so ably appealed might have their weight, especially at a time when numbers were trying to re-unite some at least of the broken links of a national life; that jealousy of Austria might make up for whatever was wanting on other grounds; of all this Clough appears to have seen nothing. His view of the political portion of the case seems to be summed up in the one short and to him all-sufficient *formula*: This is a Republic, and it ought not, under any circumstances, to be put down.

As a poem, the *Amours de Voyage* cannot, we imagine, claim any high rank. It displays skill in metre, and that is nearly all. As a comment on the history of the siege of Rome by the French, it seems all but absolutely worthless. We doubt whether a reader obtains one single fresh idea about that siege, which he could not gain from turning to a file of old newspapers. In one point, however, Clough protests against the doctrine of the press of that epoch. For he writes:—

‘notwithstanding all journals,
Honour for once to the tongue and the pen of the eloquent writer!
Honour to speech! and all honour to thee, thou noble Mazzini!’

We have expended, in our last April number, so many pages on ‘Thought in Italy,’ that we cannot afford to retrace our steps at any length. But as regards that Mazzinian rule, which Clough chose to see as all *couleur de rose*, we cannot forget a remark made by Giusti. And if in such a matter we prefer the authority of the Italian, we do not know on what single ground even Clough’s greatest admirers could claim precedence for him here. Was he a poet? So was Giusti, and a far greater one; the poet not of a small clique, but one who spoke to the heart of a nation. Was Clough a liberal? so was Giusti; only, we must maintain, with still higher claims to the name in its noblest sense. Was Clough fond of Italy and desirous of its best welfare? so was Giusti; he lived for this end, and did not take it up as a temporary *furor* only. Now Giusti writes: ‘One of Mazzini’s arts of reigning has been the system of ‘terror, and the preaching of liberty with uplifted dagger.’ Giusti was the very last person to write thus without due cause. That Clough was unaware of this great charge is ex-

tremely probable. But the question naturally arises: did he put himself in the way of learning the whole state of the case? or had he not now become a thorough partisan, with the failings that too often follow on unchecked partisanship?

As for the religious teaching of this poem: those whose intolerance of Romanism is such that they conscientiously believe that a man had better cease to be a Christian at all, than adopt that form of Christianity, may be able to approve of it; but we do not see how it can possibly recommend itself to any others. The hero, as the *National Reviewers* justly remark, 'has some sort of religion, but cannot himself tell what it is.' If Romanism is so utterly corrupt, that this impalpable Theism is preferable, then—but not otherwise—is our author's aspiration endurable.

'Would to heaven the old Goths had made a cleaner sweep of it,
Would to heaven some new ones would come and destroy these churches!'

If all that the Roman people are to get in exchange is a creed of the above-named quality, then we cannot conceive how Rome, Italy, or Europe is to be the gainer.

It is so rare to obtain earnest convictions side by side with a large-minded and tolerant temper, that we are almost, it would seem, compelled in many cases to accept the presence of one gift as an atonement for some lack of the other. We say of one thinker, he may not be very tolerant, but he is certainly thoroughly in earnest; of another, that he is less definite than we could wish, but that in treating of controversy he can at any rate make allowances for both sides. What does seem to be unbearable is an admixture of latitudinarianism and intolerance; and this we are sorry to say, we find in some parts of these *Amours de Voyage*.

With the epoch of the Reformation on the Continent are associated, in the most prominent manner, two great names, that of Martin Luther and that of Ignatius Loyola. That thousands should honour one of these names, and well-nigh demonize the other, is natural enough. The present century has, however, witnessed, on both sides, some remarkable admissions respecting the elements of greatness and of zeal that may be found in each. Witness such expressions as the following, in the work of the greatest modern Roman Catholic of Germany:—'An obstacle, which makes the Lutheran view more pardonable, since it shows that it sprang out of a true Christian zeal.' . . . 'The Reformers, in the excess of a pious zeal, rejected all exertion on the part of man.' . . . 'It would be in the highest degree unjust, if we did not show that, according to the Lutheran system, the renovation of sinful man, the moral

'change—in a word, *sanctification*—must attach to the confiding reception of the declaration of the forgiveness of sin.'... 'Who knows not the brilliant description of faith in his [Luther's] preface to S. Paul's Epistle to the Romans?'... 'Here the Reformers were evidently misled by the most vague, most confused, yet *withal honourable feelings*.' Such is the language of Möhler. Dr. Döllinger is somewhat less charitable, but not less fully does he recognise in Luther 'the mightiest democrat' and most popular character that Germany ever possessed—'greatest of his age—the centre of a new circle of ideas, the most condensed expression of that religious and ethical mode of thought peculiar to the German mind, and from whose mighty influence even those who resisted it could not wholly withdraw themselves.'¹

Not less marked, or less striking, has been the recognition of the merits of Loyola from the pen of writers far removed from his teaching or influence. 'No dispassionate student of his life,' says Sir James Stephen, 'will question his integrity, or deny him the praise of a devotion at once sincere, habitual, and profound. It is not to the glory of the Reformed to depreciate their greatest antagonist; or to think meanly of him, by whom, more than by any other man, the Reformation was stayed, and the Church of Rome rescued from her impending doom.'² 'Fervent he was—fervently devout,' says the Non-conformist, Mr. Isaac Taylor, 'and our Protestant notions would lead us into a very perilous kind of uncharitableness, if they forbade our thinking of Ignatius Loyola as an eminently good and Christian man.'³

But that 'perilous kind of uncharitableness' had been thoroughly attained by Clough. As for Luther, Clough apparently accepts from others a semi-sneer at *his* achievements; while Loyola and his famous society are dismissed off-hand, at a blow, in some silly and splenetic lines. Are we unreasonable, then, in thinking that by this time scepticism had narrowed alike the range of Clough's intellect and the generosity of his feelings?

A Scotch Presbyterian layman, of somewhat latitudinarian tendencies, ponders as follows over the scene presented by the Coliseum:—

'The Coliseum, of all that Rome encloses, should be seen alone and by moonlight. No other human monument speaks so strongly to the moral sense of man. The deep and lonely silence of the midnight hour within its

¹ Symbolism, vol. i. pp. 130, 133, 159, 185, 208 (Eng. Trans.).

² The Church and the Churches (Eng. Trans.), pp. 26, 267.

³ Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography, vol. i. p. 249.

⁴ Loyola and Jesuitism.

vast walls, is only broken by the chirping of the solitary cricket in the grass of that arena which has resounded with the shrieks of human beings, the wild yells of ferocious beasts tearing them, and the acclamations of eighty thousand spectators rejoicing in the butchery. *This is the triumph of the Christian religion. This immense edifice is coeval with Christianity, and is its noblest history.* Eighteen centuries ago, the most civilized people on the face of the earth erected this huge pile for savage and bloody spectacles, such as no known tribe on the face of the earth at the present day is so barbarous, so destitute of humanity, feeling for others, and discrimination of right and wrong, as to enjoy or tolerate. The New Zealander or the Cherokee of the present day stands higher as a moral being, imbued with feelings of humanity and of duty to his fellow-men, than the citizen of ancient Rome in his most civilized state. Is this no improvement in the social condition of man? Is man not in a progressive state as to moral and intellectual being? We may ask, if human nature itself has not changed during these eighteen centuries, and if we really belong to the same species of beings as the men who, eighteen centuries ago, laid those stones upon each other for the uses for which this fabric was erected? These stones are still sharply square. Man has changed more than his works. How little appear all the squabbles between Church and Church, between Catholic and Protestant, Lutheran and Presbyterian, sect and sect, opinion and opinion, when we consider *this sublime result of Christianity as a whole*, amidst these walls which witnessed its origin, its progress, and are now bearing testimony to its humanising influences on the condition of man! Details vanish before the sublime result. Time itself seems to vanish amidst the works of man standing for eighteen centuries, uninjured but by his own hands. What are eighteen centuries in the history of the human race?—a span of time too short to reduce their buildings to dust, yet long enough to elevate their physical condition from the deepest barbarism, ignorance, and wickedness, to civilization, knowledge, and religion—to raise them, morally and intellectually, to a new species of beings. The changes of eighteen centuries are enclosed within these grey walls of the Flavian amphitheatre.¹

But of all this Clough can see and feel nothing whatever. He sits and muses in the Pantheon, and apostrophises it:—

‘I repeople thy niches,
Not with the Martyrs, and Saints, and Confessors, and Virgins and children,
But with the mightier forms of an older, austerer worship.’

This *austerer* worship being simply of course that of the Pagan gods and goddesses. Austerer worship, forsooth, for which he quotes that easy Epicurean bard, whose nonchalance so revolted Dr. Arnold! We, who believe in the New Testament, can appeal to the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, in order to settle the question of the austerity of classic heathenism; but those who do not accept the teaching of S. Paul, might surely find enough to satisfy themselves, on this score, in the pages of Ovid and of Juvenal.

Clough subsequently visited America. At Boston he must have found much that was thoroughly congenial; intellectual society, republican institutions, and an entire freedom from that

¹ Laing's Notes of a Traveller, chap. xviii.

dogmatism which in any form whatever seems so to have vexed and annoyed him. Of the real genius of some of the *literati* of Boston there can be no question. Their right to complain of the 'insular narrowness' of Englishmen is likewise indisputable, since continental nations make the same charge against us. Yet we cannot but fear that their admiration for Clough was fostered even more by sympathy with his scepticism, than by the recognition of his intellect and conscientiousness. For ourselves, greatly admiring the powers of such persons as Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and Mr. Holmes, we sincerely wish that the Boston school of thinkers could imbibe a little of our 'insular narrowness,' if only in that term could be included a belief in the Creed of Nicæa.

The injury which Clough's example may possibly work will be among those who are disposed to doubt, but anxious to preserve a high tone of morality. Voltaire writes to Frederick II. of Prussia, complaining that his Majesty has afforded a handle to those who say that neither good faith nor humanity can be found among unbelievers. Those whose tendency to scepticism might recoil before the spectacle of unscrupulousness and cold-hearted selfishness, exhibited by such a man as Frederick, may possibly hope that it shall be their lot, if they resign belief in the Gospel, to imitate the uprightness and philanthropy of such an one as Clough. Rarely indeed will they succeed, and even where they do imitate him, it must probably involve that same loss of joy and peace which is conspicuous throughout his poems, and be purchased at the price of all but throwing away the precious gifts of cultured intellect that had made their friends hope that they might one day achieve much.

For ourselves, rather than hear that any one for whose welfare we cared, had embarked on such a course, we should prefer that he had become a deacon, even to a popular dissenting preacher, such as, for instance, Mr. Spurgeon. *We* are not likely to feel undue sympathy with a teacher, who is so Calvinistic, so anti-sacramental as this popular pulpit orator. But we can thoroughly sympathise with him, when he denounces the dangers of Universalism; we rejoice in the singular warmth and freshness with which he insists on the greatness of an Athanasius and an Augustine, and on the debt of gratitude which all Christians owe them: above all, amidst deep differences, we are at one with Mr. Spurgeon in the meaning and the value of the One great Name, which is never once openly proclaimed in the pages of the unhappy poet whose works we have been examining.

That this very reticence is at the bottom of much of the sympathy and the praise lavished on Clough in our periodical

literature we do deeply fear; but we are not blind to other and better things in him, which are justly calculated to win the homage of men's spirits; and we have no wish to judge uncharitably. One word on the argument employed, or at least implied, by many who lean to scepticism, because they imagine that they thereby avoid committing themselves. Such a supposition is utterly hollow, and will not bear the slightest examination. It has well been said, 'We *must* act, or abstain from action; and on many subjects abstaining from action is well nigh equivalent to acting in the opposite direction. If, when some person calls on us to obey him as a duty, our doubts lead us to refuse him obedience, we practically deny his authority. If, when hungry, we abstain from food which is put before us, such abstinence implies a practical belief that the food is distasteful, or unwholesome, or that it is for some reason wrong to eat it. Hence arises the danger in all practical subjects, of methods of investigation and habits of thought which imply a long suspense of judgment with regard to matters immediately before us. Doubts may hang over the distance; but still we can make progress if they leave the foreground clear. With a few firm points on which to place our feet, we can make our way over a quagmire. But if we must advance at once we cannot account him a benefactor who floods the ground which lies immediately before us while he gives us a promise that it shall be dry land next year. All information as to our course is a mockery which does not tell us in what direction we must turn our footsteps *now*.'¹ Alas! for those who have no better guidance for immediate action than such as they can obtain from the pages of Arthur Hugh Clough.

It is some consolation to perceive in Clough's latest verses so many signs of his 'olden heart'; so far higher a tone than that of the 'Amours de Voyage.' The 'Clergyman's Tale' is truly beautiful: the following lines involve a teaching most admirable for all of us:—

'There are, I know of course, who lightly treat
 Such slips; we stumble, we regain our feet;
 What can we do, they say, but hasten on,
 And disregard it as a thing that's gone.
 Many there are who in a case like this
 Would calm re-seek their sweet domestic bliss,
 Accept unshamed the wifely tender kiss,
 And lift their little children on their knees,
 And take their kisses too: with hearts at ease
 Will read the household prayers—to church will go,
 And sacraments,—nor care if people know.
 Such men—so minded—do exist, God knows,
 And, God be thanked, this was not one of those.'

¹ The Letter and the Spirit, by Rev. C. P. Chretien, Fellow of Oriol College, &c. (Macmillan.) 1861.

From what sources, besides internal self-communion, Clough derived the deep sense here manifested of the weight of sin, of the way to regain lost graces lying through the road of self-denial in things lawful, we will not even pause to ask. Most happily, in thorough hatred of evil, the two schools of thought in which his spirit graduated are perfectly agreed. Nor does he make his penitent *rest* in anything that he himself can do. The wife is made to speak of—

‘One who takes away
Our sin and gives us righteousness instead.’

It is, we believe, the sole allusion to that Name throughout this volume. But its author was deeply reserved. May it have been more often in his heart, if not upon his lips? His temptations in the direction of doubt were assuredly not light ones. In all sincerity and reverence do we utter over him the Apostolic aspiration—*Δώη αὐτῷ ὁ Κύριος εὐρέω ἔλεος παρὰ Κυρίου ἐν ἐκείνῃ τῇ ἡμέρᾳ. Ἀμήν.*

ART. IV.—1. *Essay on Religious Philosophy*. By M. ÉMILE SAISSET. Translated, with Critical Essay, Marginal Analysis, and Notes. Two Volumes. T. & T. Clarke, Edinburgh. 1862.

2. *Observations on the Attempted Application of Pantheistic Principles to the Theory and Historic Criticism of the Gospel*. By W. H. MILL, D.D. Second Edition. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. London: Bell & Daldy. 1861.

3. *Hegel et Schopenhauer. Études sur la Philosophie Allemande Moderne*. Par A. FOUCHE DE CAZEIL. Paris. 1862.

'Most educated men,' says the translator of M. Saisset's Essays, 'have for some time been aware of the presence in our contemporary literature of a certain Pantheistic element, which perhaps they have felt rather than been able to analyse.' This element is very perceptible in such French works as are likely to be popular. It floats upon the air of poetry like those impalpable colouring matters in the atmosphere which the naked eye can only detect in the sickly hue cast over the landscape, but which in a short time stain deeply every substance which is exposed to them. A something from which the Christian shrinks drops at his feet, as the conclusion of scientific as well as of metaphysical reasonings, half hidden in those *mots d'enflure* which Pascal hated.¹ In English it is not difficult to find similar instances. The Spinozist *natura naturata* and *natura naturans*, tricked out in the finery of the school of Schelling, reappear in Mr. Emerson's writings, not in geometrical formulæ, but in a rich and coloured prose.² Two little words, and the mode of their typography, in

¹ We quote the first instances at hand:—'A poem, full of the one problem Being, under its triple aspect—Humanity, Evil, the Infinite, the Progressive, the Relative, the Absolute.'—*Victor Hugo*. Preface to *La Légende des Siècles*, p. xvi.

'Must we believe that different simple bodies, if there are such, are only found of one and the same matter in diverse states of condensation? We are thus led on to the idea of the unity of substance. Gas, liquid, solid, vacuum and plenum, heavenly bodies and spaces, satellites, planets, suns, &c. will, in that case, be only transitory forms of something eternal, ephemeral images of something which cannot change; and in the whirl of phenomena, in the eternal movement of all substances, the history of the world shows us everywhere Becoming in Being, Being in Becoming.'—*Analyse du Soleil par la Chimie*. Par M. Auguste Laugel.

² 'Let us not longer omit our homage to the efficient nature, *natura naturans*, the quick cause, before which all forms flee as the driven snow, itself secret, its

Mr. Carlyle's 'Life of Sterling'—'*personal god*'—reveal to us his appreciation of that truth which is the beginning of all religion, and, as Maine de Biran has told us, the end of all philosophy. In the laxity of the closing sentences of a notorious essay upon the 'National Church,' a Missionary Bishop, just returned from China, was reminded of the esoteric Pantheism which he had so lately left. Twenty years ago, a divine who, when the controversies of the day have died out, will be mentioned in the same breath with Pearson and Barrow, wrote these warning words:—
 'We hear much of laudable efforts to bring the saving truths of Christianity within the reach of the votaries of Brahmanism; but few amongst us are aware that the very esoteric doctrine of Brahmanism, and of all pagan theology, is now in the course of propagation to cultivated minds from the centre of Christian Europe.'¹ The prophecy has been sadly fulfilled.

The selection of the subject of Mr. Mansel's Bampton Lectures may be taken as a proof that the ambitious constructions of German Pantheism are viewed with admiration by many thinkers. The profound interest excited, first by the delivery and subsequently by the publication of that remarkable volume, testifies that the subject which it discusses is one of the day. Men care but little for the refutation of theories which have been merely exhumed and resuscitated for the purpose of enabling some dialectical gladiator to exhibit the sharpness of the implement which he wields. Hegelianism is as difficult as, and perhaps not much more profound, than Gnosticism; and even Mr. Mansel would not be disparaged by a comparison with Dr. Burton; but we never heard that the Lectures on the Heresies of the Apostolic Age by that eminent divine, delivered in 1829, excited much interest beyond a narrow circle of learned and orthodox clergymen. The conditioned and unconditioned, the finite and infinite, the relative and absolute, are not in themselves much more attractive than the emanating *Æons*, the life and light, of Gnosticism; the triplicity of Hegel is perhaps not

works driven before it in flocks and multitudes. It publishes itself in creatures. . . . The knowledge that we traverse the whole scale of being, from the centre to the poles of nature, and have some stake in every possibility, lends that sublime lustre to death which philosophy and religion have too outwardly and literally striven to express in the popular doctrine of the immortality of the soul. . . . The divine circulations never rest nor linger. Nature is the incarnation of a thought, and turns to a thought again, as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated, and the volatile essence is for ever creeping again into the state of free thought. Hence the virtue of the influence on the mind of natural objects. Man imprisoned, crystallized, vegetative, speaks to man impersonated. . . . Wisdom is infused into every form. . . . We did not guess its essence, after a long time'—We should think not!—*Eight Essays*. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. *Essay VI.*—*Nature*.

¹ Dr. Mill on the Mythical Interpretation of the Gospel.—Page 6.

more profound than the primary octave of Basilides.¹ But it is felt that, under the smoke of this terminology, a momentous battle is waged by human reason, and that the points at issue are nothing less than the personality of God, the moral nature and the immortality of man. For a God without thought and love is no God. A moral nature without freedom and responsibility is moral only by courtesy. An immortality without memory and personal identity is so like death that we shudder as we look at its shadowy outlines.

In our day, as in every day, it is necessary that the teachers of religious truth should be acquainted with the forms of error which surround them. They, at least, have lost their right to be ignorant. They, of all men, cannot choose to spend their life with a child's thought.² If there is always morality in the right exercise of reason, some acquaintance with those problems which environ the divine Book out of which they teach, is something like an imperative duty. Some, indeed, may be so devoted, and others so unapt for speculation, as to be able to wrap themselves round in their work, and exclude every echo from the world of thought. But such men are not common. Nor is it only the teachers of religion who have an interest in these questions. The study of philosophy has revived. The young men of the present day exhibit some of that dialectical love for snarlings and snappings, to the right and to the left, which Plato mentions as a characteristic of the Athenian youth.³ They want a philosophical teaching which shall restrain their petulance from the book upon the altar, and from the veil which hangs before the Holiest. One who, up to a recent period, was an eminent teacher of philosophy in the chief philosophical school of England, states that, 'to borrow philosophy from Hegel's 'Lectures on the History of Philosophy, seems to him (like 'borrowing poetry from Shakspeare) to be a debt that is almost 'unavoidable.'⁴ Surely they who must read Hegel should be carefully prepared by those principles which can alone secure them from the philosophical *prejudices* against a Personal God, which are so much more hopeless than those of the vulgar, because they 'add the drunkenness' of false reasonings to the 'thirst' of the original prejudices. The number of educated laymen is large, and daily increasing, who desire to understand the groundwork of their faith—and, probably, since the age of

¹ πρώτη ὕψους.

² οὐδεὶς τ' ἂν ἔλοιτο ζῆν παιδίου διάνοιαν ἔχων διὰ θίου.—Arist. Ethic. Nic. x. iii. 12.

³ ... χαίροντες ὥσπερ τὰ σκολακία τῇ ἔλκειν τε καὶ σπαράττειν τοὺς πηλούς del.

⁴ Aristotle's Ethics. By Sir Alexander Grant. Preface, page vi.

Leibnitz and Bossuet, no generation has taken such an interest in questions of *Theodicea* as the living generation of Englishmen.

It is very important to remark that Pantheism, with all its appalling host of practical consequences, is pre-eminently the metaphysical heresy. To perceive the finite and the infinite, to dwell upon their relations, to reduce them to a unity; to merge the finite in the infinite which is mysticism, or the infinite in the finite which is atheism; to dilate the living and eternal One into a monstrous God who is All, or to dilute Him into a shadowy God who is nothing: such is the argument of every chapter in the history of Pantheism, from the schools of Ionia and Thales, to the mystics of Munich, who call Schelling father, and the hideous atheism of Oken and Feuerbach, lawfully begotten of Hegel. Pantheism is the temptation perpetually imposed upon the metaphysical spirit.

Few men are creative metaphysicians, as few men are creative poets. But many men have metaphysical elements in their composition, and can deeply appreciate arguments which they could not have invented, and which they cannot refute. The successful prosecution of metaphysical science requires, beyond most others, a contemperation of intellectual and even moral qualities. There must be industry to accumulate intricate and voluminous theories; for a metaphysician without learning is like a theologian without Greek. There must be acuteness to pierce through the husky integument of terminology to the kernel of meaning. Mere industry, without this, will soon break the back of the drudge, memory. There must be the super-induced metaphysical consciousness, behind the ordinary human consciousness, of which Coleridge has spoken, going beyond, and yet checked by it. There must be an independence of mind, which shall prevent the monarchy even of an Aristotle, a Descartes, or a Hamilton, from degenerating into a tyranny, combined with a dignified submission to the teaching of the great, and to the conditions imposed upon our finite thought by its infinite Author. They are moral, more than intellectual deficiencies, which make men affect an insolent familiarity with the infinite. Berkeley, in his day, spoke with kindling eye, and in swelling tones, of the minute philosopher, not six feet high, who would dethrone the Governor of the universe. We have heard of an Oratorian preacher who said that God the Word was imprisoned in the pyx upon the altar. But the blasphemy of the one is not so revolting, nor the superstition of the other half so painful, as his who would pen up the eternal in a formula of three syllables, measure the infinite with the two-foot rule of his intellect, and cry with Spinoza, '*Exposui naturam Dei*'—or with Hegel, 'the human soul has an adequate knowledge of the eternal

and infinite essence of God.' The matter of metaphysics, again, should possess an almost mathematical exactness, while it is kept free from those geometrical pretensions which have ruined so many systems. The student, too, must bring something to his book, or he will carry but little from it. Philosophy cannot be poured from one mind into another like wine into a bottle. Every drop which does not increase evaporates and is lost. For want of these faculties and acquirements, and of patient attention, the attempt to construct a whole out of one's metaphysical reading is often in vain. It is like the experiment of the *Palingenesis*, in which there is placed before the eyes a translucent vase, appearing to contain nothing but water with a sediment of ashes. On the application of heat, however, the particles of ashes move in wavy lines of various delicate tints, until the idea of a perfect flower is produced—a fairy creation, which, when the heat is removed, collapses as quickly as it has blown. Thus the theories of Descartes, Malebranche, and Leibnitz, seem to the student to be the beautiful playthings of philosophers, having no substantive shape, and no definite colour, except to the warm touch of the genius which created them, and, when that is removed, falling into ashes.¹

Metaphysicians, like the Athenians, are always seeking, not merely something new, but some newer novelty.² Hence, and for want of the acquirements just indicated, many even highly educated minds need something like a manual on Pantheism. And such a guide-book must be in some sense a manual of modern philosophy. To attack Hegel at once is a dangerous task. Few arms are strong enough to breast that sea. Ever and anon we

'hear the cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.'

Mr. Mansel has spoken in a noble passage of the young aspirant after a philosophical faith, who trusts himself to that trackless ocean, not knowing for awhile how deep he sinks, till the treacherous surface on which he treads is yielding on every side. When it comes to that, only One arm can save him. Sound philosophy can work no miracle; but it can construct a raft which may render the passage less perilous. An able manual is such a raft; and we think the need of this is felt at present by many religious teachers, philosophical students, and educated men, who have no high metaphysical talent, or who, if they have, cannot afford to spend twenty years, like Leibnitz, in meditating upon the Infinite.

¹ This experiment is beautifully described by Sir Kenelm Digby, 'Treatise on the Vegetation of Plants.'

² τὴ καὶ νέου. Acts xvii. 21.

Such a manual we had not been able to find. Chalybæus, so admirably translated by Dr. Edersheim, is an excellent sketch of German speculation, from Kant to Hegel. But Pantheism is not its primary object. Mr. Mansel's volume hardly answers the purpose. It is necessarily not of a directly historical enough character. We should shrink from criticising a volume which will be spoken of as long as English theology subsists; but certain misgivings which its admirers felt, when the first flush of their admiration had subsided, have been since confirmed. Some of the ablest thinkers in Oxford, and on the Continent, such as Mr. Chretien, Professor Goldwin Smith, and M. Charles de Rémusat,¹ not to mention Mr. Maurice, consider Mr. Mansel's philosophy the annihilation of philosophy. And as piety, orthodoxy, and learning, cannot make the tendency of a system orthodox, there are grave and competent theologians who consider it also the annihilation of theology, in the sense of S. John, and of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds. But were it not so, we are convinced that the 'Bampton Lectures' for 1858 are more praised than read, and more read than understood. The degree of their popularity is out of all proportion to the degree in which they are comprehended. The same principle of nature which made the poor old woman delight in that 'sweet word Mesopotamia,' has made many delight in Mr. Mansel's volume. It requires for its full understanding more Oxford logic, more of Kant and Hamilton, than can be very common.

The work whose title is at the head of this article, appears to us to supply the *desideratum* of which we have spoken. M. Saisset is an athletic thinker; on the subject of Pantheism, he has a right to be heard which is not possessed by any living philosopher. The claims of Hegelian Pantheism to originality are loud and exorbitant; philosophy, according to it, has had two eras, the Greek and the Germanic. But the genealogy is longer and less august. Spinoza, in especial, is the very fountain-head of modern Pantheism. Having convinced himself of this fact, M. Saisset spent some years in the thorough study of the Jew of Amsterdam, as his translator says, 'tracing out the lines of filiation between him and modern Germany downward; between him, Giordano Bruno, and the Alexandrian School upward.' This is on the controversial side; on the positive side M. Saisset's theism is that of S. Augustine, whom he appears to have studied profoundly. This work, then, in its first and most important position, is not an analysis of modern philosophy, but of modern philosophy in relation to Pantheism. Look at those great schools. Consider Descartes with that admirable proof of God which every man carries in the very structure

¹ See M. de Rémusat's Essay, 'La Théologie Naturelle en Angleterre.'

and groundwork of his own soul, in the imperfection and misery which is the very condition of his true grandeur, because from it he necessarily becomes conscious of the perfect Being. Turn to the pure and lofty theism of final causes in the famous *Scholium generale* of Newton. Read that proof of the immortality of man in Leibnitz, which seems to throw a fresh beauty over the vision of the New Jerusalem in the Apocalypse. How are we to account for the scepticism of Kant, for the Pantheism of Hegel, for the materialistic atheism of Oken and Feuerbach, after Descartes, Newton, and Leibnitz? A bad argument for a good cause is a bad thing. Goethe was almost made orthodox by Voltaire's silly argument against the deluge; and weak or sophistical premises, made to bring out a religious conclusion, may sometimes have done an amount of harm, which we can surmise from the good of which Voltaire was so near becoming the agent. In presence of the hideous phenomenon of Pantheism, the weakness and the strength of the schools of theistic philosophy should be rigorously tested. This task is performed in the first or critical portion of M. Saisset's Essay, with a learning and a solidity which leave little to desire. The second part represents the thinker with his books closed, unfolding his soul in meditation, something in the style of Fénelon's Treatise upon the Existence of God. He wins his way from an affirmative answer to the questions, 'Is there a God? Is He accessible to reason?' to creation, Providence in the universe, Providence in man, the mystery of suffering, and prayer.

With all the beauty, eloquence, and power of the second part, it seems to us much less satisfactory to a Christian than its predecessor, and we have much more hesitation in recommending it to the student.

We hope no one will be deterred by so long a book upon one subject of so abstruse a character. In metaphysics, as in history, a large book is not an unmixed evil. A chapter of Pinnock's Catechism is at once dull and difficult; it is *τυπος*, an outline in which are strokes and not colours. A volume of Macaulay is really almost easier to master. Many of the finer particles evaporate, and are lost in the flux of memory, but a solid deposit is still left.

We now propose to traverse rapidly the ground which M. Saisset has crossed.

I. 1. The critical portion of the work is first to be considered.

A review of the great theistic philosophers of the seventeenth century may be supposed to have a twofold object—(1) *positively*, to confirm our metaphysical faith in those principles which have come like fine gold out of the furnace of criticism; (2) *negatively*, to indicate those weak and doubtful, or erroneous positions,

through which irruptions have been made. Some answer may thus be given to the question, how Spinozism and Hegelianism are possible after Descartes and Newton.

1. The strong points and weak points of Descartes may briefly be indicated. Descartes required above all things that the objects of his knowledge should be *clear*, definite as a whole, and *distinct*, articulated into their parts. He determined then, for once in his life, to enter upon a thorough-going doubt. Nothing was to escape but the moral law, and it only provisionally.

Let us understand the nature of this doubt. A dark suspicion of unreality hangs over the greatest names among the sceptics,¹ from Socrates to Hume. Socrates was suspected of aiming, by a simulated humility, at a reputation which might not have been conceded to larger pretensions. There is something as touching in confessions of ignorance from the wisest, as in confessions of unworthiness from the holiest of mankind. We attribute the one to a keener moral discernment, the other to a more elevated intellect. None but a good man can afford to confess moral pollution without suspicion of guilt; none but a wise man can afford to depreciate his knowledge, without becoming ridiculous. Cicero enlarges upon the glory of knowing not one, but all schemes of philosophy; of being able to argue with equal plausibility upon either side of a question.² It would seem as if he was not searching for the doctrine that was truest, but for that which he could embroider most elegantly. Stewart conceives that the youthful vanity of Hume was fired by similar aspirations. Bishop Fitzgerald points out this vicious academic tinge in Hume's character, and puts it in a stronger light, by comparing the masculine and awful lines of Butler's character with the pert and pretentious air of Hume's intellect.³ Montaigne's scepticism is an excuse for his low standard of morality, and his lack of earnestness. '*Que sçais-je?*' and the emblematic pair of scales mean this.⁴ But the scepticism of Descartes was neither an affectation like Cicero's, nor vanity masquerading like Hume's, nor an excuse for aims below the moral dignity of a thoughtful man, like Montaigne's. It was an initial and preliminary scepticism; it was a doubt which was a sort of act of faith on the part of one who had solemnly designed the search after truth for the business of his life. It was the yearning after God of one

¹ Bacon, *Novum Org.* Preface. Compare *De Augm. Scient.* v. c. 2. Aphorism 67.

² *De Naturâ Deorum*, i. 5.

³ *Life of Butler*, p. 52.

⁴ See Mr. Emerson's *Representative Men*, p. 101.

who, as Father Mersenne said, found Paris smelling as rankly of atheism as of mud.

The floodgates of doubt were opened. Only one island emerged—mathematical truth; and that only seemed solid in the grey light. Descartes was like the pilot in Milton's comparison, who mistakes the sea beast for an island, and 'fixes anchor in his scaly rind, while night invests the sea.' But morning comes, and the supposed island moves away. My mind may be the plaything of a malignant being. The only solid ground is contained in this, 'I exist.' Even on the supposition that I am deceived by a malignant being, *I am deceived*; he deceives *me*. The proposition *I exist* remains unshaken.

And with this truth of personal existence is involved the existence of God. I desire, I doubt; I am imperfect. From this I ascend to the Perfect Being. I conceive the attributes of God by means of a rule (evidently borrowed from Aquinas) to eliminate everything that savours of imperfection, and to transfer to God all in us which is good, purified from every imperfection.¹

So far all is well. (1) My own existence is given as a primary *datum* of consciousness. (2) Given my own existence, my mind rises, by a necessary elevation, to the All-perfect Being. Hence the development in Pascal of the glory of thought in man. Hence the profound conviction of the existence of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

But one error can vitiate a system, as one slug can mar a blossom. The attempt to make it stronger was to reduce its strength to weakness. The Cartesian proposition was to be turned into a syllogism.

Major. Nothing has no quality.

Minor. I (think =) have quality of thinking.

Conclusion. Therefore I am not nothing (= exist).

Other arguments can be adduced against this proof.² But, above all, the mode of argumentation postulates its own failure. To set about making my existence the conclusion of a syllogism is to show that I misapprehend the mode of proof.

A similar attempt, with worse consequences, was made upon the proof of the existence of God. As it originally stood, it might be without the rigour of algebra, but it satisfied and convinced the moral nature. I feel my perpetual need and imperfection. I rise instinctively to the idea of the Infinitely-perfect Being. It cannot come to me from myself. I know that I am

¹ 'Quandocunque nomen sumtum quâcunque perfectione creature Deo attribuitur, secludatur ab ejus significatione omne illud quod pertinet ad imperfectionem quæ competit creature.'—*Quest. xiv. Art. I.*

² See Shaftesbury's Works, iii. 178.

dependent and imperfect. It cannot come to me from the outer world, for, if there is an outer world, it is more imperfect again than I am. It must, then, come to me from the Perfect Being, or the effect would be greater than the cause. Thus, the beautiful thought of S. Augustine becomes more convincing than all syllogisms. The very misery of the soul when it is sinful, and out of communion with God, proves the existence of God, just as the blind eye proves the existence of light.¹ Every sigh of sorrow and of conscious weakness, every feeling of mutation and dependence, becomes 'a more than geometrical proof' of the existence of God. But now comes the second and geometrical proof, which has been so well criticized by M. Saisset, yet with which Butler was satisfied, as 'the abstract implying a concrete.' This argument was, in all probability, adopted by Descartes from S. Anselm, who puts it thus:—

'It is impossible that the Being than whom we can conceive nothing greater should exist only in the mind. For, if He existed only in the mind, we could think this Being as existing both in our mind and in reality, which is more than to exist only in mind. If, then, the Being than whom we can conceive nothing greater only exists mentally, we arrive at this conclusion, viz. that the Being than whom we can conceive nothing greater is also such a being that we can conceive a greater Being. Q.A.E. Let us, therefore, conclude, without any doubt, that a Being than whom we can conceive nothing greater exists both mentally and also in reality.'²

The truth is, then, that there are indemonstrable principles and existences which stand upon higher and more living evidence than syllogisms can give. *Cogito, ergo sum* is an enunciative proposition, not an enthymeme. Turn it into a syllogism, and this objection holds good. The *Ego* or *I* being established in the minor of the syllogism above given, the conclusion must be held to be valid. But the question is just 'What constitutes the *I*? Is the *I* of this instant the same with that of any instant preceding or to come?' 'Let others philosophize,' says Shaftesbury; 'I take my being upon trust.'³ And, adds modern philosophy, you philosophize most truly in doing so. Similarly with the more logical form of the Cartesian proof for the existence of God. The passage from the abstract to the concrete is dangerous and uncertain. And, as Descartes had proceeded to prove the *Ego* and God which are given to us intuitively, so he

¹ 'Nam sicut cecitas oculi vitium est, et idem ipsum vindicat ad lumen videndum oculum esse creatum . . . ita natura quæ fruebatur Deo, optimam se institutam docet etiam ipso vitio, quo idem misera est, quia non fruitur Deo.'—*De Civ. Dei*. Lib. xxii. l.

² Proslodium, c. 2, 3.

³ Miscellany, chap. i. 11.

proceeds to demonstrate the cosmos, which is also given intuitively. Nothing, he argues, can have no attributes. Every substance has one chief attribute; that of the soul is *thought*, that of the body is *extension*. The universe comes under a narrow formula, which may be expressed with a few strokes of the pen, thus:—

Res cogitans + res extensa = universal existence.

But this universe is an abstract one on both sides. The world of matter is not a collection of living powers; it is not silvered with the perpetual flow of light, steeped in colours, musical with winds and waves, the theatre of the harmonious inter-workings of apparently discordant laws; it is not a dynamism, but a mechanism. So in the world of soul. I am not all *thought*; I have the beautiful weaknesses, which are called the affections; I have that mysterious power which, projected outwards, gives me the notion of cause, and by which I am responsible for my actions, called the *will*. Psychology and theology are intimately connected. The human will, says Descartes, is determined by the understanding. And so he maintains that the Divine will is arbitrary. 'A thing of the utmost importance, which I do believe,' says Butler, 'is the moral fitness and unfitness of actions, prior to all will whatever; which I apprehend as certainly to determine the Divine conduct as speculative truth and falsehood necessarily determine the Divine judgment.' This high argument has stood unassailable since the Euthyphron of Plato was written. Representing the arbitrary theology, which has found its way even into Christian Churches, Euthyphron's position is, that 'that is holy which all the gods love, and unholy which they hate.'¹ Socrates invincibly proves that such a mode of assertion confuses a circumstance or concomitant of holiness with its essence,² and that it overlooks the immediate obligation which characterises moral truths. The just conclusion is, that it pleases God because it is right—not that it is right because it pleases God.³ Yet Descartes boldly maintains that the Divine will is arbitrary, and creates right and wrong, truth and falsehood.

The false conclusions of Descartes have been well summed up by an eminent French philosopher.

'In both cases (*res cogitans* and *res extensa*) Descartes gives a bad definition of substance; as the idea of substance cannot with impunity be severed from that of cause.

¹ 'Αλλ' ἔγωγε φαίην ἂν τοῦτο εἶναι τὸ θεῖον, ὃ ἂν πάντες οἱ θεοὶ φιλῶσι, καὶ τὸ ἐναντίον ὃ ἂν πάντες οἱ θεοὶ μισῶσιν, ἀνόσιον.—Plato, Euthyphron, xi.

² Κινδυνεύεις, ἐρωτώμενος τὸ θεῖον, ὃ τί ποτ' ἐστι, τὴν μὲν οὐσίαν μοι αὐτοῦ οὐ βοῦλεσθαι δηλῶσαι, πάθος δέ τι περὶ αὐτοῦ λέγειν.—Ibid. xiii.

³ Διότι ἂρα θεῖόν ἐστι, φιλεῖται, ἀλλ' οὐχ ὅτι φιλεῖται, διὰ τοῦτο θεῖόν ἐστιν.—Ibid. xii.

' This is why it is impossible for him to give any account of the relations of soul and body.

' This is why he must shock common sense, by professing the automatism of beasts, and having recourse to the hypothesis of the animal-machine, one might almost say of the man-machine.

' This is why the various developments of the universe, of the world of bodies, and of the world of minds, must end by reducing themselves, in his eyes, to a great mechanism, of which God is the mover, the preservation of creatures being equivalent to a continuous creation.

' But to take away this causality from creatures is to deprive them of their character as substances; and, from the moment when this disappears, creatures are turned into pure phenomena, and Pantheism opens its yawning abysses.'

We must now pass on to the two most celebrated pupils of the Cartesian School, Malebranche and Spinoza.

I. 1. 2. Histories of philosophy are sometimes a little like Chinese maps of the world. The geographer fills up his map with the Celestial Empire: a few lines and flourishes, on the border, stand by courtesy for the rest of the world. In French philosophical works, Malebranche seems, to an English reader, to occupy an undue space. Yet Bayle considers him 'the greatest of metaphysicians.' And Diderot has said, 'that if there is more truth in one page of Locke than in all Malebranche's writings, there is more subtlety, refinement, and genius in a few lines of Malebranche than in all Locke's great book.' Yet the philosophy of Malebranche is important, as indicating what Cartesianism became in a philosophical Christian. Malebranche was, emphatically, the child of Descartes. He was twenty-six years of age when he first found out that he was a metaphysician. A bookseller accidentally presented him with Descartes' *Traité de l'Homme*, which had just come out. Fontenelle's story is a sort of profane or philosophical counterpart of the beautiful history of the conversion of Augustine. 'He read it with such transport that he was seized with palpitations of the heart, which obliged him sometimes to leave off reading.' The Christianity and Cartesianism of Malebranche are fused into one. The theology of S. Augustine and the philosophy of Descartes are the fountains that feed the rivers of his intellectual and moral life. He is a Christian or Augustinian Cartesian, whose ambition was to believe blindly as a Christian, and to see clearly as a Cartesian philosopher.

His philosophy has, we believe, four principal points:—

¹ Nourisson, *Progrès de la Pensée humaine*, pp. 362, 363.

1. His theory of error.

2. His *vision in God*. *Understanding* is seeing in God, as *wishing* is God's acting in us; and this is very near Spinozism.

3. His theory of *occasional causes*. The body cannot act upon the soul, nor the soul upon the body. On *occasion* of thought in the soul, God creates corresponding affections in the body. The perfect automatism of beasts is but a corollary of this. He can sometimes admire them. 'The other day,' he writes, 'when I was reclining in the shadow, I set to remarking the herbs and little creatures which I found under my eyes. I counted, without changing my place, more than twenty sorts of insects in a very small space. I took one of these insects, I considered it attentively; and I do not fear to say to you of it, what Jesus assures us of the lilies of the field, that Solomon, in all his glory, was not so magnificently arrayed.'¹ But, as M. Saisset finely remarks, it is the admiration of a geometer and physical philosopher, counting and calculating. In truth, this automatism of beasts had no tendency to bring about the animal millennium, dimly prophesied of by Bentham, when he vaticinates that 'the day may come when it shall be recognised that the number of the legs, or the villosity of the skin, or the termination of the *os sacrum*, are reasons insufficient for tormenting a sensitive being.'² Spinoza was no monster, but his amusement was to put flies into spiders' webs. And Fontenelle tells an unpleasant story of Malebranche's kicking 'sa chienne, qui était pleine,' upon the stomach, when she annoyed him by interrupting an argument, with the observation, 'Don't you know that she cannot feel?'

4. The fourth point in Malebranche's system is his *optimism*, including those theories of the 'simplicity of God's ways' and of 'general laws,' which are so clearly analysed in this work. It is curious to remark the contrast between the Parisian and the eminent living Oratorian, who has been an object of such interest to educated Englishmen. Malebranche's theory of 'general laws' made him believe that a multiplicity of miracles obscures God, instead of revealing Him; that He is most manifested by the simplicity of natural laws; that a parsimony of miracles is the law of nature and of grace; that the miracles of Christ, and other authentic marvels, are eternally premeditated, and linked to the totality of His ways.⁴ Dr. New-

¹ *Entretiens sur la Métaphysique*, x. 11. Malebranche misses the full force of the Divine words here—*ὡς ἐν τούτῳ* (S. Matt. vi. 29)—not merely as a garland, but even as one of them.

² *Deontology*, cxix. § iv.

³ See M. Saisset's paper, 'Malebranche, ses Luttes et son Caractère,' *Revue des Deux Mondes*, April 15, 1862.

⁴ Malebranche et ses Luttes, p. 846.

man declares that 'the Catholic Church is hung with miracles,' and as solemnly as if he were repeating the Apostle's Creed, professes his belief in a host of marvels, from the liquefaction of S. Januarius' blood, and the picture of Rimini, to the 'lying' of S. Andrew at Amalfi.¹

Malebranche has been satisfactorily answered. The world is not a phantom, nor have our bodies merely a chimerical existence. Our understandings may be limited, and our wills weakened, by the Fall. The philosopher may surmise, what the Christian assuredly believes, that we cannot do what is really good without God's grace; 'preventing us that we may have a good will, and working with us when we have that will.'² But to speak of the will being merely *acted upon* and *essentially passive* is not less absurd than to speak of a *square triangle* or of *black whiteness*. The evidence of consciousness is indeed scorned by Malebranche. For the material world, he accepts the Cartesian extension. The soul is a passive existence, receiving perceptions as a jelly receives the shape of the mould, and obeying propensions as a billiard-ball follows the impulsion of the cue. Order requires a world limited in extent and duration. Such a world is unworthy of its Creator. But God makes it worthy by the Incarnation. A theological objection at once arises, that this renders sin necessary or the Incarnation useless. The theory of God's ways is appealed to for the solution of all disorders: it explains predestination and eternal punishment. As we have just seen, it makes miracles no lawlessness, but the results of a higher law, *sub-sections* of a larger chapter in the book of God's council.

I. 1. 3. The Cartesian philosophy was 'accounted a land of giants, and giants dwelt there in old time.' Yet it is a thin, shadowy, geometric land—hated by Huyghens, because so like a *vacuum*—and full of Pantheistic poison. Malebranche and Fénelon, Roman Catholics; Clauberg and Geulinx, Protestants; and Spinoza, the Jew, are accused of being more or less tainted with it.

Of Spinozism, as it appears to an ordinary student, we know no apter delineation than that which has been so exquisitely traced by Addison in the *Spectator*. The shadow of a man, on the apparition of a horse, plunges into the phantom of a river, and gallops over flowers that are objects of sight but not of touch, through brakes of unsubstantial thorns, after the spirits

¹ Lectures on Present Position of Catholics in England, p. 298. 'I see no reason to doubt the material of the Lombard crown at Monza,' adds Dr. Newman. Nor do we.

² 'Nos preveniente ut velimus, et coöperante dum volumus,' a phrase of S. Augustine's, incorporated with the Tenth Article of the Church of England.

of beagles, pursuing the ghost of a hare. Spinoza himself is almost that which his theory makes man. 'The soul is but body thinking itself, the body but soul extending itself.' His soul is an idea, with a particular object; a body, which is extension without solidity. His horse is his visionary philosophy, and the game which he pursues is the phantom, Substance.

- At the outset there arises here a question which has a much more important bearing than the satisfaction of a curious erudition. Hegelian Pantheism is, in the main, Spinozism—it is the old-fashioned man-of-war razed into the iron-shielded ship, and fashioned into a tremendous implement of moral destruction. But where did the timbers grow from which Spinozism was fashioned? Is it, as many have thought, but a development of Maimonides and the Cabbala? If so, German philosophy comes from a Jewish source. Is Spinozism an 'immoderate' (or, as M. Saisset corrects Leibnitz, a 'corrupted') Cartesianism? This question has been raised by M. Cousin, who at one time referred Spinoza to Descartes, but now gives him to Maimonides.

To solve this question, we must distinguish between the rational exegesis and the philosophy of Spinoza. A deficiency in the critical faculty is characteristic of mediæval and modern Judaism. Maimonides felt this. He lays the basis of his exegetical system in a rational interpretation of the anthropopathic passages in the Old Testament, where *lex loquitur linguam filiorum hominis*. Hence he concludes that God has no positive attributes, that he has not, properly speaking, life, knowledge, power, or will. But whence did this view come? Not from *Christianity*. The philosophy which makes an impassable barrier between God and man was not cradled in the Gospel of reconciliation, which bridges over the chasm between God and man in the mystery of the Incarnation. Nor does it come from the *Old Testament*. Orthodox writers may have sometimes pressed their interpretations too far. They may have interpreted the sweet and far-off chimes, which, even in the Temple rung out to the glory of the Trinity, into a language that is too definite. But there is a mystery in such forms as 'the Lord, our God, the Lord is one.' In the Psalms, the heart of adoration beats in *threes*. In Isaiah, the doctrine is almost as distinct as in S. John or in S. Paul. The proof of the Trinity in the Old Testament is stronger than that which arises from particular texts. It is like the difference between stamping a figure of three on one or two bricks, and moulding a whole building round it.¹ The theism of Maimonides

¹ Numbers vi. 28. Psalm cxlvi. Isaiah vi. 3; xlviii. 16; lxi. 1.

scoffs at the Trinity. It cannot, therefore, have come from the Old Testament. M. Saisset considers that it cannot have come from Aristotle himself, but from Aristotle as interpreted by Avicenna. This doctrine, however, stops on the verge of Pantheism.

Spinoza's system is twofold. His *exegesis* will be found in the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, his *philosophy* in the *Ethica*. The former comes from Maimonides, the latter is derived from Spinoza. In doing so it is necessary to be just to Maimonides, and to convey one of the warnings of history to rationalizing believers.

The feeling of Maimonides was, that the Bible at all hazards must be purified from anthropomorphisms. The first theory of prophetic inspiration is to be found in his writings. He did not think it enough to collect those positive facts which throw some light upon the marvellous psychological conditions of prophecy. For instance, it is impossible to deny the truth of his observation, that 'each of the prophets was impelled by his prophetic *afflatus* to speak in his own tongue, and in that style which 'was familiar to him.' The beautiful observation of Cornelius à Lapide about the soothing effect of rivers on the spirits of the prophets is borne out by the visions of the Chebar and the Ulai. The comparison of the timeless pictures that hang before them to the beautiful optical illusion which seems to make the moon actually touch the top of the distant hill, is supported by a score of passages. Truth, as well as reverence, will say with Chrysostom, that the peculiarity of the heathen seer was to be in ecstasy and impelled as by an alien influence, while the prophet, for the most part, spoke in perfect consciousness, and with a majestic self-possession.¹ But Maimonides goes further. He lays down *à priori* tests. The burning poetry of the prophets is frozen under his analysis. Let Divine illumination, reasons Maimonides, stop short at the understanding, and the product is a philosopher. Let it stop short at the imagination, not ascending to the reason, and the product shall be, according to circumstances, the poet, the magician, or the impostor. Combine both, and the product is a prophet. The principle may be true, but the application is recklessly made. Many prophets, Maimonides proceeds, had prophesied in dreams of the imagination. He, therefore, thinks himself entitled to criticise them. Their expressions, referring things directly to God, are to be explained away. The preparation of the whale for Jonah is sneered at in a style not unworthy of a recent Essayist. The passage (1 Kings vii. 23) in which the relation of the diameter to

¹ Chrysost. Homil. xxix. in 1 Epist. ad Corinth. Compare Hengstenberg's *Christology*, chap. xiv.; 'The Nature of Prophecy;' and John Smith, 'Of Prophecy: Select Discourses.'

the circumference of the molten sea in the Temple is stated approximately, without mathematical exactness, is urged against the historical truth of the narrative, in the spirit of Wilson or of Von Bohlen. The majority of the miracles are to be explained away, while some—like the appearance of God to Moses—remain unshaken. But the virgin timidity of rationalism is always destined to become brazen in its logical effrontery. Spinoza carries on the rationalistic premisses of Maimonides to their ultimate conclusion. A miracle is against necessary laws—therefore, there is no miracle—such is Spinoza's summary argument. Inspiration is a natural gift—therefore, there is no prophesy—such is its pendant. Christ is superior to all men, but His Incarnation and Divinity are absurdities; you might as well say that 'the circle had assumed the nature of the square,'¹ or that 'God had assumed the nature of the clouds, the tabernacle, or the temple.' Strange blindness of the unbeliever! The moral excellence of the Redeemer has been confessed by Mendelssohn and Rousseau, almost as eloquently as by Fénelon or Leighton. Yet, in truth, if He were not what they deny Him to be, He were not even that which they allow Him to be. If He is held not to be Divine, His moral character is affected by the negation.

But with this the analogy between Maimonides and Spinoza ceases. With Maimonides, God is sublimely dark.² With Spinoza (and Hegel), 'the human soul has an adequate knowledge of the eternal and infinite essence of God.' With Maimonides, the attributes of God are almost denied, from an excess of mystic reverence, from something of the feeling which places *Selah* at the end of so many Psalms. They are with him what some philosophers have called *formally*, not *materially*, negative; that is to say, not rejected by reason, but simply never brought into contact with it. Two attributes

¹ Letter to Oldenburg. See M. Saisset's article, 'Philosophie des Juifs.' This passage is mainly important as occupying a very important place in Strauss's book. Dr. Mill well observes: 'The circle and the square are mere modes of extension and mathematical figure; and to assert of either the properties of the other is to contradict that in which its very being consists: the assertion is consequently self-contradictory and utterly absurd. But to prove it to be the same with God becoming man, he must first assume that these are also mere modal terms; that there is no substantive Personality in God that could admit of the Divine Hypothesis taking on Himself the attributes of a man. This last we believe on the testimony of God Himself.' S. John i. 4.—*Mythical Interpretation*, p. 17.

² The following passage will attest the Theistic orthodoxy of Maimonides:—'The God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heavens (Deut. xxxiii. 26). As he that rides upon a horse winds him as he pleases, so God by His power and pleasure commands the heavens. He is not fixed to them as the soul of them (which was the foolish opinion of the Salmi); but as the rider is far more excellent than, and quite different from, the beast on which he sits, so God is represented, by the metaphor, as separate from the heavens, and more excellent than them, they being His instruments, to fulfil His will and pleasure.'—*More Nevochim*, p. z. c. lxx.

of God, thought and extension, according to Spinoza, are known to us. In short, Maimonides may be called a believer in a Personal God. Wachter, a Berlin professor, who wrote at the close of the seventeenth century, and Leibnitz, have supposed that Spinoza borrowed from the Cabbalists, and Dr. Mill has endorsed their opinion.¹ But Spinoza, whose word can always be trusted, himself writes: 'I wanted to read, and even saw, 'some of the Cabbalists; but I protest that the folly of those 'charlatans surpassed all power of expression.'² If Maimonides and the Cabbalists be excluded as the sources of Spinozism, the Cartesian philosophy, which was the only other learning of Spinoza, is probably its parent. And this probability is turned into demonstration by the analogy of the two systems—by Spinoza's undisguised allegiance to Descartes, and by the remarkable fact, that the Pantheistic germs latent in Cartesianism shot in so many quarters simultaneously.³

Except by a few, the power of Spinozism was scarcely felt on its first publication. The family of Spinoza were all posthumous. In his 'Treatise on the Existence of God,' Fénelon devotes but a short chapter to the refutation of Spinozism. Voltaire, with his usual levity of judgment, pronounced that Spinoza was anything but dangerous, because he wrote in Latin, because he was not read through by ten people in Europe, because his volume was not thrust into the bags of ladies or the pockets of courtiers. Few men have been so much blamed, and few men so much praised. Even Bayle calls him 'a systematic Atheist.' By Leibnitz he is termed the 'subtle and profane author of a detestable doctrine.' Voltaire himself is shocked at his argument against Final Causes. The pure Malebranche styles him a *wretch*, and the gentle Massillon, a *monster*. Only a few leaves, which have come to light lately, testify that some of the Cartesian school were immediately struck and appalled by the intimate connexion between Cartesianism and Spinozism. Mairan wrote, with a calmness which hides deep emotion, to Malebranche, to point out, in the principles or in the consequences of Spinoza, the paralogism to which the whole is attached. Malebranche, who knew nothing of the confusion between understanding, desire, and will, was unable to satisfy his correspondent.⁴ Strange has been the reaction in favour of Spinoza.

¹ Mill on the Mythical Interpretation of the Gospel, Appendix B. Wachter had charged the Cabbala with the deification of $\tau\theta\ \pi\alpha\tau\epsilon\rho$; but afterwards changed his mind, acquitting Spinoza also. See Wolff's Bibl. Heb. iv. p. 1235.

² Tractatus Theolog. Pol. lix.

³ We have largely availed ourselves of M. Saisset's Essay, Maimonide et Spinoza.

⁴ Correspondance de Malebranche avec D. de Mairan. Cf. Cousin, Philosophie Cartésienne, pp. 262—348.

He has been called 'the burning-glass at which Goethe collected his poetic fires.' Goethe certainly speaks of the strange peace of mind and clearness of ideas which came over him in perusing Spinoza's works, the leading tangible benefit apparently being the possession of this principle, that 'Nature works after such eternal, necessary, Divine laws, that the Deity Himself *could* alter nothing in them.'¹ 'Spinoza,' exclaims M. Cousin, 'is essentially a Jew. The God of the Jews is a terrible God. When he prayed to Jehovah, he prayed sincerely in the spirit of the Jewish religion. He was an Indian mouni, a Persian soufi, an enthusiastic monk; and the author whom this pretended Atheist most resembles is the unknown author of the "Imitation of Jesus Christ."'² Schleiermacher hails the holy and repudiated Spinoza as 'a mystic drunk with God;' and Jacobi utters the strange exclamation, 'O great and holy Baruch!' By Schelling, and Hegel especially, Spinoza has been deeply studied. With them, ideas founded upon the Personality of God were the deciduous teeth of intellectual childhood, which must make way for the stronger grinders of mental manhood. Spinozism was to be the extraction of the young teeth, and the 'identity of contradictories' was to fill the bleeding sockets.

Coleridge said of Spinoza: 'Berkeley can only be confuted or answered by one sentence. So is it with Spinoza. *His premiss granted, his deduction is a chain of adamant.*' Mr.

¹ This foolish and impious assertion is supported by an argument quite worthy of it. The negative belief mentioned in the text is asserted to be one in which all men are unconsciously agreed. Why? We are amazed when anything like reason shows itself in brutes, because they seem to us to belong to the kingdom of necessity. We have an unaccountable feeling in seeing the *Mimosa*, when touched, fold its leaves in pain, and clap down its little stalk as if upon a joint (*Gewerbe*). What, then, would be our terror if the banana were by turns to let down and lift up again its huge leafy canopy? (Autobiography, book xvi.) This precious argument just amounts to this: Anything so strange and unusual as to be believed by us to be suspension of the laws of nature, terrifies us. But we cannot believe in what terrifies us. *Ergo*, We do not believe it to be a suspension of the laws of nature.

² Philosophical Fragments, article, 'Spinoza.' Our general admiration for M. Cousin cannot restrain us from commenting freely upon these unhappy sentences. If M. Cousin were as profoundly acquainted with the Bible as with Plato, he would know that God, as represented in the New Testament, is the same as God in the Old. The God who is Love of the new covenant is also 'a consuming fire.' The just and terrible God of the old covenant is the God who dwells not only in the 'high and holy place,' but 'with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit.' What! God the Creator, who loves, thinks, pities, hears our very tears, the object of the Book of Psalms, till its long sigh ends in a Hallelujah, like the Substance of Spinoza! Less offensive, but almost equally untrue, is the comparison to the holy author of the 'De Imitatione.' His philosophy was a philosophy of dying; it is a picture drawn in gloomy colours, and shaded with a dark pencil. Spinoza, on the contrary, approved of feasts and joy, and especially insisted that life was *not* to be led in view of death. The only point in the comparison is that of the monk. The virtues, like the life of Spinoza, had something timid and unpractical about them.

Mansel has made an attempt to scotch the snake just coming out of the egg with his strong foot; we cannot answer for his success. But M. Saisset carries out to the letter the profound thought of Coleridge.

Here, according to him, is Spinoza's hierarchy of knowledge: (1) Blind beliefs, tumultuous impressions. (2) Vague experience. (3) Discursive reasoning. (4) Reason. Experience in every shape is banished from metaphysics. Reasoning gives certainty, but not light. We must have recourse to certain high intuitions of reason; so that philosophy starts from the idea of the infinite. Perhaps it will be found that experience, however humble, is useful. Wherever the rush grows, the quaking morass will support a human footstep.

Spinoza must, according to this method, set out from Substance or Being in itself. From this idea, he deduces that of the attributes of Substance. Substance, as infinite, must have an infinity of infinite attributes. We can only attain two, infinite thought and infinite extension. An infinity of infinite attributes comes from Absolute Being. The same law brings out from these attributes an infinity of finite modes. The modes of extension are bodies; the modes of thought are souls. Thus we are brought to an abstract and undetermined God, which resembles the negation of God. Substance and attributes make up the *Natura naturans*, the immanent cause; the modes of Divine extension, which are the universe of bodies, and the modes of Divine thought, which are the universe of souls, are the *Natura naturata*.

For the results of this philosophy, we must refer to M. Saisset's masterly analysis. In theology (if that word be not a misnomer), it exhibits a God, extended, yet indivisible—thinking, yet without ideas—without will, without understanding, without providence. In morality, the ideas of good and evil are practically overthrown. In anthropology, Spinoza's view of the faculties of the soul excludes future personal identity. All that has ever been conveyed to the soul through the body—all the presentations of memory, the senses, and the imagination—pass away with the body, and clear and distinct ideas alone remain.

M. Saisset's refutation of Spinoza seems to us to be a masterpiece. He does not allow himself to be carried away by the indignation which such theories awaken in every heart whose virgin indignation has not been tampered with by modern theories of the Absolute. He sets about mastering Spinoza's system. He shows the radical flaw in a method which disdains experience. He applies this to the deduction of the attributes of thought and extension from substance. Whence come our ideas of thought and extension? Why, from consciousness, and from

the concrete presentation of particular bodies; *i. e.* from the very experience which has been summarily banished from metaphysics, as incapable of giving clear and distinct ideas. But the summing-up of the moral aspects of Spinozism is executed with a judicial calmness, which derogates nothing from its severity.

I. I. 4. It seems strange, but we believe it is true, to say, that most English readers will be a little surprised to find Newton occupying some place in this survey. No philosopher was ever more profoundly and reverently Theistic. Yet M. Saisset finds even in him the germ of a theory which may be driven to the conclusion, *Deus est res extensa*. The God discovered by Newton's reason in the starry heavens is the same God which has been revealed to Newton's faith in his heart, and in the Bible; the God of Newton's metaphysics is in some respects, too, like the *Natura naturans* of Spinoza. The theory of the Cosmos, thought out by him who enunciated the law of universal gravitation, was accused by Leibnitz of degrading the Creation. This accusation is somewhat loudly echoed by M. Saisset. His own theory of the *relative infinity* of creation, based upon discoveries by the telescope and microscope, and, metaphysically, upon a distinction between (1) concrete extension and duration, (2) space and time, (3) immensity and eternity, is perilously on the opposite extreme. On this subject, Pascal and Leibnitz certainly hold with M. Saisset; and, therefore, it is to be presumed that his view is not inconsistent with Christian Theism. But, on such matters, one generally is guided by first instincts. The first enunciation of the proposition, 'The universe is infinite,' grates upon reverent ears; and the distinction between absolute and relative infinity, between the indefinite and the infinite, is merely verbal. In short, this theory makes the universe too like that which the Eternal Word is in the ancient theology of the Church.

I. I. 5. To the genius of Leibnitz no finer tribute has been offered than one from the elegant pen of Gibbon, in a moment of its happiest inspiration:—As a theologian, he successively 'contended with sceptics, with papists, and with heretics. Yet 'the philosopher betrayed his love of union and toleration. The 'metaphysician expatiated in the fields of air: his pre-established 'harmony of the soul and body might have provoked the jealousy 'of Plato; and his optimism seems an idea too vast for a mortal 'mind. He was a physician in the large and genuine sense 'of the word. I am not worthy to praise the mathematician; but 'if he borrowed from Newton the sublime method of fluxions, 'Leibnitz was at least the Prometheus who imparted to mankind the sacred fire which he had stolen from the gods. His 'curiosity extended to every branch of chemistry, mechanics,

‘and the arts. The vigour of his youth had been exercised in the schools of jurisprudence. The annals of the ancient and modern world were present to the mind of the historian. His genius was more nobly directed to investigate the origin of languages and nations. But even Leibnitz may be compared to those heroes whose empire has been lost in the ambition of ‘universal conquest.’¹

Yet Leibnitz, such as he is here described, was one of the few men who have combined freshness with learning, and erudition with originality—in whom the load which the critic must carry has not hindered the flight of creative power. His genius is like a fire which raises the heavy mass placed upon it, and makes it incandescent, while in others it is the spark which is extinguished by the mass of material. The philosopher without learning is often like Aristotle’s picture of the young man. He rushes into his speculations hopefully, flushed with anticipations as with wine, because he is ignorant that such speculations have often before been as hopefully begun, and ended in utter disappointment. Learning is the memory of the philosopher. He who has little looks not back to the short past, but forward at the vast future, under whose ample arch it seems as if all possibilities might be realized.’ Leibnitz combined the memory of a scholar with the fresh hopefulness of an enthusiast. He saw that the capital error of Cartesianism was the *passivity* of substances in the moral as in the physical world; hence the central point of his system is, that ‘every substance is essentially a force.’ Monadology is a system of forces. It is a system of dynamism. The world of Descartes is inert. The world of Newton may be narrow. The world of Leibnitz is living and infinite.

But how are we to explain the communication of one created substance with another, and especially of the soul with the body? The theory of the pre-established harmony answers this question. ‘My soul,’ say most of us, ‘is linked to my body, and governs it.’ Not at all, would be the answer of a Leibnitian. You are under as complete a delusion as the child who, with his finger on a rein, imagines that he is driving a carriage. The soul and body are different monads. Each contains in itself the germ of all future developments. There is a pre-established harmony between their operations. This is the capital error of the system: it makes man a ‘*spiritual automaton*.’

There are two magnificent thoughts in the philosophy of

¹ Antiquities of the House of Brunswick, chap. i. lect. i.

² Καὶ εὐελπίδες· ὥσπερ γὰρ οἱ οἰωμένοι οὕτω διάθεμενοι εἰσιν οἱ νέοι ὑπὸ τῆς φύσεως· ἅμα δὲ καὶ διὰ τὸ μήπω πολλὰ ἀποτετυχημένα. καὶ ὥσπερ τὰ πλείστα ἐλπίζει, ἢ μὲν γὰρ ἐλπίς τοῦ μέλλοντός ἐστιν, ἢ δὲ μνήμη τοῦ παροισχυμένου. τοῖς δὲ νέοις τὸ μὲν μέλλον πολὺ, τὸ δὲ παρεληλυθὸς βραχύ.—Rhetor. ii. 12.

Leibnitz which have passed into the ordinary speech of cultivated men. With the schoolmen Creation was comparatively limited. The discoveries of science and the philosophy of Descartes opened up an illimitable prospect. Leibnitz was never tired of proving and illustrating the principle that all in nature tends to infinity. The two abysses of which Pascal speaks—the abyss of greatness over our heads, and the abyss of littleness beneath and around us—opened out before his eyes. The nature of the soul as a dynamism was prominently before him. If no particle of matter can be destroyed, if the material universe has its law of the ultimate incompressibility of matter, much more has the spiritual world a parallel law of the ultimate indestructibility of the soul. Annihilation, like creation, is a word in the vocabulary of God, and not of men: the death of the soul would require a miracle. Thus the city of God is represented by the philosophy of Leibnitz, as by the theology of Augustine: it is not a polity which is metaphysically immortal, because new generations supply the place of those which have perished; a spring, which at any given moment we analogously term the same with that which has existed in the same place, because other waters pour in with pauseless rapidity; a tree which is figuratively styled perennial, while the apparently permanent greenness with which it is invested is made up of successive generations of leaves.¹ Each leaf upon the tree, each drop in the river, each citizen in the polity of God, is immortal and imperishable. And of this imperishable soul the essence is activity and the law progress. Our happiness can never consist in that sort of full and monotonous enjoyment which would ‘*stupefy* the soul,’ but in eternal progress and perpetual advance. This, it will be seen, is a hint which Madame de Gasparin has connected with the Scriptural notices of the great Forty Days after the Resurrection, and applied to the annihilation of the Paradise which terrifies us. If all true philosophy begins with the personality of man, and ends with the Personality of God, it will be seen what grand and genuine elements of Christian Theism are contained in a system which makes our personality the type of force, and applies this conception to the Personality of God, eliminating from it only that which is weak and imperfect. This portion of the Leibnitian system is truly *perennis quædam philosophia*.

It may be well, before closing this section, to allude to the controversy between Bossuet and Leibnitz, and to the supposed Romanizing tendencies of the latter. M. Saisset has elsewhere remarked with powerful antithesis that Leibnitz was not careful

¹ August. De Civ. Dei, xxii. 1, cf. vi.

for the suppression of heresy, but of schism; and that he did not aim at unity, but union. In short, Leibnitz was in search of peace, and Bossuet of victory. Nothing, indeed, can be more groundless than to claim Leibnitz as a convert to Rome. M. Albert de Broglie and Dr. Russell of Maynooth have been premature in heralding the victory of their creed; and the Abbé Lecroix, and others who have edited the *Systema Theologicum*, have exhibited the sublime of Latitudinarianism, not the spectacle of a great Protestant soul in the agony of surrender. Leibnitz proclaims that his only rule of faith is to believe nothing but what is proved! The truth of the matter is, that he was not a strong Protestant. He was ready enough to show his dexterity by teaching the mariner in the crazy boat of Tridentinism how well he could bale out the old craft with the silver cup of his philosophy. His belief in Christianity was deep and genuine, but he was willing to see in various creeds merely different expressions of one truth. He admitted that, if he had been born a Roman Catholic, he would never have left the Papal communion. But to have deserted his own communion would in his eyes have been a sin and a degradation. The original letters of the zealous Roman Catholics who would have converted him still remain, and in some cases caustic remarks are written upon the margin. Leibnitz had no reason for remaining a Protestant but one—sincerity. A cardinal's hat and the librarianship of the Vatican would have rewarded his apostasy. To complete the picture, Leibnitz, not very long before his death, visited the catacombs, and looked for traces of the blood of the primitive martyrs, for the very Protestant purpose of making a *chemical analysis*.

I. 1. 6. The result of the failure of Descartes, Malebranche, Newton, and Leibnitz, was to inflict a rude shock on what may be termed the metaphysical faith of the human race. Voltaire, Condillac, Reid, and Hume expressed these doubts in different shapes, and Kant co-ordinated them into a system. Even if we were much better acquainted with the Kantian system than we can pretend to be, it would be impossible for us to compress its results into any moderate compass. We will just indicate its bearings upon Theism.

Rational theology, according to Kant, has three arguments—the physico-theological, based upon the order of the universe; the cosmological, founded upon the contingency of the universe; and the ontological, which deduces the objective existence of the Perfect Being from the subjective concept of Him. Manipulating these arguments into syllogisms, and taking the Anselmian and Cartesian forms of the ontological proof, Kant refutes them. Thus sceptical as a metaphysician, Kant is dogmatic as a

moralist. Mr. Mansel has shown with masterly power of exposition how the critique of the Practical Reason is the remedy for the wound inflicted by the critique of the Speculative Reason. The dock-leaf grows near the nettle, or, as Mr. Mansel much better says, Kant must cure Kant, like the asp crushed upon its own sting. There are three postulates of the Practical Reason—God, Liberty, and Immortality—and the concept of Deity possesses an objectifying power. It is M. Saisset's opinion that, while Kant's own Theism is weak and precarious, he has not removed one stone from the fabric of a genuine Theodicea.

Three great systems have gone forth from the school of Kant—the Idealism, or subjective Pantheism, of Fichte; the absolute Pantheism of Schelling and Hegel.

Fichte accuses Kant of commencing his system by an assumption. In every mental act Kant tells us that there are two elements, a concept *à priori*, a datum *à posteriori*, an outward and an inward. This, argues Fichte, is beginning with an hypothesis. We have no right to take up anything but the subject. 'Ego = Ego,' here is the great primary proposition. But the Ego necessarily implies the non-Ego. When I say *Ego*, I determine and limit myself, so that the non-Ego is created by the Ego. It is strange to see Nature and God, metaphysics and morality, deduced from this little point. The philosophy of Schelling starts from Fichte. The Absolute Subject-object is his leading idea. There is much analogy between the modes in which Spinoza and Fichte were led to Substance, and to the Absolute Subject-object, and many other points of resemblance. But in Spinozism thought and extension never unite. In Schelling we have a philosophy of identity. Nature sleeps in the plant, dreams in the animal, awakens in the man. This development is the *prozess* or *processus* of being, and Schelling's especial claim to honour. But all other Pantheistic glories sink into insignificance before Hegel's 'identity of contradictories.' Glimmerings of this great truth may have irradiated Heraclitus¹ and Parmenides, and may gleam upon the Sophist of Plato. It may loom in the distance, beyond the antinomies of Kant. But here is the philosophy which is the peculiar distinction of Germany, begotten of Kant, swaddled and cradled by Fichte, in opening youth beautifully dressed out by Schelling, brought from the gristle to the bone by Hegel—Kant born, Fichte developed, Schelling transformed, Hegel matured. Thought and Being, according to Hegel, are one—the idea. The idea is God, the development of the idea is reality, the knowledge of the

¹ 'Ἡράκλειτος τὸ ἀντίζων συμφέρον καὶ ἐκ τῶν διαφερόντων καλλίστην ἁρμονίαν καὶ πάντα κατ' ἔριν γίνεσθαι. Arist. Ethic. Nic. lib. viii. l.

idea is science. The scientific determination of the laws of the idea is logic. These laws are written in man, in nature, and in history. They start from the law of the identity of contradictories. The idea has three *momenta*, to use the orthodox Hegelian expression. First, thesis; then, antithesis; finally, synthesis. The idea poses itself, discloses itself, and closes upon itself. Confusion is succeeded by schism, and schism by union. Concretion is followed by disruption, and that by conciliation. The first moment is that of the idea *in itself*; the second, that of the idea *out of itself*; the third, that of the idea *in itself and for itself*. Thus we are to find in every idea a contrary idea, and reunite and reconcile them in a third idea. Hegel's philosophy has been compared to a Gothic building, in which every detail reproduces the general type of the edifice. Setting out from the first contradiction, Nothing and Being, he reconciles them in Becoming, and runs along nature, men, science, and history on that parallel.

We willingly leave speculations, in which we are such poor scholars, and turn to examine the bearings of Hegel upon religion natural and revealed.

Hegel accuses Spinoza of making God a sort of matter, of repudiating final causes, of denying liberty, and of not understanding the dogmas of Christianity. Yet what is Hegel's own Theism? All sets out from nothing, and sets to and ends with man. Beyond man and earth there is nothing. This, surely, is sheer Atheism. But Hegelians will say that they are calumniated. They admit the Divine and the Ideal. This Ideal and Divine have only one trifling deficiency. They happen to want one thing—existence. From Spinoza Hegel has borrowed two principles, which he is always employing—one is, *Deus causa rerum immanens sed non transiens*; the other, the absolute identity of the subject and object.¹ Such are the miserable results of Hegelianism. It leads first to an outrageously unreasonable pride, and then to an equally unreasonable depression. There is nothing but earth, and man is the true God.

Let us consider the bearings of Hegelianism upon Christianity.² Religion and philosophy are two forms of the absolute,

¹ 'Ordo et connexio idearum idem est ac ordo et connexio rerum.'

² A most competent critic says of the question raised by the Hegelian School on the publication of the *Lieben Jesu*:—'On se demanda avec anxiété si ces doctrines étaient véritablement la conséquence légitime de l'enseignement de Hegel. L'école se divisa sur la réponse à donner. C'est de cette époque que date la classification qui y distinguait une droite, une gauche, un centre, des extrêmes. On devine où siégeait l'auteur de la *Vie de Jésus*. Cependant la gauche se vit débordée par la révolution à laquelle elle avait travaillé, et le radical de la veille devint le modéré du lendemain.'—*Hegel et l'Hégélianisme*, par M. Edmond Scherer. Of these three parties, the *droit* is occupied by such men as Bauer, who, holding

which, in one, appears in the concrete and coloured state of the image, in the other in the more ethereal state of the idea. The absolute may be compared to the light, religion to a painted and philosophy to an uncoloured pane.

Here, then, is the gist of the whole question about Christianity in reference to Hegelianism.

Is the Christ, the personal manifestation of the absolute, the idea, in the religious sphere? or (as according to Hegelianism, the idea is always manifested in a multitude of individuals) is the formula of Christianity simply the highest manifestation yet seen? Is the Christian religion ultimate and definitive, or may there be other and superior forms of it which shall move the hearts of men to adoration?

Frederic Richter started, in 1833, with a 'Gospel of Eternal Death.' All must be effaced. The name and date must pass away, like letters written with a stick upon the water. The individual spirit must be lost in that of the world. To conform our will to this decree of fate is the only true aspiration after the eternal life and majesty of God.

But Strauss was still to deal directly with Christianity upon direct Hegelian principles. There are latent tendencies in every system which hold to it by subtle affinities. Every Pantheistic system is anti-historical.' In India, as Dr. Mill observes, 'Pantheism has actually extinguished regular history, leaving 'mythicisim and abstract philosophy in its place.' Hegel disliked historical facts, and his school soon began to ask whether the facts of the Gospel belonged to the form or the idea. Was

the Hegelian doctrine of God in man, receive the Gospel history; the *milieu* by such men as Rosencratz, who only deny the supernatural portion of the Saviour's life; and the *gauche* by those who, like Strauss, evaporate the whole history into the 'meteoric region of idealism.' Michelet considers that the *droit* has no place in the school of Hegel. Michelet, *Geschichte der Systeme der Philosophie*, vol. i. pp. 648, 659, 638, 647 (quoted by Dr. Mill). Hegel broadly says 'that the Christian idea of God's oneness with mankind as a sensible history is abolished, and degraded into a *distant dreamy vision*, which has its place now only in the past.' Quoted by Strauss, vol. ii. p. 768. Michet denies Hegel's belief in the immortality of the soul. Vol. ii. 640.

¹ See Niebuhr's noble testimony. 'The man who does not hold Christ's earthly life, with all its miracles, to be as properly and really historical as any event in the sphere of history, and who does not receive all points of the Apostolic Creed with the fullest conviction, I do not conceive to be a Protestant Christian. And as for that Christianity which is such according to the fashion of the modern philosophers and Pantheists, without a personal God, without immortality, without any individuality of man, without historical faith—it may be a very ingenious and subtle philosophy, but it is no Christianity at all. Again and again have I said that I know not what to do with a metaphysical God, and that I will have no other but the God of the Bible, who is *heart to heart*. Whoever can reconcile the metaphysical God with the God of the Bible may try it, and write symbolical books to suit all ages; but he who admits the absolute inexplicability of the main point, which can only be approached by asymptotes, will never grieve at the impossibility of possessing any *system* of religion.'—*Leben Niebuhrs*, *Theil* ii. 344.

Christ's realization of the religious idea a fact or a symbol, a history or a belief? We have already seen the Hegelian Trichotomy. Apply it to the Gospels. The *momentum* of confusion is the Gospel as the spontaneous expression. The *momentum* of contradiction is supplied by the negation of heresy and science. The *momentum* of identity is supplied by the combination of faith and science in the school of Hegel. Christ has disappeared as person and fact; He abides as idea; but the union of God and man is realized in humanity.

We need not pursue such theories down to their deepest degradation in Feuerbach,¹ who would have the ideal of the Eucharist in our meals, and read the meaning of baptism in the salutary use of cold baths. We need not quote those expressions of respect for the Gospel narrative which remind one of the Arabs capturing a physician, and, with all reverence, extracting his teeth one by one for a talisman. The historical character of the Gospels has been proved over and over again by Tholuck, Neander, Olshausen, and among ourselves by Dr. Mill especially, with a power and clearness which leave nothing to desire, and to which we, certainly, can add nothing. There are only two observations which we would venture to make.

First, then, let us see what it is which some thinkers have found attractive in the Christology of Strauss, and examine in few words whether all that is really profound in it is not to be found in the New Testament itself. Strauss rejects every previous Christology. The Kantian idea of a perfect man, and thus of the whole human race, made pleasing and acceptable to God—an idea flowing from rational sources alone, and needing no historical assistance—is repudiated as dispensing with the Resurrection and Ascension. The rationalism of Wegscheider and others, which is pretty much tantamount to Socinianism, is dispatched, as involving a conception which is possible enough, but which fails, as not representing the Christ of the Church. The eclecticism of Schleiermacher breaks down in regard of faith and science. To faith it sinks the risen and ascended God; to science it is as impossible as the Catholic view, because the ideal represented in it is faulty, and because, even in the religious department, the ideal cannot be perfectly realized without a miracle, which is impossible. As for the view of the Catholic Church, it is dispatched by an assertion of its absurdity, and by an approving quotation of a sentence above cited from

¹ Richard Rothe, a Roman Catholic, wrote a work on the Church upon Hegelian principles, treating the Church as Strauss more blasphemously had dealt with the Saviour. The three *momenta* are, that of thesis, the Gospel—that of antithesis, Church and Gospel—that of synthesis, Gospel and Church swallowed up by the State.

Spinoza. The following passage contains the substance of the ideologised Christology of Strauss:—

'The key to the whole of Christology is this: that an *idea*, instead of an *individual*, is set forth as the subject of the attributes which are predicated of Christ in the Church doctrine; but then it is a real idea, not a Kantian, or unsubstantial one. Taken as residing in an *individual* God-man, the properties and functions which the Church doctrine ascribes to the Christ are inconsistent and self-contradictory, but in the idea of the genus (or race of men) they harmonise together.¹ Humanity is the union of both natures; it is the *God made man*, the infinite manifesting itself in the finite, the finite spirit reminding itself of its infinity; it is the child of the visible mother, Nature, and the invisible father, Spirit. Humanity is the *miracle worker*, in so far as, in the course of the history of man, spirit is ever acquiring a more perfect mastery over nature, both within and without, which is subjected as a powerless material to its activity. Humanity is the *sinless one*, inasmuch as the course of its development is a wholly blameless one; pollution ever cleaves to the individual only, but in the genus and its history it is taken away. Humanity it is *which dies and rises again, and ascends towards heaven*, inasmuch as, from the negation of its more natural state, its higher spiritual life is ever proceeding, and from the removal of its finite character as a personal, a national, and a mundane spirit, its oneness proceeds with the infinite Spirit of Heaven. *Through faith in this Christ, and especially in His death and resurrection, is man justified before God; i.e.* the individual man also becomes partaker of this divino-human life of the genus at large, solely through the quickening influence of the idea of humanity in itself; and especially in this momentous circumstance, that the negation of the merely natural or sensual state, which is itself the negation of spirituality, being consequently the negation of a negation, is the only way for man to the true spiritual life. This alone is the absolute subject-matter of Christology; the circumstance that this appears bound up in the person and history of an individual (viz. Jesus of Nazareth), belongs only to the historical form of the doctrine.' . . . 'If we recognise the incarnation, the death, and the resurrection, in which the double negation makes an affirmative, as the eternal cycle, the endless pulse of divine life ever returning into itself, what can be attributed of separate or special imports to an individual fact which exhibits this process only in a sensible manner? In the outward fact our age will be conducted merely to the idea, in the individual to the race at large for its Christology. A dogmatic theology, which, in handling the topic of Christ, rests on Him as an individual, is no dogmatic theology, but a sermon.'

We would only observe that there *is* in a certain book, a little old-fashioned now, an ideologised Christology, differing from Strauss merely in two points. Travellers who have seen the enormous flights of pigeons in America have remarked that every strange and graceful evolution of the leader bird is followed by each winged creature in the flock. Something in the same way have the Apostles described the heavenward course of the Christian soul. 'Crucified with Christ;' 'buried with Him by baptism into His death;' 'as Christ was raised from the dead, so walking with Him;' 'risen with Him, and made to sit together with Him in heavenly places;' 'appearing with Him in

¹ Mill on the Mythical Interpretation of the Gospels, pp. 29, 30.

glory.' This is the ideology of Christianity.¹ How deeply rooted it is in the very soil of Christianity appears from the fact that the festivals of the Christian year are its popular expression. Nay, the old Christmas collect traces out in no unambiguous lines the picture of humanity, as in some sense the child of the visible mother Nature, and the invisible Spirit—'Who hast given Thy only-begotten Son to take our 'nature upon Him, and to be born of a pure virgin; grant that 'we, being regenerate, and made Thy children by adoption and 'grace, may daily be renewed by Thy Holy Spirit.' The two points of difference between Strauss and Christianity are, that the ideological Christology of the New Testament applies only to *regenerate* humanity; and, still more, that that ideology is based upon historical grounds by those who first preached it, and who, having an ideological version of the Resurrection before their eyes, proclaimed that such a version was a miserable babbling, and a fearful gangrene.²

The only other observation we shall make upon the Christology of Strauss is, to ask whether the argument deducible from the *character* of Christ, has ordinarily been treated with sufficient fulness by Christian apologists? Let us see what the character is, and inquire from whence it could have been derived.

That character is witnessed to by those who are friendly; by those, again, who are hostile or indifferent; by Judas, by Pilate, by the thief, and the centurion. But admit that the witness has come to us through partial sources. Take the delineation of the Evangelists. It is not merely stated in a general way that this character was square and faultless; it is carried out into detail—and in the details of life, as in the processes of philosophy, 'descendendo ferè contingit error.' Strauss, indeed, has told us, that reverence has spared that holy character the freedom of criticism. And, no doubt, passages can be quoted, in which Rousseau, for instance, or Mendelssohn, express their admiration of the ethical beauty of the Saviour's life. But the microscope of malicious irreverence has often, indeed, been turned upon the Gospels, from the days of Julian and Porphyry, to those of the Wolfenbützel Fragments. The cursing of the fig-tree; the destruction of the swine; the expulsion of the traders; the going up to the feast; the temptation; the silence before Pilate; the alleged collision of duties between religion and political allegiance, have been cited. Even the simple

¹ 'Quidquid igitur gestum est in cruce Christi, in sepultura, in resurrectione, in ascensione, in sede ad dexteram Patris, ita gestum est, ut his rebus non mysticè tantum dictis, sed etiam gestis configuraretur vita Christiana, quæ hic geritur.'—August. *Enchir.* ad Laurent. c. liii.

² Βαβήλους κεροφυίας . . . ὁ λόγος αὐτῶν γάρρηται, κ.τ.λ.—2 Tim. ii. 16, 17.

action of calling the child, and setting him in the midst, has been criticised as deficient in moral penetration, and likely to injure the little one's simplicity. But examination has always proved that no stain can be found on the perfect whiteness of the marble, no soiling breath on the perfect clearness of the mirror. This holiness is never off its guard. When He withdraws Himself from those who were ready to stone Him, it is not a timid man crouching behind the pillars of the Temple; it is One who wields superhuman power, passing, with the majesty of a God, through the midst of His enemies.¹ When He is awakened in the storm, He exhibits no emotion of human terror; when He stands before unjust judges, He utters no such words of natural wrath as even the holiness of S. Paul could not restrain. Even ignorance casts a shadow of sin over the soul. But no ignorance can ever be brought home to Him. His very style is eloquent of Divinity. His words are not like the words of a wise man, guarding himself against mistake; nor like the words of a learned divine, bolstered up with authorities; nor like the words of a crafty dialectician, inveigling men to his opinions by well-laid trains of argument; but like the words of a king, full of imperious and awful confidence.² The words of Apostles themselves are separated from His by a great gulf. The depths and glories which amaze us are natural to Him. He speaks of His Father's house, and an air of being at home is manifest in His utterance; whilst in the Apostles, the human vessels of thought and language seem almost marred by the weight of a glory which they cannot bear.³

But strongest of all, and, be it well remarked, most original of all, is Christ's witness to His own sinlessness. He tells us that He was unimpeachable by Satan.⁴ He could bare His breast, and say to men, 'Which of you convinceth Me of sin?' He could go further. Standing in His Father's sight, He could say, 'I do always those things that please Him.'⁵ There is this peculiarity about moral progress, that it becomes more and more pervasive. Transgression is more keenly felt as an interruption, sometimes as a reversal of moral progress. Just as the poet, the orator, or the sculptor, who is perfectly satisfied with

¹ Augustinus dicit, non abscondit se in angulo templi quasi timens, vel post murum aut columnam divertens, sed divinâ potestate se invisibilem constituens, per medium illorum exivit. Ex quibus patet quod Christus quando voluit, virtute divinâ animas hominum immutavit, non solum justificando et sapientiam infundendo sed etiam exterius alliciendo, vel tenendo, vel stupefaciendo.—*D. Thomæ Aq. Summa Theol. Quæst. xliii. Art. iii. tom. iv. 146* (showing that Christ 'circa animas hominum aliqua miracula fecit').

² This sentence is almost a transcript of a noble passage in Barrow. Sermon xvi.

³ Fénelon, *Dialogues sur l'Eloquence*, p. 104.

⁴ S. John xiv. 30.

⁵ S. John, viii. 29.

his work is a sorry artist, so the man who is self-contented, and sees no moral deficiency in himself, is self-convicted of a dull spiritual eye and of a low moral standard. Hence the holiest men, and especially the holiest men of the Hebrew race, have most deeply bewailed their transgressions. 'I am a man of unclean lips;' 'O wretched man that I am!' are the utterances of S. Paul and Isaiah. The anthems in the Book of Psalms are strangely mixed with *misereres*. But we have long conversations of Christ. We have in especial one soliloquy of His heart with His Father. No confession can be found; no half-sigh of penitence is there. He can lift up His calm and trustful eyes and say, 'I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.' And no mote could have floated on the sunny tide of His purity without being detected by the eagle eye of Him who, even in the Gospel according to Strauss, is in the department of religion that which Shakespeare is in poetry, and Alexander in war; and Who marks a limit which may perhaps be attained, but cannot be passed. The faintest speck would have grown into a great hideous shadow in His light. One spot would have dimmed the raiment that was white as snow. But, Strauss objects, the ideal falls short on another side. Art and science, and power, are wanting. The few 'healings in Galilee' are not comparable to the present triumphs of intellect. The walking on the waves pales into insignificance before the compass and the steamship. True, that Christ was neither painter, nor poet, nor man of science, nor politician: that He was a Redeemer from sin to our fallen race, not their drawing-master, or tutor in mathematics. Yet art sprung with a new life from the Cross. A Christ stoned by the Jews would have marred the ideal; a Christ wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe becomes the heritage of the human heart; and the *Ecce Homo* is to art what the *Cogito ergo sum* is to psychology. It might easily be shown, of course, how much architecture owed to Christianity. The modern yearning to nature, the tender and melancholy sympathy with which men turn to her, as a type of their feelings, first appears, we think, in His teaching who said, 'Consider the lilies of the field.' The words of Christ first drew up the veil that hung between us and the inner sanctuary of thought and feeling, and here is the origin of psychology. It recognised the dignity of the individual, and this is the fountain of political freedom.

Here, then, we have a character, of which we are not merely told that it is faultless, but which is spread before us in detail and presents no flaw—a task which neither Plato nor Shakespeare could ever execute. Neither sudden terror, nor a burst of anger, can disturb His heart; no ignorance throws its shadow over His mind. He witnesses of Himself under all circum-

stances that He is sinless; and in all His prayers, parables, and discourses, no word escapes which ingenuity can torture into a confession of deflection by a hairbreadth from the delicate line of exact holiness. No ideal of unattained virtue looms in the distance. How do we account for this?

'In a time of the deepest convulsion, of the greatest suffering, a pure individual, venerated as divinely sent, sinks into suffering and death; and soon afterwards the belief in His resurrection forms itself. . . . As the God of Plato, on the contemplation of ideas, framed the world, so has the Church, as induced by the person and fate of Jesus, sketched out the form of her Christ, unconsciously adumbrated the idea of humanity in its relation to Divinity.'

No; either the Church created Christ, or Christ created the Church. But the Church *could* not have created Christ. She had no colours to paint such a picture. In that form a hundred lines meet that could have been drawn by no meaner hand than truth. *Therefore*, Christ created the Church.

A perfectly sinless man is a miracle more miraculous than the Immaculate Conception of Christ. The only hypothesis on which we can solve the more tremendous mystery of such a character is the Incarnation.

II. We have recommended M. Saisset's book, with a protest against certain portions of it. In justice to the Translator, we insert a passage from his Essay, in which he states the points in M. Saisset's work which will appear of perilous, or doubtful tendency to an orthodox Christian. We also cite some of the notes which he has appended to his translation as a specimen of a work which we think well worth an attentive perusal:—

'[The various proofs that there is an intelligent Author of nature, and moral governor of the world, are summed up by Bishop Butler in a sentence, which is really so like a mile of golden thread packed up within the circumference of a ring, that I have ventured to print it here in a shape which may make it more impressive to some students:—

'For as

'I. There is no presumption against this prior to the proof of it; so

'II. It has often been proved with accumulated evidence:

'(a) From this argument of analogy and final causes.

'(β) From abstract reasonings.

'(γ) 1. From the most ancient tradition and testimony.

2. And from the general consent of mankind.'—*Analogy, Introduction.*

'Modern philosophers since Kant have divided the Theistic arguments into the ontological ("abstract reasonings"), cosmological, physico-theological, and moral. Of all the arguments adduced he would consider the last alone *logically* valid and irrefragable. The ontological involves a passage from the abstract to the concrete, from the ideal to the real. The cosmological stands or falls with a particular theory of causation. The physico-theological is practically very cogent; but the spectacle of the order and beauty of the universe would not lead us beyond a wise and powerful Creator, without implying

necessarily omniscience and omnipotence. The argument from consent may be weakened, by asserting the existence of a prejudice as universal.

The last argument, however, has lately been put in a new and powerful form. That man forms a separate kingdom is a proposition which can only be denied by some purblind physiologist. Where, then, are the *phenomena* which do not occur in other animals? Among the *mammifera*, and especially among the apes, there is an absolute identity with man in many features of anatomical composition. The peculiarity of the *os sublime* belongs to the clumsy penguin and the waddling duck. Of intelligence the animal has some faint outlines; between the pointer and the philosopher it is a question of more or less. M. Agassiz considers that a scientific notification of the growlings of bears in various lands would lead the way to a derivation of one from the other, as indubitable as the process by which Professor Müller at Oxford traces Sanscrit and Greek to one genealogical tree. The sentiments of love and hatred, the parental affection, are roughly and rudimentally in the brute and bird. The associating faculty is developed in the castor and the bee. But the notions of morality and of a future existence—the faculties which we may call moral and religious—exists, however rudely and with whatever grotesqueness of form, wherever man is to be found. One is not likely to forget the exceptions that have been made. The Australian languages have no words to render *justice*, *sin*, or *crime*. Be it so. Neither have they words to express generically *tree*, *fish*, or *bird*. It would be a precarious hypothesis indeed which should maintain that the aborigines are unacquainted with the *thing* signified by the *word fish*; and I think it equally precarious to assert that they are utterly unacquainted with the things signified by *right* and *wrong*. Accurate investigations have proved that the supposed Atheism of the Hottentots and Caffres is an over-hasty conclusion, from the absence of images and sacrifices. And Dr. Livingstone tells us that the existence of God and a future life is “universally acknowledged in Africa.” Hence the fact, which has indeed been generalized into a law, that civilization can only come to savages through religion. Who will maintain that these primary and universal faculties of the noblest of animals are visionary and mendacious? This argument is developed powerfully by M. de Quatrefages, of the French Academy of Sciences, in a series of papers upon the “Natural History of Man,” published in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, in 1860-61.]—Vol. i. pp. 33, 34.

‘[A full and interesting discussion on God’s prescience of man’s free actions will be found in St. August. De Civit. Dei, lib. v. c. ix. x., where he criticises Cicero De Divin., lib. II., c. v. vi. vii. Cicero denied this prescience. If all things were the objects of this prescience, they would come in the order in which they were foreseen: if there is a certain order of things, there is a certain order of causes; if there is a certain order of causes, all things are done by *fate*. But if all things are done by *fate*, there is no such thing as free-will, and our moral nature is a delusion. Upon these grounds Cicero (like Socinus after him) denied the prescience of free actions. The alternative presented it to himself in this shape—either postulate God’s prescience, and take away free-will, or postulate free-will, and take away God’s prescience—and he chose the latter. But to Augustine God’s prescience and man’s free-will form an *antinomy*, both capable of proof, both to be believed. He denies that the process from a certain order of causes to the impotence of the human will is valid. The human will is the effective cause of human works. Our wills, therefore, are in that order of causes, which is certain to God and comprised by His prescience. But if God foreknew all causes, among them He knew our wills, which He foreknew as the causes of our works. His conclusion is admirable: “Nullo modo cogimur, aut retentâ prescientiâ Dei tollere voluntatis arbitrium, aut retento voluntatis arbitrio Deum (quod nefas est) negare præcium futurorum: sed utrumque amplectimur, utrumque confitemur. Illud ut benè credamus; hoc, ut benè

vivamus." Cardinal Cajetan concludes a passage, of which Sir W. Hamilton has said that it is "the ablest and truest criticism" on the subject, with these words: "Optimum autem est in hac re inchoare ab his quæ certò scimus et experimus in nobis, scilicet quòd omnia quæ sub arbitrio nostro continentur, evitabilia à nobis sunt . . . quomodo autem, hoc salvo, divina salvetur Providentia ac prædestinatio credere quod ecclesia credit; Scriptum est enim, Altiora te ne quaeritis."—*Summa T. D. T. Aquinatis cum Commentariis Cajetani*, Art. I. quæst. xxiii. vol. i. p. 93.]—Vol. ii. pp. 171, 172.

'Even in pleasures, vulgarly considered as merely animal, man's complex and subtle associations give him a vast superiority in gratification. This is, perhaps, more evident in the sense of smell than in any other. Beasts have a delicacy in that sense wonderfully superior to ours. Yet, as Aristotle has remarked, they only experience gratification from odours *accidentally*. The dog is not pleased with the smell of the hare, but with eating it, of which the scent brings a perception before him (*Ethica Nic.* iii. 13). "Hunc sensum valdè imperfectum habemus; ideoque vocabulis utimur *saporum* ad explicandas non-nullas odorum differentias, dicimusque odorem suavem etc. Duo sunt odorum genera, quorum alterum per se alimentum sequitur, ut uidor qui famelicis gratissimus est, saturis ingratus. Alterum genus per se non sequitur alimentum, ut odor ex floribus. Utrumque genus percipiunt tam bestię quam homines; sed bestię tamen ex hoc posteriori genere nec voluptatem nec dolorem capiunt, sicut homines. Hi odores habent materiam subtiliorem, magisque *aeream*."—*Burgersdyk Coll. Phys. Disp.* xviii. Scaliger investigates the question whether other animals besides men delight in scents, and rakes together curious instances of aversion and attraction. Most brutes like the scent of the panther. Serpents hate galbanum, and mice burnt mule's hoof. Bees are attracted by some flowers and hate others. I have heard that a cat is fond of mint. Of this superiority of pleasure even in the sensual enjoyment of a creature like man, Young finely says:—

"Our senses as our reason are divine;
Objects are but the occasion, ours the exploit:
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint
Which nature's admirable picture draws,
And beautifies creation's ample dome.
Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchless image man admires.
Our senses which inherit earth and heaven,
Enjoy the various riches nature yields—
Far nobler! give the riches they enjoy."—*Night VI.* 420.

Of these riches given by the senses, the rarest come from *analogies*, sometimes very subtle. The quivering of moonlight upon the waters perhaps affects us with more exquisite pleasure from an analogy with the palpitating flutter of dying music.—Vol. ii. pp. 176, 177.

'II.—I shall now attempt to indicate the strong as well as the weak points of the work which I have so imperfectly analysed.

'I. 1. The capital merit of the preceding Essay is, that it draws out in bold and vigorous lines the real character of Pantheism, which appears to be so much misapprehended. Pantheism is constantly falling over into Atheism, as with Hegel and Spinoza, or becoming sublimated into an immoderate Theism, as with Malebranche and Plotinus. Like Scadder, in Mr. Dickens' novel, it has a bright side and a bad side to its face, and he who looks exclusively at one or the other will draw an imperfect representation. Pantheism is as like Atheism as sleep is to death; it resembles mysticism as closely as a drunkard's dream resembles *delirium tremens*. But sleep is not death, though there is a

sleep which is soon frozen into death; and a drunken dream is not *delirium tremens*, though such dreams are often its forerunners. Let us trace the origin of this essentially metaphysical heresy, and we shall find light thrown upon this apparently subtle distinction.

'There are two ideas which, in one shape or other, are common to us all—the idea of the finite and that of the infinite. It matters not about the order and *genesis*, whether with Descartes we hold the finite to be the negation of the infinite, or with Hobbes, consider the infinite the negation of the finite. These two ideas, however acquired, give rise to the earliest and latest problem of metaphysics—to account for the co-existence of the finite and the infinite.

'The earliest solution of this problem on which we can rely was in the Eleatic school; and it amounted to this, that there is *nothing but the infinite*. Thales and Heraclitus, on the contrary, taught that *there is nothing but the finite*. All is fleeting and transitory, in continual flux and endless becoming. We cannot bathe twice in the same stream. But it needs few words to show that neither of these opposite systems satisfies the human mind. To teach that there is nothing but the infinite is the sublime of folly. The witness of personality is too consistent and powerful to be overlooked. All the incantations of mysticism cannot lay the mighty ghost of personality. To assert, on the other hand, that there is nothing but the finite, is as absurd, and more degrading. Are these gleams of the infinite nothing but the flashing of the candle of the *Ego* upon the petty window-pane of my consciousness, which I mistake for the lightning shining along the heavens? Do not those mysterious sounds announce to me the infinite as surely as the voices of the sea behind the sand-hills announce to me the existence of its waters, though I cannot catch their glimmerings behind the barrier over which they murmur? Are my loftiest thoughts a delusion, and my purest sentiments a mockery?

'We must take up this problem again. Account for the co-existence of the finite and the infinite. You must not absorb the finite into the infinite, nor shatter the infinite into the finite.

'Shall we maintain their *opposition*? The result of this will be a system which is called in religion Manichæism, in philosophy Dualism.

'But unity is the most imperious need of our mind. And here is precisely the point at which Pantheism meets our thought. Try the problem again. You must not absorb the finite into the infinite: you must not shatter the infinite into the finite: you must not rigidly oppose the one to the other. What course remains?

'The finite and infinite are but two aspects of one and the same existence, called Substance or what you will. They are but one and the same principle, from two different points of view. Nature viewed as attached to its immanent principle is God; God viewed in the course of His evolutions is Nature. This is Pantheism, the system which teaches the eternal and necessary consubstantiality of God and nature, of the infinite and finite.

'Such is the luminous account of Pantheism which M. Saisset exhibits. And he proves his account of it by an immense voyage over every sea of human thought. The following *formulae*, I apprehend, represent his view:—

FINITE AND INFINITE.

Infinite—Finite	=	Mysticism.
Finite —Infinite	=	Atheism.
Infinite+Finite	=	Manichæism.
Finito-infinite, or Infinito-finite	}	Pantheism.

'Pantheism is ever sliding into the first and second formulæ. This is a subject of importance to the Christian missionary. In the systems of India he

will find a general Pantheism, in the Vedanta burning into Mysticism, in the Sāṅkhya freezing into Atheism. So in Greece, Heraclitus represents absolute Naturalism, Parmenides exclusive Theism. The Stoic philosophy, divinizing man with a sort of "heroic materialism," carries on the Heraclitian solution. The Alexandrian school exaggerates the mysticism of Parmenides.

'Modern philosophy awoke with a *dualism* in Descartes—*res cogitans* and *res extensa*. Thought would reduce these terms to a unity. Hence, on the one hand, the system of Malebranche. God is the sole agent. Bodies are extension without power of motion. Souls are thinking automata. God's incessant, irresistible motion is the only life. This is mysticism. We have seen the meaning of Spinoza's Substance, Attribute, and Mode. It is Atheism.

'Philosophy took a fresh start with Kant. But the result is just the same. The Kantian school had its Malebranche in Schelling, and its Spinoza in Hegel. From Schelling sprang Gœrres and Baader, the mystic school of Munich. And the results of Schelling's philosophy, the "intellectual intuition" in which the soul becomes unified with the Divine Thought, is startlingly like Plotinus and the Alexandrians. From Hegel, on the other hand, issued the fearful Atheism of Oken and Feuerbach, and the still more dreadful anti-Theism of Schopenhauer.

'Thus modern Europe and the ancient East, Alexandria and Athens, France and Germany, point to the same conclusion.'

'II. 1. 2. Another admirable feature in the present work is the weight which it gives to *every* valid argument for the Personality and Government of God, except that from "*universal consent*," which it has completely omitted. In a truth which has passed under so many hands, the philosopher finds an almost irresistible temptation to look after new arguments. But new arguments are not to be found, and those which are thought to be so, are but antiquated theories long since weighed and found wanting. Thus, the Cartesian proof was but Anselm's speculation, which had been confuted by Thomas Aquinas.'

'M. Saisset's view of the whole argument, as stated in the new edition of the present work, is as follows:—

'There are truths of *intuition* (*voûs*), and of *reasoning* (*διαβολία*). The existence of God is a truth of *intuition*, like the existence of matter, or the fact of free-will. But as against Berkeley's idealism, or against irreligious fatalism, so against Atheism, *reasoning* is most useful refutatively.

'M. Saisset conceives the existence of God to be a truth of intuition. Fichte's principle, when rightly understood, is perfectly valid. "The *Ego* assumes itself in opposing to itself the *Non-Ego*." The finite supposes the infinite. Extension supposes first space, then immensity; duration supposes first time, then eternity. A sudden and irresistible judgment refers this to the necessary, infinite, perfect Being. We may formulate the proof in this proposition, "The imperfect being has its reason in the perfect Being." This is the proper and irrefragable Theistic proof. But the use of reasoning is to refute the Atheist, and bring him to a *reductio ad absurdum*; and in this point of view, the finest exertions of the human intellect have their own proper functions.

'To the usual philosophical classifications of the Theistic proofs, M. Saisset prefers the historical order, which he arranges as follows:—

- '1. The Socratic proof from final causes.
- '2. The Platonic argument from necessary and universal truths.
- '3. The Peripatetic proof from the *primum mobile*.
- '4. The Anselmian or ontological.

¹ I have closely followed M. Saisset. *Eclaircissement* deuxième, tome ii. pp. 316—368.

² Waterland—*Dissertation upon the Argument a priori*, chapter 3.

- '5. The Cartesian.
- '6. The Newtonian.
- '7. The Leibnitian.'

'II. 2. I desire, with all deference, to suggest some cautions in the study of this volume.

'The theory of the *infinity of creation* is at best a very questionable one. M. Saisset's theory of prayer, in his ninth Meditation, seems to me equally unsatisfactory to the philosopher and to the Christian. The philosopher will perceive that it solves the problem of prayer, by quietly eviscerating it of its difficulty. The Christian will have more serious objections. M. Saisset makes two kinds of prayer, a higher and a lower—the lower of impetration, the higher of resignation; and he appears to merge the lower absolutely in the higher. The lower is a pardonable weakness—the higher is the heritage of maturity. I suspect that M. Saisset has been influenced here by his admiration of Malebranche. The Oratorian is bold enough to say that "prayer is only good for Christians who have preserved the Jewish spirit;" "that to seek for eternal goods, and to annihilate the soul in presence of the holiness and greatness of God, is that in which true piety consists," while the imagination of a particular Providence savours of pride. These views are too sublimated to be altogether just. The Lord's Prayer at least contains the lower petition: "Give us this day our daily bread," as well as the higher, "Thy will be done." Without the former, the "sublime familiarity of prayer," as M. Saisset calls it in a phrase which is itself sublime, will cease to exist, and the very idea of Providence be lost.

'It is also possible that, against M. Saisset's wish, his work may leave an impression that is unfair to the Gospel Revelation. I suppose most thinkers agree with Aquinas, that "the *existence* of God can be known by natural reason, as is said in the first of Romans, and that this and other truths of the same kind are not properly so much *articles of faith* as *preambles* to those articles, our faith presupposing natural knowledge, as grace presupposes nature."¹ The Christian has reason to thank those who strengthen the *preambles*. Philosophy is incidentally useful to him, negatively and positively. Negatively, she takes Pantheistic and other systems, and shows that they are not invulnerable. Positively, she shows that Theistic conclusions are most in accordance with reason as well as feeling. But she is too apt to create a system of natural religion with Kant, Rousseau, and Reid. I need not cite those palmary texts so much "blown upon" (as Addison says), which prove that Plato and Socrates could ascend to the notion of God. I have no reason for supposing—and much for the contrary hypothesis—that M. Saisset would deny the conclusions of Butler and Clarke. He knows much better than I do that, besides many doctrines unknown to reason, Christianity republished authoritatively, in a simple and accessible form, without any intermixture of errors, those truths, discoverable indeed, and discovered by a few, but unknown generally, which before led a precarious existence, in a scattered and dissipated condition, and were first reduced by the Gospel into one solid system of verity. Joined with each portion of the Revelation, old and new, is a truth of natural religion (so called) which experimentalists are always cutting off, to see it writhe and twist, and to mistake its merely nervous and muscular action for that vitality which it can only permanently have in connexion with the head. Take the Commandments. The first teaches the existence and unity of God; the second implies that He is spiritual; the third is based upon His Providence and moral government; the fourth contains a permanent record of God the Creator, and is a standing protest against Pantheism. So God's attribute of Goodness is bound

¹ *Summa Theol.* Quest. ii. Art. ii.

up with the mission and death of Christ. Moral responsibility underlies the article, "from whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead," and immortality, "the resurrection of the body." What, asks Rousseau, is the soul of religion but to worship God in spirit and in truth? What, indeed! It only needed about four thousand years—the dispensation of the law, the teaching of the prophets, and the death of the Son of God—to establish this simple and obvious truth—simple and obvious as the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid is, *i.e.* to those who have been taught it; and when a reasoner against the necessity of revelation parades this principle as an argument, he gives it life, by transfusing into the withered veins of his natural religion drops that have been drawn from the very heart's blood of the revelation which he depreciates. Diderot said that all religions, and Christianity among the rest, were but sections of natural religion: it would be more just to invert the proposition, and to say that all schemes of natural religion are but wretched sects of Christianity.

"Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
And Reason saw not till Faith sprung the light."

"Once more, I must repeat my hope and conviction that M. Saisset would agree with these sentiments. I am but speaking of the general impression left by the second portion of his work. He seems to present it to us as the method by which he has learned to possess his own soul in peace, and by which he hopes others may attain the same blessing. What is this but to dispense with revelation by a stroke of Occam's razor?"

"Yet surely one significant, I hope and think intentional omission, on the part of this great intellect, may warn minds inferior to his own of the failure of the method. I read this book. I perceive *one* great *hiatus*. I take it up, and turn it over and over again. I hear much of metaphysical, little of moral, difficulties; much of the agony of the doubting intellect, nothing of the deeper agony of the questioning conscience; much to show truly and powerfully, that God is distinct from His creatures—that they are not absorbed into Him—that I have a right to stand in presence of God, and of the universe, and of other spirits, and to say *I* in presence of each—nothing to indicate how, as one of God's banished ones, I am to be brought back to Him. For, indeed, the delirium of philosophy may teach a handful of dreamers to mutter, "I am God," but the deeper instincts of our misery and sinfulness rather make us shiver on the verge of the black chasm which yawns between our guilt and God's awful purity. I agree with M. Saisset that philosophy can demonstrate to us the existence of God from the constitution of our own minds and hearts, and from the irrefragable proofs of design in the constitution of the universe. The question has been settled by Socrates and Plato. I admit that he has proved that the arguments against an inconceivable Infinite Personality advanced by Strauss, Schelling, and Fichte, are light indeed compared with the arguments against an absurd infinite non-personality. His pleas for a moral design in suffering, for Providence in the three worlds of gravitation, animal life, and human personality, are strong and convincing. I believe, then, that in some sense Philosophy can find God. I believe that in some sense she can justify me in praying. But M. Saisset has a vast knowledge of philosophic systems. Will he find for us in any record previous to Christianity, or extraneous to its influence, a *single* instance of any child of man so conscious of his being a child of God as to say, not vaguely, "Father Zeus," but, "God, *my* Father!" The Psalms themselves can afford us no such instance. M. Saisset's last section leaves the impression that reason can find the Father. I conceive the juster conclusion to be, that reason can find

God, but not the Father.¹ I apprehend the truth to be, that M. Saisset, like many other great writers in France, has been driven by ultramontane exaggeration into an opposite exaggeration of the strength and of the sphere of reason in Divine things. To hear it preached, as it has been by Dr. Newman, that to believe in God is just as hard or just as easy as to believe in the Roman Church: to see a man like M. Bautain exulting in the Kantian categories as the shipwreck of all Theism, short of accepting the creed of Pope Pius, is to make Philosophy feel that she has a vested interest in conquering every possible inch of ground for human reason. Hence M. Saisset's injustice to the "Theological school."

'Will the eminent philosopher whom I criticise so freely allow me to go further? I seem to recognise in France a whole school of thinkers, who are eloquent about the beauty of Christianity as a theory, silent upon the incorrigible stubbornness of Christianity as a fact; eloquent upon the Divine eclecticism which has fused all the scattered elements of truth into one mass, silent upon that delicately-balanced evidence, of which it may be said, that if it were more the Gospel would cease to be a faith, and that if it were less the Gospel might become a superstition: that if it were more there would be no probation for the heart, and if less no grappling-point for the reason. Reason, on Roman Catholic ground, is like an army stretched along a line with weak points as well as strong points, all of which must be defended. Thus it is that philosophers, who wish to be Christians, refine away many Roman peculiarities into profound symbols, and extending this habit further, the members of the most dogmatic Church in the world become undogmatic to the verge of Socinianism. Rome has a majestic theory of unity; she expresses it in a lath-and-plaster imitation of the heavenly Jerusalem. She has a belief in the dignity of every portion of the corporeal organization of the saints that sleep, as destined to belong to the spiritual body which shall grow in the germ of the flesh; she expresses it in a miserable relic-worship, or disguises it in an enormous hagiology. As she delineates the beautiful ideal of the resurrection of the body in the clay of relic-worship, so she carves out the primitive truth of the redemption of the body in the cherry-stones of fanciful myths. The presence of our Lord in the sacrament is concentrated into the materialism of transubstantiation. Repentance, with its deep sighs and burning tears, is frozen into the sacrament of penance. Thus, the educated mind, which wishes to retain its belief, is perpetually volatilizing into metaphor what its Church has been congealing into symbols and dogmas. And this habit of mind, once acquired, is exercised at last not only upon the symbol, but upon the dogmatic truth which the symbol encases. Thus the sacrament becomes a mere beautiful expression of the soul's sustenance, and the Resurrection of our immortality, and the holy Trinity of God's attributes, and the Incarnation of the meeting of the finite and infinite.² The Gospel narrative becomes, not indeed absolutely

¹ I owe this thought to a writer who is as witty as he is wise, taking the former word in that sense which implies an exquisite sagacity in perceiving delicate lines of resemblance between things apparently dissimilar. It will be found in an original paper on Butler's Analogy, in the *Irish Churchman*, by the author of 'New Wine in Old Bottles,' the Rev. J. B. Heard, M.A. of Percy Chapel.

² M. Bautain, in one of the most elegant as well as powerful passages in his writings, is forced to acknowledge how well Pantheism also can find a home in the Roman Catholic ritual: 'This religion is made symbolical; if Catholicism is the sublimest of religions, it is chiefly by its form. Its cathedrals, with their ogives, lancets, and rose-windows; its worship, with its ceremonial, its music and chanting, render it so deeply interesting, and it suits marvellously with that vague religiosity which admits all symbols.'—*Philosophie du Christianisme, Supplément à la 29^e Lettre du Panthéisme*, vol. ii. p. 163.

unbelieved, but thin and shadowy under these subtle touches. I am not sure that M. Saisset may not have imbibed something of this spirit.

'III. And, now, let me sum up the whole impression which I have attempted to convey in this Essay.

'I have translated M. Saisset's book with an admiration of his intellectual power, of his learning, and of his masculine eloquence, which makes me wish that my flattery were worth his acceptance. I thank him for a noble testimony of reason to the Personality of God. He has drawn out clearly the central idea of Pantheism. He has analysed its metaphysics from Spinoza to Hegel, gliding subtly along its finest threads. He has shown that Pantheism is founded upon false deductions from that experience which it condemns; that its vaunted premisses are word-jugglings, false to the verge of madness; that it promises the soul an ocean of light to lead it into an abyss of darkness, without morality, immortality, or God—for its morality is a fancy, its immortality is death, and its God is the negation of God. He has done this not merely by demonstrating the impotence of human reason, which might lead us down another abyss, but with metaphysical good sense as well as subtlety, showing that God is light as well as darkness, and that reason has its strength as well as its weakness. Nor have his services ended there. He has displayed to us all the great proofs for the existence of God, not isolated as in Descartes or Paley, not sneered down with offensive contempt as only suitable for childhood, but ringed together like adamant. The eye that has been bloodshot with gazing upon the blinding snows of Scepticism, or filmed over with looking upon the hot iron of Pantheism, is soothed as by the softness of green fields. I have to thank him too for many lights, thrown upon nature, and upon the mind and condition of man. Even after that matchless sentence in which Paley joins together "at one end of our discoveries, an intelligent power constructing a ring of two hundred thousand miles diameter to surround Saturn's body, and be suspended like a magnificent arch over the heads of his inhabitants—at the other, bending a hooked tooth, concerting and providing an appropriate mechanism, for the clasping and reclasping of the filaments of the feather of the humming birds,"¹ I can turn with pleasure to the Meditation in which M. Saisset binds together the eighteen millions of stars in the Milky Way, and the bee upon the flower. Never have I more clearly seen that,

"Our grief is but our grandeur in disguise."

Never has the prayer of resignation seemed to me more reasonable or more beautiful. Never has my own personality more irresistibly led me to the Personality of God.

"These great services have some qualifications. If man, "repelled by intellect, impelled by faith"—as has been so superbly said by Professor Fraser—*will* spring towards the Infinite, it is well that the bars of his cage should be more securely padded than by mere philosophy. I would ask the author of this Essay—Shall I, or any one in a million, ever find peace as you have done? The mer-de-glace of the Infinite is covered with myriads of philosophic insects that have been carried up there and lost. Jacob wrestled one night, and found a blessing at break of day. I must wrestle twenty years, if I am to follow you, and perhaps never say "Peniel" at the end. I multiply figures because I am in earnest. You have stretched a rope over the river. With mighty muscles and unfailing feet, you have come to shore. But your hair is wet, and your garment saturated with spray, and your face is pale as with the agony of death. I had rather pass over the old bridge by which the

¹ Natural Theology, chap. xxvii.

Church treads, than on your strong shoulders—and after all your rope is fastened to the bridge!

‘You show me the Personal, Infinite, God, Creator of earth and heaven. But there rises before me the thought of One, without Whom I suspect you would never have told me even that, and He says what draws me towards God, as all the metaphysics on earth, and all the stars in heaven, never could. “No man cometh unto *the Father* but by Me.”

‘The last sentence of your book is a noble one. Let me add five words to it. “The great mystery of existence, the distinction and union of two personalities, that mystery where pure reason is confounded, where reasoning has so often gone astray, is no more a mystery for the soul that has prayed.” The grand and simple music of the old collects is echoing in my heart—and I add, “through Jesus Christ our Lord.”’

On the whole, we have in this book a great work well translated and carefully edited. Some passages there are in the text, never in the notes, which a Christian will suspect as erroneous, or lament as deficient. But to those great truths which Aquinas has called ‘the preambles of the faith,’ it forms a solid and beautiful testimony. M. Saisset’s premises are generally those of S. Augustine. We regret that he should not have pressed them to a more definitely Christian conclusion.

ART. V.—*Christopher North: a Memoir of John Wilson.* By
MRS. GORDON. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

THOSE who have read 'Christopher North in his Sporting Jacket,' while the name of Christopher North was a household word, will approach these volumes with different feelings from the younger generation of readers, for they will recall a time when those diffusely eloquent pages were instinct with life, feeling, and poetry; when those rolling glowing sentences found their way straight to heart and fancy, and opened to view a new, free, and vivid world of thought and action. They cannot have the same effect now; for no one reads them under the same conditions. Poetry and prose alike have made their subjects familiar, while treating of them in another tone; and on all subjects of feeling and passion, it is those who first get possession of the youthful ear, who first awake a new and delightful train of thought, who are established as the truest or most suggestive interpreters of nature. After years will probably modify the first enthusiasm; men learn to be critical and to see faults; they may even wonder at the old illusion, but through it all they will acknowledge an influence upon themselves, which no later mind in that field has equalled; they will know that there are particular subjects, which are for ever coloured by that first strong impression. By those, then, who once read in the good faith of boyhood, the glorified idealized pictures of youth exulting in its strength;—of life, in the first bloom of feeling and perception, expatiating in nature's most congenial scenes,—which the poet's memory and fancy conjured up before their dawning imagination, some account of the magician who wrought the spell will be received with an interest quite different from the cool curiosity of those to whom Wilson and Christopher North are names which have still to make a way to their interest. And this difference may also affect their view of a character here only partially brought before them. Those who once 'heard his great language and caught his clear accents,' will see something higher than the reader who comes unbiassed to the perusal; to him Wilson may perhaps appear a very strange eccentric fellow, and not so much more, or better, or nobler, as his daughter piously designs to paint him. But to those who have long been familiar with his works, her testimony will be of especial value. Reports of a wild life, loose from ordinary checks, though held in some order by the ties of duty and

affection, accompanied his great literary successes; these are not disproved, and probably furnish the difficulties Mrs. Gordon pleads to have beset her task; but she shows us substantial sterling qualities as the foundation of the character.

There is necessary incompleteness in every life undertaken by sons or daughters; but Wilson, of all others, needed an impartial biographer, or, at least, one who could give us all sides of the man, to enable us really to understand him. Many influences, which would account for his eccentricities and failures, are, we have no doubt, ignored; a veil thrown over them. It cannot well be otherwise. Still it is as honest a narrative as circumstances would admit, written with a desire to be fair, and that strong motive to candour, a faith in her father's loyal and noble qualities, which, to her mind, overbalanced all his errors; and in the trust that a daughter's tender, loving enthusiasm will itself vouch for his excellence in those family and domestic relations which was sometimes brought in question, in seasons of political rancour and the local conflict of parties. Being what he was, in some points so wild and undisciplined, in some of his habits utterly regardless of custom and convention, it is certainly pleasant to read of him as the devoted, faithful, affectionate home-loving husband, and the kind father, who was not only fond of his children, but worked hard for them and studied their interests; though we feel that this favourable impression might have been produced at less expense than the publication of so many entirely dull, uninteresting, and trivial family letters. Those who first become acquainted with the man as a writer, through these letters to wife and daughters, will be puzzled to understand that 'fire of the soul'—that masterly genius and passion—which are the apologies for what is strange or questionable in his character. They are, indeed, curiously free from any trace of those potent influences which it is assumed would not let him submit to any other control than that of the affections, and, on their first development, separated him not only from custom and social life as it came before him, but from his former self, and the habits implanted by education and natural bent. His epistolary style may be a relic of the former man, for he is described as orderly, demure, observant, of polite usage, trim in his attire, neat and intelligible in his handwriting, and precise in his ways till the deep fires of genius and passion awoke within him.

Then it was that, gifted with extraordinary bodily health, strength, and agility, all governed by high animal spirits, he found himself possessed of a mind of equal power in its own range, and with a soul, a memory, an utterance to give every thought expression, and was thus roused to an unbounded

sense of physical and intellectual power. This union or collision, for it was both, produced extraordinary results upon his writings, which depend for their charm, and take their whole colour, from the manner of life to which his bodily powers and high spirits prompted him; and upon his temper and disposition, which they moulded into an exuberant genial egotism. Apart from his passion for and success in bodily exercises, we feel that his genius could never have come to its full growth, or, at least, must have wrought for itself a wholly different vein; less hectoring and presumptuous, perhaps; but also not so wildly pleasant, so daring in its mirth and humour.

John Wilson was born in Paisley, in 1785, while Paisley had still some natural beauties to be praised. His father, a gauze manufacturer, was one of the principal inhabitants of the place, and accumulated a large fortune. John was the oldest son of ten children, all remarkable, it is said, for personal beauty, and all of whom seem to have taken a good place in the world; and he himself inherited from his father, who died when he was twelve years old, a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, which, however, some dozen years later, was wholly lost to him, through the culpable mismanagement of an uncle. And in passing we may remark, that never did a great pecuniary loss seem to make less change in character and habits, and never was more lightly, cheerfully borne. There is a pleasant account of his first school days at the manse of Mearns, under the gentle tuition of the Rev. George M'Latchie, its minister; here his love of sport, and out-door life, were at least as much fostered as his powers of learning. All acquainted with his writings, will recall with pleasure his 'first fish,' and his experiences when lost in the Scotch mist.

'Once it was feared that poor wee Kit was lost; for, having set off all by himself, at sunrise, to draw a night-line from the distant Black Loch, and look at a trap set for a glede, a mist overtook him on the moor, on his homeward way, with an eel as long as himself hanging over his shoulder, and held him prisoner for many hours within its shifting walls, frail indeed, and imposing no resistance to the hand, yet impenetrable to the feet of fear, as the stone dungeon's thraldom. If the mist had remained, that would have been nothing; only a still, cold, wet seat on a stone; but as a "trot becomes a gallop soon, in spite of curb and rein," so a Scotch mist becomes a shower—and a shower a flood—and a flood a storm—and a storm a tempest—and a tempest thunder and lightning—and thunder and lightning heaven-quake and earth-quake—till the heart of poor wee Kit quaked, and almost died within him in the desert. In this age of confessions, we need not be ashamed to own, in the face of the whole world, that we sat down and cried! The small brown moorland bird, as dry as a toast, hopped out of his heather-hole, and cheerfully chirped comfort. With crest just a thought lowered by the rain, the green-backed, white-breasted peewee walked close by us in the mist; and, sight of wonder, that made, even in that quagmire, our heart beat with joy—lo! never seen

before, and seldom since, three wee peaseweeps, not three days old, little bigger than shrew-mice, all covered with blackish down, interspersed with long white hairs, running after their mother! But the large hazel eye of the she peaseweep, restless even in the most utter solitude, soon spied us glowering at her, and her young ones, through our tears; and not for a moment doubting (Heaven forgive her for the shrewd but cruel suspicion) that we were Lord Eglinton's gamekeeper, with a sudden shrill cry that thrilled to the marrow in our cold backbone, flapped and fluttered herself away into the mist, while the little black bits of down disappeared, like devils, into the moss. The croaking of the frogs grew terrible; and, worse and worse, close at hand, seeking his lost cows through the mist, the bellow of the notorious red bull! We began saying our prayers; and just then the sun forced himself out into the open day, and, like the sudden opening of the shutters in a room, the whole world was filled with light. The frogs seem to sink among the pow-heads; as for the red bull that had tossed the tinker, he was cantering away, with his tail towards us, to a lot of cows on the hill; and, hark—a long, a loud, and oft-repeated halloo! Rab Roger, honest fellow, and Leezie Muir, honest lass, from the manse, in search of our dead body! Rab pulls our ears lightly, and Leezie kisses us from the one to the other, wrings the rain out of our long yellow hair (a pretty contrast to the small grey sprig now on the crown of our pericranium, and the thin tail acock behind); and by-and-by, stepping into Hazeldeanhead for a drap and a "chitterin' piece," by the time we reach the manse we are as dry as a whistle—take our scold and our palmies from the minister—and, by way of punishment and penance, after a little hot whisky toddy, with brown sugar and a bit of bun, are bundled off to bed in the daytime!—Vol. i. p. 12.

His recollections of his boyhood are all in this glowing strain, and give the picture of a temperament, keenly susceptible of both pleasure and pain. His partings from favourite haunts, his family bereavements, reveal two things—a power of suffering, and the greatest of all reliefs to this sensitiveness, a power of expression. There is no quality so engaging as vivid feeling, vividly expressed. Wherever it is understood to exist, a sort of awe gathers round it. People, not professing to feel deeply themselves, take all imaginable care to spare the feeling of these exceptional beings; perhaps because they do not understand it. They are considered, as it were, meters, tests and gauges of humanity. In the same way it is a general concern, that persons of this temper should enjoy themselves thoroughly whenever the occasion presents itself, they do it so heartily. This sort of sympathy, all Wilson's more characteristic writing wins for him; it was one main element of his power over his readers; and his parting from the manse, and his boyish agony of grief at the death of a little sister, are consoled with as a pain, even to think of, by persons who make no demand on the pity of others for the dull sorrows of their own childhood; though these might hang about their spirits the longer for being unexpressed. In looking back, we see that it was true of Wilson, 'the boy is father of the man,' and in every life spread out

before us, we see clearly enough that it is so; but we see it *only* on looking back. Wherever there is character and originality, nobody can prophesy what it will turn into. No life's experience is long enough, or wide enough, to form theories on the examples falling under our own observation. We ought to have a personal chronicle of many generations, to calculate with any approach to knowledge, which qualities will gain the ascendant, and predominate in the long run. Thus, though Wilson showed great powers as a boy, the same which afterwards made him famous, though we recognize one and the same mind at work; we doubt if any one saw in the future distance, anything at all like John Wilson, either as Christopher North, or Professor of Moral Philosophy. His boyhood was a vigorous and happy one; he worked as energetically as he played, and a strong mutual regard established itself between him and his teachers, from his first dominie, Mr. Peddie, and the professors at Glasgow, down to Dr. Routh of Magdalen. It seems as if even hard reading was compatible with a much easier life then than now, for there is no evidence of overwork, and yet he was always at the top of the tree. On his father's death, while only twelve, he was sent to the University of Glasgow, where he stayed till the end of his eighteenth year. While there he addressed a long letter to Wordsworth, to whom he was personally unknown, of mingled enthusiasm and criticism, both somewhat stiffly expressed, but full of independent thought, and remarkable in every way as from a boy. We believe that the early efforts at composition of every writer remarkable for his style, will be found formal in their arrangement. Ease is seldom a sign of promise in the very young. Take these measured sentences of approval:—

‘Accept my thanks for the raptures you have occasioned me, and however much you may be inclined to despise me, know at least that these thanks are sincere and fervent. To you, sir, mankind is indebted for a species of poetry which will continue to afford pleasure, while respect is paid to virtuous feelings, and while sensibility continues to pour forth tears of rapture. The flimsy ornaments of language, used to conceal meanness of thought and want of feeling, may captivate for a short time the ignorant and the unwary, but true taste will discover the imposture and expose the authors of it to merited contempt. The real feelings of human nature, expressed in simple and forcible language, will, on the contrary, please those only who are capable of entertaining them, and in proportion to the attention we pay to the faithful delineation of such feelings, will be the enjoyment derived from them. That poetry, therefore, which is the language of nature, is certain of immortality, provided circumstances do not occur to pervert the feelings of humanity, and occasion a complete revolution in the government of the mind.’—Vol. i. p. 40.

In 1803, he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner. And here the eccentricities of his character

began to show themselves. His daughter, as we have said, describes him, up to this time, as orderly and methodical, keeping exact accounts, entering in his journal the proceedings of each day, and a ladies' man. So much so, indeed, that his attentions to a certain 'Margaret,' whose acquaintance he formed at Glasgow, had developed into a declaration of attachment. This love affair is approached with so much caution, so thick a veil of mystery hangs about it, there are things so unaccountable in his own conduct, we are expected to feel such respectful sympathy and compassion for what we cannot understand, that a spirit of contradiction is excited, and we own to having a view on the subject, not quite in accordance with the demand made on our pity. We suspect this love affair to be just the least *real* thing we are told about him; not that there was in him any conscious exaggeration, but that he was mistaken in the real cause of his uneasiness, or, as he would call it, 'misery,' and a great many other terrible words. There was consequent on his entering on the new world of Oxford, an awakening of certain powers and feelings, till now in abeyance; a sort of struggle of new impulses within him. His youth woke to a consciousness of strength, mental and bodily, and he found himself, at the same time, in scenes fitted for their development, and with a liberty of action unknown before. He was equal to the studies of the place, and took a position at once among its scholars; he found himself among companions, who encouraged and enjoyed his wild humour, what he calls hilarious enjoyment; he had unlimited means, and he admits to a period of 'unbridled dissipation.' What wonder that from this state there should be a reaction to melancholy and depression, which we feel certain would have invaded his spirits, had there been no Margaret in existence. Lowness must take some particular form; it is a mere accident in many cases what form. His daughter's filial piety throws a halo of poetry and a broken heart about an affair which certainly has another side to it. His despair was an illusion; his language to the lady herself, who had accepted him, and who saw no obstacles, was in this strain:—

'Since I saw you my mental anguish has been great as ever. I feel that I am doomed to be eternally wretched, and that I am cast out from all the most amiable and celestial feelings of human nature. . . . At particular times I am perfectly distracted, and hope that at last the torment my mind suffers may waste a frame that is by nature too strong easily to be destroyed. I daresay few would leave life with fewer lingering looks behind. My abilities, understanding, affection, are all going to destruction. I can do nothing; I can't by heavens! . . . By heavens! I will, perhaps, some day blow my brains out, and there is an end of the matter. If you will

take the trouble, when you have nothing else to do, of writing now and then to me, and know it will be one of those few things that keep my heart from dying in my breast, and depend upon it every word coming from one whom I regard so dearly as you, will be interesting to me.'—Vol. i. p. 93.

A pretty love letter! And more strange still are his letters to friends of his own standing, to whom he sent most perplexing descriptions of his despairing passion, penned in a morbid state of nerves and feeling that made him absolutely shameless and insensible to ridicule. He gets up a fancy that Margaret is engaged to another, and writes to his friends:—

'I have nothing to live for; all is dark, solitary, cold, wild, and fearful. When Margaret is married, on that night that gives her to another, . . . you must pass the night with me. Blair will do the same. I don't expect, indeed, I won't suffer either of you to soothe the agony of my soul, for surely that were a vain attempt. But you will sit with me. I know I never could pass that night alone. I would crush to death this cursed heart.'—Vol. i. p. 97.

His friends were puzzled by what he calls his long bursts of passion and misery, but evidently had a kind of faith in him. We observe with some amusement that this 'young poet,' as his daughter calls him, through this interlude, never took any of the ordinary means to attain an end on which he professed to have staked his being, and which all natural healthy affections employ. The lady has actually to reproach him for not writing to her. He is in Scotland, and does not go to see her because he could only have stayed an hour or two, and that would be nothing to his feelings:—and it is characteristic of the real source and motive of all this violent agitation that he never thinks of hers—while, by delaying some time, there is a chance of a longer visit. However, in the end, the young people are for a short time engaged, and, strange to say, he finds himself no happier than before—harps upon difficulties to which we have no clue, and writes to his friend:—

'If we were together, I know not that I could say much to you; for with me all is strange and inextricable perplexity. I love, and am beloved to distraction, and often the gleams of hope illumine the paths of futurity with a glory hardly to be looked at; while, again, extravagance of love seems only extravagance of folly, and excess of fondness excess of despair.'—Vol. i. p. 116.

In the end, his mother steps in, and summarily puts an end to the whole affair; and he acquiesces with a readiness of submission which, in a high-spirited young man of fortune, absolutely his own master, argues an unusual and perhaps questionable obedience. We strongly suspect beneath all this morbid misery lurked a consciousness of its being a bad match. There is a story of a Frenchman who travelled all over Europe, for the recovery of spirits wounded in a fatal affair of this nature. To every sympathising bosom he confided his grief. He loved

a woman in every way worthy of him—a paragon of virtues and graces; but her fortune did not equal his pretensions. True, he was his own master; but he bowed to the social law which separated them, without dreaming that it could be broken. We are attributing no intentional want of truth to Wilson, but he refers often to his life of dissipation at that time—calls himself a man ‘of worse conduct than principles;’ and this affair is indirectly one of the fruits of it. When, some three or four years later, he formed a genuine natural attachment, we hear of no despair; things go on in a reasonable plan; he adopts proper measures for his end, and secures, in Miss Penny, a lady of beauty and fortune, a wife who seems to have been made for him, and who astonished all his friends by the way she adapted herself to his eccentricities: happy herself, and making him happy, where a woman who did not understand him would have been miserable. We suspect it must have been a consciousness of the want of character and interest in her father’s letters which led Mrs. Gordon to give pre-eminence to this boyish affair of ‘Margaret, the Orphan Maid,’ as offering some difference of style from the rest of his correspondence. The poet certainly never transpires in his letters to his wife; probably she got on the better for not entering into this part of him. She was no reader, and seems to have concerned herself very little with his writings, though she valued the fame he got by them; and probably the eloquent, impassioned, egotistical side of his nature never came out to her. We meet with no raptures, no long sentences, no romance, in his affectionate letters to her; but a dry detail of comings and goings, inquiries after the children, and—what might surely have been omitted in the transcription—minute postal directions, which form a part of almost every letter.

But we are anticipating events. This love affair, which occupies so much space in the history of his Oxford life, was but an occasional influence, probably little guessed at by those who knew his life there. His powers of all sorts made him even then a very remarkable man, and, distinguished in the most opposite fields. He was so excellent a scholar as to be a prime favourite with Dr. Routh; and such distinctions as the University had then to bestow were lavished upon him, though previous to his examination he worked himself into a state of apprehension and despair, very much in the tone of his letters to Margaret, and which nothing but diseased nerves can account for. ‘The terrors of this examination preyed on his mind,’ writes one of his friends, who gives an account of this time.

‘When he walked from this college to the schools, he went along in the full conviction that he was to be plucked. His examination was, as might

naturally be expected, the most illustrious within the memory of man. Sotheby was there, and declared it was worth coming from London to hear him translate a Greek chorus. I was exceedingly pleased with Shepherd the examiner, who seemed highly delighted to have got hold of him, and took much pains to show him off. Indeed he is given to show people off; and those who know little are said not to relish the operation, so that his name is a name of terror; but nothing could be luckier for John than his strict, close style of examination. The mere riddance of that burden, which had sat so long on his thoughts, was enough to make him dance; but he was also elated with success and applause, and was in very high spirits after it. I left him last night. The examination was truly, to use his private tutor's expression, a "glorious" one. "*It marked the scholar,*" is the measured but emphatic phrase of the formidable Mr. Shepherd, in referring to it. "I can never forget," said another of the examiners, the Rev. Richard Dixon, Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, "the very splendid examination which you passed in this University; an examination which afforded strongest proofs of very great application and genius, and scholarship, and which produced such an impression on the minds of the examiners, as to call forth (a distinction very rarely conferred) the public expression of our approbation and thanks."—Vol. i. p. 110.

And Dr. Routh bore testimony:—

"I can safely say, that amongst the non-foundations of Magdalen College, who are generally about twelve in number, I do not recollect any one during my long residence in it, who has had an equal share of reputation with yourself for great natural abilities, united with extensive literary acquirements. I remember the satisfaction I generally felt at the appearance you made in the examinations on classical authors, held thrice in the year within the college, and have often perused with delight that elegant composition which obtained a University prize, and whose only fault seemed to be that it was too short."—Vol. i. p. 112.

Yet his had been no student's life. In what his daughter calls the agony of blighted hopes, we are told of those 'unbridled dissipations,' though charity may temper this confession, in consideration of an insatiable craving for effect which all language about himself and his feelings now showed. What is more distinctly recorded, is a passion for sport and gymnastic exercises, in which he was unrivalled, and at least as remarkable as for intellectual successes. He was pre-eminent in walking, running, leaping, wrestling, and boxing, and restless in the exercise of these accomplishments. He was believed to be the best leaper in England, and delighted to test his powers with anybody who would leap with him; and it was the strange company that these pursuits brought him into, which, however injurious to the discipline of his character, contributed one marked feature of his tone and style as a writer—a certain grand recklessness. We cannot read his life, even under his daughter's tender and reverent management, without seeing that Wilson was, what in common parlance is called, fond of low company. But the taste was dignified by a certain poetical treatment. The people he associated with—gipsies, tinkers, cock-fighters, pugilists, and especially

the subordinates in his own country sports—would all be a little elevated by contact with his genius; life would put on a grander aspect in his company—he would impart to them more than he would contract from them, except that in such intercourse he acquired growing habits of unrestraint. From the commencement of his Oxford life this predominating trait shows itself. He had a sense of bodily and mental power that must find continual expression, and an exuberance of animal spirits that knew no check but the inevitable reaction of nervous despondency. He was always *conscious* of a strength which ordinary life gave no scope for; he was thus impelled to look about for some exceptional field for its display. This was a craving so natural in him that it could hardly have been suppressed, and perhaps it is at the bottom of the distinctive qualities of his composition; but though it probably gave those about him an immense idea of fulness, richness, and universal capacity, we have no doubt it is a tendency incompatible with the highest efforts of the human mind. Thus it was expected by himself and his friends, that Wilson was to be a great poet. He had no doubt himself that he could write as good poetry as ever had been written. He felt a great deal within him, and he felt that what was within *must* find its way out; but he wanted the brooding instinct—he could contain nothing; everything that was within must find its way out. Every thought, every impulse of mind or body, must work itself to the surface. He had no store of untouched thoughts and memories, no hidden unconscious growth of ideas slowly tending to expression; mind and body were too constantly in action. The passages in his works which seem to contradict this view are his best efforts; and here action—*vehement*, passionate action—has long preceded thought, and memory *has* brooded over past achievement or adventure. Thus, in the burning fever of youth and manhood, the doings of the boy might be allowed to slumber in the memory; and when he took pen in hand it is these distant scenes, which have been fructifying in silence and arranging themselves into pictures, which give us the highest idea of the man's powers. The mass of his works, as we see them altogether, are too much like feats of some sort or another. We wonder over his prose; we think it a great deal to have said on such a subject, a prodigious amount to have written at one sitting; a great thing to have spun such lengths of sentences, and arrived safe at the end of them. The 'Noctes' are supreme and successful displays of audacity and self-confidence, remarkable exhibitions of a character, and so on; but for the practical purposes of reading, either for amusement or instruction, something is constantly wanting—it is too necessary always to have in our eye the man who wrote them,

too indispensable to regard the whole thing as a performance, for any of the real purposes for which we take up a book.

The view his biographer takes of her father's twofold arena is a not unnatural one:—

‘No doubt conscious strength is in itself a spur to high achievements, and the enviable possession of great gifts of mind and body gives, as it were, two lives, fitting a man for a Titan's work. It was this combination of gifts that made Wilson singular among the men of his time; and the preservation of their harmony was proof that, amid the various influences tending to overthrow the balance, a healthy moral nature reigned supreme. The hard-working intellect was not led astray by the fertile imagination; the indefatigable bodily energy and exuberant sportiveness were still subservient to reason; and all worked healthily together, despite the recurring gloom of cheerless days, and the restless wanderings that hardly brought repose.

‘Judged by his poems alone, Wilson was to be classed with the most refined and sensitive of idealists; tested by some of his prose writings and his professional reputation, he was one of the most acute and eloquent of moralists. That such a man should have delighted in angling, boating, in walking, running, and leaping, is not extraordinary; but that he should also have practically encouraged and greatly enjoyed the ruder pastimes of wrestling, boxing, and cock-fighting, may appear to some persons anomalous.’—Vol. i. p. 68.

and then follows a gentle apology for cock-fighting as in him connected with a passion for every sort of bird.

‘I would also remark, that even in these ways of student life, when he mixed with all sorts of company, and took his pleasure from the most diversified sources, the study of human nature was truly a great part of his enjoyment. He went among the various grades of men and character, much as a geologist goes peering among the strata of the earth; and as a naturalist is not blamed who has his pet beasts and insects, to us repulsive, so perhaps may such a student of men in their manners be rightly fulfilling his vocation, even when he descends to occasional companionship with the strange types of humanity. Of his pugilistic skill, it is said by Mr. De Quincey that “there was no man who had any talent, real or fancied, for thumping or being thumped, but he had experienced some *precing* of his merits from Mr. Wilson. All other pretensions in the gymnastic arts he took pride in humbling or in honouring; but chiefly his examinations fell upon pugilism; and not a man who could either “give” or “take” but boasted to have punished, or been punished, by *Wilson of Mullen's*.”’—Vol. i. p. 70.

His remarkable attainments as a leaper are next dwelt upon, as well as the peculiar construction which made him pre-eminent in the exercise. De Quincey writes—and the description hardly allows us to form an idea of much grace and dignity of form—

‘A short trunk and remarkably long legs gave him one-half his advantage in the noble science of leaping; the other half was pointed out to me by an accurate critic in these matters, as lying in the particular conformation of his foot, the instep of which is arched, and the back of the heel strengthened, in so remarkable a way, that it would be worth paying a penny for the sight of them.’—Vol. i. p. 72.

Wilson himself records his greatest feat of this kind in his 'Essay on Gymnastics.'

'A hundred sovereigns to five against any man in England doing twenty-three feet on a dead level, with a run and a leap on a slightly inclined plane, perhaps an inch to a yard. We have seen twenty-three feet done in great style, and measured to a nicety, but the man who did it (aged twenty-one, height five feet eleven inches, weight, eleven stone) was admitted to be (Ireland excepted) the best far leaper in his day in England.'—Vol. i. p. 73.

This leap, of which some still presume to doubt the possibility, was across the Cherwell, and though ante-dating the days of muscular Christianity, would raise the first scholar of the year into a hero in other estimations than his own. Other feats, contests, and encounters are alluded to at the same period, 'no doubt leading, for a short time, to fraternity and equality over a pot of porter.' Nor is there any lack of charity in the assumption that amongst the powers developed at this time was that capacity for drinking huge potations without becoming intoxicated, on which he seems to have valued himself highly, and which, though it is a subject his daughter cannot enter upon, probably is the reason of the subsequent premature collapse of his powers. His amusements as Master of Arts were eccentric even then, yet they also show us what changes fifty years can bring about in the face of society, and in fact prove that changes which in their progress seem so slow and insensible, are in fact very rapid things.

'One of his great amusements was to go to the "Angel Inn," about midnight, when many of the up and down coaches met; there he used to preside at the passengers' supper-table, carving for them, inquiring about their respective journeys, why and wherefore they were made, who they were, &c.; and in return astonishing them by his wit and pleasantry, and sending them off wondering *who and what HE could be!* He frequently went from the "Angel" to the "Fox and Goose," an early "purl or gill" house, where he found the coachmen and guards, &c., preparing for the coaches that had left London late at night; and there he found an audience, and sometimes remained till the college-gates were opened, rather (I believe) than rouse the old porter, Peter, from his bed to open for him expressly. It must not be supposed that in these strange meetings he indulged in *intemperance*: no such thing; he went to such places, I am convinced, to study character, in which they abounded. I never saw him show the slightest appearance even of drink, notwithstanding our wine-drinking, suppers, punch, and smoking in the common-room, to very late hours. I never shall forget his figure, sitting with a long earthen pipe, a great *tie-wig* on; those wigs had descended, I fancy, from the days of Addison (who had been a member of our college), and were worn by us all (in order, I presume, to preserve our hair and dress from tobacco-smoke) when smoking commenced after supper; and a strange appearance we made in them.—Vol. i. p. 80.

This was a fitting school for those powers of reckless, unlimited talking which culminated in the 'Noctes.' Then follow

extraordinary feats of pedestrianism, for which he was very remarkable; as, when being in London and encountering some impertinence on leaving a dinner party, he knocked the offender down, and to avoid consequences walked all night, and arrived in full dress at Magdalen next morning, just as the gates were being opened; a walk of fifty-eight miles, without stopping. He took long solitary rambles in Wales and Ireland, where he met with strange adventures, hinted at but never distinctly recorded; but which probably greatly assisted his imagination in these wild, helter-skelter, confused, turbulent *mêlées* his pages delight to describe. It was these wanderings which gave rise to certain reports his daughter contemptuously notices as having been gravely recorded by the 'Howitts,' of his having joined a company of gipsies, and married a daughter of the tribe; turned strolling players, and 'the like;' which we, who are alive to a certain sense in him of a boundary not to be overstepped, and a very distinct idea of his own value and pretensions, have no temptation to credit. It is altogether a strange picture of a young man rejoicing in his youth and strength with a sort of extravagance of freedom and self-abandonment; and this love of the 'orphan maid,' which runs through it all, is the plaintive tone which makes itself heard in life's roughest music, and tells of sadness, and disappointment, and transitiveness in all earthly things, and with which the Margaret of actual life had not a great deal to do.

On leaving Oxford, where he had lived a man of fortune and absolutely his own master, he took a cottage on the banks of the Windermere, a spot to which he became so much attached that Elleray through all changes and reverses continues his favourite haunt, and the best-loved home of his family, through his future life.

His daughter here draws an almost ideal picture of a young poet's life. His wilder departures from custom and propriety are past or less prominent; he is now a picturesque young genius with yellow hair flowing over his shoulders, and a profusion of whiskers, anticipating our day; a remarkable countenance that some called handsome, and his manners marked by an engaging disregard of convention which became a rising reputation. He leads a careless, rapturous existence amid the beauties of nature, seeking out and sought by congenial minds, but confining himself to no class—equally at home among rich and poor—and indulging in every fancy, or sport; taking the lead in all. Thus he was a great man at boating, and had a little fleet on Windermere, with which on festive occasions, such as a visit of Sir Walter Scott to the district, he could get up quite a naval pageant.

Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Charles Lloyd, and Bishop Watson became friends or acquaintances; and at Wordsworth's house he first met De Quincey, with whom he formed a strong mutual friendship, which, from the opium-eater's strange habits, must imply a very creditable amount of patience and toleration. He has given an elaborate account of this first meeting with Wilson, then in the prime of his vigorous youth, and impressing him, both in appearance, manner, and conversation, most favourably.

'The points which chiefly struck me being the humility and gravity with which he spoke of himself, his large compassion of heart, and a certain air of modest frankness which overspread everything he said. He seemed to have an intense enjoyment of life; indeed, being young, rich, healthy, and full of intellectual activity, it could not be very wonderful that he should feel happy, and pleased with himself and others; but it was somewhat unusual to find that so rare an assemblage of endowments had communicated no tinge of arrogance to his manners, or at all disturbed the general temperance of his mind.'—Vol. i. p. 129.

All these great people knew how to enjoy the country they have made celebrated by their praises. There is a pretty description,—and we wonder such pleasures are not more frequent and more possible—of this knot of poets literally encamping, for a whole week, with tents, servants, and a supply of necessities, among the mountains, taking their own way in the day-time, and each evening assembling together.

It was in this neighbourhood that he met, wooed, and won 'the belle of the lake country,' Miss Jane Penny, the daughter of a Liverpool merchant, whose connexions were of consideration in that district. There seems to have been no difficulties this time; and some letters are given of the lady, which speak of Mr. Wilson as a most eligible dancing partner, expressing at the same time a passing jealousy of a certain widow with whom he had a tendency to flirt; and Mrs. Gordon, a good deal for consistency's sake, speaks of the image of Margaret rising before him in his solitary hours; but the one tenderness interfered as little as the other with her happiness. It gives us a characteristic idea of the impression made by this spirited young couple, that, on their engagement, when Mr. Wilson entered the Liverpool ball-room with Miss Penny on his arm, 'the dancers stopped and cheered them in mere admiration of their appearance.'

His marriage took place in 1811. He at once took his wife to Elleray, where their joint fortunes enabled them to make a considerable figure. But this joyous life did not interfere with, or rather seemed to hasten on, the literary designs which had been some time maturing. Probably neither Wilson himself nor his friends had any doubt that poetry was to be his line.

He lived among poets, and his thoughts, therefore, fell into this form. Yet his own language to his publisher, and the idea given us of his system of composition, make us doubt whether this was the natural direction of his mind. We do not profess to know how poets write their immortal verse—there is, probably, no one method—but we should not expect the whole poem to be written in prose first, and then translated into verse, which seems to have been Wilson's way. He did not 'lisp in numbers, for the numbers came,' but the versification seems to have been a process distinct from the first conception. His reputation was already high enough to create expectation, while his first poem, the 'Isle of Palms,' was in the press. Sir W. Scott writes to Joanna Baillie:—

'The author of the elegy upon poor Grahame is John Wilson, a young man of very considerable poetical powers. He is now engaged upon a poem called the "Isle of Palms," something in the style of Southey. He is an eccentric genius, and has fixed himself on the banks of the Windermere, but occasionally resides in Edinburgh, where he now is. He seems an excellent, warm-hearted, enthusiastic young man; something too much, perhaps, of the latter quality places him among the list of originals.'—Vol. i. p. 171.

Neither his poetry nor his originality stood in the way of a very business-like care to give his first venture every chance. His letters to his publisher are full of suggestions about the sale, how to expedite the demand, where copies are to be sent, what towns are likely to dispose of them in any number, and so on. Indeed, a certain matter-of-fact, common sense, direct way to his end is one prominent feature of his character.

'From your last letter it would appear that the "Isle of Palms" has hitherto been tolerably successful. In Edinburgh, it is much read, praised, &c.; but I question if the sale of it has been very great. A less enterprising set of men than the Edinburgh booksellers I never had the misfortune to meet with. From what you told me, I doubt not that Longman will advertise it properly. I have certainly seen it occasionally in several papers, but not so often as many volumes of far less moment (poetical); and almost all the booksellers I have spoken to here agree in stating that the London advertising is very dull and insufficient.'—Vol. i. p. 173.

But verse was not to be his vehicle of expression; as it was certainly not suited to the development of his peculiar powers. Three or four years after his marriage he lost the whole of his fortune, and henceforth literature was not to be an amusement, but the close employment of his life. Never, as we have said, does misfortune seem to have been better borne, or, as we *read*, seem to have made less difference in the comfort of a life. Perhaps the wreck was not total, and may not have touched his wife's fortune. But they had to leave Ellera, and to live for some time with his mother, an energetic old lady, who did not find three distinct families under one roof too great a task on her energies.

The bar is always the resource on such occasions, and Wilson applied himself to the law, but with so little liking, that even if a brief by chance found its way to him, he did not know what to do with it. There he formed acquaintance with his subsequent ally, John Gibson Lockhart, who was called the year after him. His legal studies did not interfere so far with old habits but that his favourite sports and athletic tendencies were kept in full practice. We read a great deal of angling; and wherever he went he was always in condition and spirits for walking feats, leaping matches, and *drinking* matches; so that reports of his proceedings not a little surprised the circles of his Edinburgh admirers, who were not less astonished by an expedition, in which his wife joined him—a walking tour of some hundred miles in the Highlands, where tourists had never been before. No one knew in what condition this gentle and elegant Englishwoman, 'of slim and fragile form,' would come back from such an adventure, where she really roughed it, walking as much as twenty-five miles in one day; but the experiment answered for both. She came back 'bonnier than ever,' and he 'strong as an eagle.' His second volume of poems was now brought out—'The City of the Plague,'—how little is now known of any of them but the name! and was highly praised in the *Edinburgh*, so highly, that Jeffrey half apologises to him for his warmth, writing:—

'It is impossible, I think, to read your writings without feeling affection for the writer; and under the influence of such a feeling, I doubt whether it is *possible* to deal with them with the same severe impartiality with which works of equal literary merit, but without that attraction, might probably be treated. Nor do I think that this is desirable, or would even be fair; for part, and not the least part, of the merit of poetry consists in its moral effects;' &c.—Vol. i. p. 210.

We quote this, because, if true of his poetry, it is much more so of Wilson's prose. No man gained more by throwing his whole self into his writing, and making every reader, as it were, a confidant. His very demand for sympathy, and the simple confidence with which he relied on it, turned every reader, whom he did not for some reason offend, into a friend. It is this, among other qualities, that so eminently fitted him for periodical writing, and established him at once on terms of intimacy with the public.

One of the points of main interest in the present work is the history of the commencement of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which offered thus at the nick of time the most congenial field for our young genius. Certainly, its entrance into life hardly looks like the start of a great instrument for good, which we believe *Blackwood* to have been; causing, as it did, a successful diversion

from the popular liberalism of that day. We live in days when the setting up of a new periodical is among the commonest of all speculations; but when *Blackwood* was started it was a great venture. The *Edinburgh* carried all before it, and the Whigs alone in Edinburgh had an organ. It occurred to two literary gentlemen that there was an opening, and they proposed to Mr. Blackwood, who had in him the qualities of a founder—spirit and sagacity—to begin a magazine. He entered into the plan, and at once saw capabilities beyond the intention of the Editors, who conducted the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, as it was first called, for a few months, and then left it in the publisher's hands. The seventh number, October 1817, came out with a change of both name and management; and *Blackwood* broke upon the astonished world in a strain of Toryism, supported by such unparalleled audacity of satire and general recklessness, as excited universal curiosity, and no little dismay amongst opponents.

The authors, strictly anonymous for a while, of this portent, —for so it was regarded,—were Wilson and Lockhart; two young men more conscious of their cleverness and of the extreme amusement of causing a disturbance, and turning the tables upon the great autocrats of criticism, than of their responsibilities. For a while they were *really* anonymous, a position no doubt tempting to excesses; and those were times when opponents were in the habit of using strong language, so that things were possible to say then, which we are happy to think are impossible now. It must be owned that terms of vituperation which told in their own day have become vulgar or inexpressive with time. Thus to speak of Coleridge's 'Biographia Literaria' as a 'most execrable performance,' and himself a miserable compound of 'egotism and malignity,' seems to us poor criticism, though then it contributed to the sensation which brought *Blackwood* at once into notice. Other abuse is more intelligible, though not more in modern taste, as when they began their standing quarrel with Leigh Hunt, who is pronounced a 'profligate creature,' 'without reverence either for God or man:' he being, we believe, the great original Cockney, for the whole race of whom Maga consistently declared such hyperbolical disgust.

It is characteristic of the nature of the fun which so long distinguished this magazine, that in the composition of the 'Chaldee Manuscript,' which set all Edinburgh in a flame, the party who wrote it amongst them were in such uproarious spirits, that the ladies above stairs sent to ask what the noise was about; and Sir W. Hamilton, in composing his verse, fell from his chair in fits of laughter. The most poignant and least

scrupulous probably of these wild spirits was John Gibson Lockhart; a great friend of Wilson's, but not, we think we discern, a great favourite with his daughter, who, now allied by marriage with the Whigs, may see some things from their point of view. We mention this, because the only case of breach of trust we notice—if this may be called one—is in the insertion of one or two letters of Lockhart to her father, written on an absolutely private understanding, which he certainly had no reason to expect would ever be published, and which we think ought not to have been published. Joint editors or joint contributors write unreservedly to one another; they will do so no longer, if their somewhat unguarded, not to say unscrupulous, letters are to see the light fifty years hence.

The 'Chaldee Manuscript' ascribed certain characteristic titles to their body. Wilson was the Leopard, Lockhart the Scorpion, and very proud he seems to have been of his sting. It was his humour to assume various aliases, under one of which he perpetrated an attack on the *Edinburgh*, for which Wilson got in part the credit, and received a grave and impressive reproof from Jeffrey. In the person of Baron Von Lauerwinkel, Lockhart attacked Professor Playfair, a man of high name, on occasion of his writing in the *Königsberg (Edinburgh) Review*, charging him with having turned his back on the faith he once preached, and allied himself with a band of unprincipled wits and insidious infidels. The whole charge is treated as gross and unfounded, and probably the language was unjustifiable, yet it is worth noticing that this same year, 1818, Sydney Smith, as writer in the *Edinburgh*, in the present work, writes to Jeffrey:—

'I must, however, beg you to be explicit on one point. Do you mean to take care that the *Review* shall not profess to encourage infidel principles? Unless this is the case, I must absolutely give up all thoughts of connecting myself with it.'—*Letters of Rev. Sydney Smith*, p. 155.

Where contributors were uneasy, we cannot wonder that opponents should express themselves strongly. It is only fair to say this, though the tone and temper of those who remonstrate against the charge certainly have the advantage. Thus Jeffrey writes to Wilson as one concerned:—

'I say, then, that it is *false*, that it is one of the principal objects, or any object at all of the *Edinburgh Review*, to discredit religion, and promote the cause of infidelity. I who have conducted the work for nearly fifteen years should know something of its objects, and I declare to you, upon my honour, that nothing with that tendency has ever been inserted without its being followed with sincere regret both on my part and on that of all who have any permanent connexion with the work. That expressions of a light and indecorous nature have sometimes escaped us in the hurry of composition, and that in exposing the excesses of bigotry and intoler-

ance, a tone of too great levity has been sometimes employed, I am most ready with all humility to acknowledge; but that anything was ever spoken or written by the regular supporters of the work, or admitted, except by inadvertence, with a view to discredit the truth of religion, I most positively deny; and that it is no part of its object to do so, I think must be felt by every one of its candid readers.'—Vol. i. p. 294.

Others took up the cause from other points of view, abuse fell thick and fast, and some challenges followed. Wilson remained strong, in the conviction that all who used violent language towards him, or towards the line of the Magazine, were 'blackguards and villains'—terms he was at all times very ready to apply to all who gave him back as good as they received. But there was fun, as well as attack and satire, in the new periodical, which told wonderfully on its first starting, but which falls a little flat on our ears. And yet this is no argument that it was not real wit at the time. Everybody in Edinburgh knew everybody else; there were recognised butts, or men who could easily be lifted into such; thus the scene and also the sphere of every jest was confined to a small compass, and had a prepared audience. It is enough that it did tell; that the world was extremely amused to find authorship laid upon most unlikely shoulders, and names of men affixed to *jeux d'esprits*, who had never experienced a freak of fancy, or uttered a joke in their lives. In fact, daring and high spirits were, as they will always be in genial jesting, more than half the battle.

The Tories rejoiced in having an effective organ; and faith, or rather religious conservatism, was well pleased to have the new light on its side. By degrees, the venom of the 'scorpion,' and his allies, subsided into the civilities of ordinary warfare; and Wilson, whose worst rancour was always redeemed by a careless joviality that looked like good humour, was promoted into the national wit, and sayer of sayings, who, so long as he kept to his own side, and was grossly personal only to Cockneys, might do very much what he liked.

His power and popularity lay in the courage with which he drew from his own experience; in the strength and vigour of his feelings, sympathies, antipathies. His criticism even is simply his likes and dislikes, sometimes with very little trouble about the reasons of them. He took every part of himself—and it had fewer clashes and contrasts than disturb most natures—trusted the whole of it, and lectured upon it to the world. He had a real persuasion that the strength of his impulses justified them; that his mental and animal organization, both colossal in certain powers, made up the complete man. He approved of everything about himself, from his strong affections, his openness to devout impressions, to his capacity for drinking a bottle

of whiskey at two draughts. His mind was naturally religious. No doubts ever vexed his mind, which was always shadowed by a sense of the divinity. He hated and abhorred a sceptic as a monster. His love of nature was rather awful than curious; the magnificence of creation sank into his soul, and spoke to him of the Creator; he had the poet's feeling of being the priest of the scene that impressed him, rather than the naturalist's, of being its investigator and historian; but along with these sentiments of awe and reverence, were strong impulses to enjoy, to the very utmost, life and all its pleasures, to let no good thing pass by; and his writings combine both these creeds, and set them forth with a perfectly appropriate eloquence. We speak of reverence, for his spirit did bow before its Maker, but the encounter of the two principles often tends to anything but reverence. It was natural to him to mingle sacred and secular, and bring solemnities of every class in close contact with jest. Minds excusably differ so much on this point, that it behoves men always to be charitable when their own sense of the line of demarcation is infringed; but Wilson—considering that the religious sentiment was honest and real in him—constantly goes beyond lawful indulgence, and throws a burlesque over the most serious themes: admonitions to 'put round the jug' interpose between texts of Scripture; and praises of a 'calker,' or feats of gormandizing that can only have their counterpart in a pantomime, vary the discussion of eternal interests. For drinking, indeed, he seems to have had an unceasing tenderness, and in no case do fifty years mark a greater change than that some of the rhapsodies in the 'Noctes,' on this head, should have been possible: that a man, who could write so well, should expend his wit, for example, in proving that it is only the habitually sober man who ever commits himself by any public disgraceful display of drunkenness. It is no wonder, that the youth of that day were delighted by this indulgent genius, who could by turns lift them up to genial heights, and excite their highest, purest sensibilities, and yet make such wide allowance for every form of human error that has the love of sport for its excuse. Take for instance the following reflections on a cat-hunt, a recollection of his own boyhood.

'May we be permitted to say that the naughtiest school-boys often make the most pious men; that it does not follow, according to the wise saws and modern instances of prophetic old women of both sexes, that he who in boyhood has worried a cat with terriers, will in manhood commit murder on one of his own species; or that peccadilloes are the progenitors of capital crimes. Nature allows to growing lads a certain range of wickedness, *sans peur et sans reproche*. She seems indeed to whistle into

their ears—to mock ancient females—to laugh at Quakers—to make mouths at a decent man and his wife riding double to church,' &c.—*Christopher in his Sporting Jacket, fyfte first. Blackwood, Sept. 1828.*

Of course all his readers knew that their author *trusted* them and relied on their apprehension of his real meaning, and were flattered by the confidence; but, nevertheless, the 'good boy' suffers under the description that follows; and he boldly demands for the youthful world the licence that he took himself, *because* he feels that he resulted in a very fine fellow. After asking the parents if they sincerely wish for a certain assemblage of perfections in their son, which he makes to end in compliments from the minister for his uncommon memory for a sermon—'while all the other boys were scolded for falling asleep before tenthly,' he ends with 'No. Better far that he should begin early to break your heart by taking no care even of his Sunday 'clothes'—carrying the hope of the family through a series of pardonable enormities most felicitously grouped and imagined, up to enormities which are not pardonable and have no hope in them, but which he thinks as inevitable; and to be wiped away by some fine sentences about *vis medicatrix naturæ*, 'meridian ether,' the 'budding rose' which revives from its touch of frost under the 'mid-day sun,' and 'the white swan's' shaking from its wing 'the waters of the sullen fen as she descends on her own fair lake;' all not nearly such tempting reading as the wild, fascinating, naughty boy pictured before this poetical course of reformation.

Yet his descriptions of a boyhood spent in grand natural scenes, sharing all the joys and interests of rural life, are very fine, and in pleasant contrast, too, with the public school-boy life of the same period. Indeed, whenever we think of Wilson as an author that may live, it is on his 'Christopher in his Sporting Jacket' that we fix our hopes of immortality. From what report used to say of him and from his daughter's general statements, Wilson must have been the most rapid writer on record; and thus his written pages are most like spoken utterances. The hurry, charm, and excitement of eloquent speech—of words sounding on our ears—belongs to them, and haunts the memory of those who read them at or near the time that they were written. For we are aware that time dulls the ear to the melody of all but the most perfect styles, and that the readers of to-day could not possibly experience the thrill of their fathers over such passages as that battle of the dogs which merged into a battle of men, and carried the reader at the narrator's will through every alternation of poetry, passion, and burlesque without pause or breathing-time.

Wilson's mind was one to be engrossed by every subject it

took up, and to invest it with the hues of his own thought. Thus he did good service by reviving a taste for our old and classical poets, which he did by giving copious extracts, asseverating that they were beautiful, and describing their effects upon himself. Of nice and exact criticism we remember very little; but when we see a mind of great power and capacity expressing itself with a passion of delight, we are all as much or more moved to be delighted also than if a hundred cold-blooded reasons had been given us, showing it a duty to be pleased up to a certain point, when the drawbacks must step in which we are also called upon to observe.

On the current literature of the day his comments were always in his own proper person, with scarce an affectation of editorial disguise; profuse, broadly comic, satirical, or wildly laudatory; are often taken with a momentary enthusiasm for anything new that hit his fancy. Knowing the man, we may leave off with a just idea of the book under review, but it is by making allowances. He was jealous of infringement on his own ground, and in all matters of sport was a formidable and often a delightfully insolent critic. Thus Sir Humphrey Davy, in his 'Salmonia,' treated fishing with a philosopher's coolness and cold-bloodedness, and, above all, limited the potations of his party, after the day's work was over, to half a pint of claret a man. The book therefore has to be cut up, and extremely well the task is done. The fishing party of four presume to see an eagle. The poet has said surely it is an eagle?—a question which, in the reviewer's mind, no poet should have needed to ask.

'Poietes having been confirmed by the authority of Halieus in his belief that the bird is an eagle, exclaims agreeably to the part he has to play, "Look at the bird! She dashes into the water, *falling like a rock*, and raising a column of spray—she has *fallen from a great height*. And now she rises again into the air—*what an extraordinary sight!*" Nothing is so annoying as to be ordered to look at a sight which, unless your eyes are shut, it is impossible for you not to see. A person behaving in a boat like Poietes deserved being flung overboard. "Look at the bird!" Why, every eye was already upon her; and let us tell Poietes that if he had a single spark of poetry in his soul he would have been struck mute by such a sight, instead of bawling out, open-mouthed and goggle-eyed, like a Cockney to a rocket at Vauxhall. Besides, an eagle does not, when descending on its prey, fall like a rock. . . . Upon our word we begin to believe that we ourselves deserve the name of Poietes much better than the gentleman who had never seen an eagle. . . . Poietes having given vent to his emotions in such sublime exclamations as—"Look at the bird!" "What an extraordinary sight!" might have henceforth held his tongue and said no more about eagles. But Halieus cries: "There, you see her rise with a fish in her talons;" and Poietes, very simply, or rather like a great simpleton, returns for answer: "*She gives an interest which I hardly expected to have found in this scene*. Pray, are there many of these animals in this country?" A poet

hardly expecting to find interest in such a scene as a great Highland loch—Loch Marce! We verily begin to suspect that Poietes is Mr. Leigh Hunt, and that he has on his yellow breeches. "Pray, are there many of these *hanimals* in this country?" is very like the king of the Cockneys. No doubt an eagle is an animal; like Mr. Cobbett or Mr. O'Connell, we forget which—"a very fine animal;"—but we particularly, and earnestly, and anxiously request Sir Humphrey Davy not to call her so again—but to use the term bird, or any other term he chooses except animal. Animal, a living creature, is too general, too vague by far; and somehow or other it offends the ear shockingly when applied to an eagle. We may be wrong, but in a trifling matter of this kind Sir Humphrey surely will not refuse our supplication. Let him call a horse an animal if he chooses—or an ass, or a cow—but not an eagle—as he loves us, not an eagle—let him call it a bird; the Bird of Jove—the Queen or King of the Sky—or anything else he chooses—but not an animal—no—no—no—not an animal, as he hopes to prosper, and to be praised in *Maga*, and thereby embalmed and immortalized.—*Blackwood*, vol. xxiv. p. 262.

No subsequent arrogance has ever sat so well, so easily, so by a sort of right, as the ineffable rejoicing arrogance of '*Maga*' under Wilson's inspiration. Now and then, we see the periodicals of the present day trying to imitate it; but there is a conscious weakness, a sort of experimental impudence, in the attempt, which makes it what he would have called '*Cockney*,' and insufferable. His arrogance was accepted and believed in by the world. It began in the irresponsible insolence of clever, audacious spirits feeling themselves really anonymous; but concealment was not compatible with Wilson's nature, which rather impelled him to the exultant display of all his powers. There is no height of extravagance or hyperbole of assumption in the '*Noctes*'—where his humour allowed itself wildest, freest play—which has not some foundation in real sense of superiority. In this mood, with pen in hand, he evidently felt himself an autocrat; and it was this trust in himself which was more than half the secret of his power. It is a great step towards greatness, when men are not ashamed of any opinion or emotion, and can trust themselves; and this Wilson did. And it was the fearlessness with which he could confess to the religious instincts of his nature, the simplicity of his confidence that what he felt would wake echoes in other minds, and be received as a poetical, semi-spiritual direction, that raised him into a useful and important influence. In his own country, the *Edinburgh* had exercised a very opposite sway: its tendency was against emotional religion, undoubting faith. Wilson trusted to the remembered things of his boyish heart—to the impressions that hymns, and Bible readings, and cottage piety, and twilight musings in mountain mists, and solitude amidst the hills, had made on a susceptible heart, and was not ashamed to record it all in a rambling, fervent, diffuse, meditative eloquence peculiarly his

own. An immense body of readers take their tone on such questions from the popular organ of the time—and *Blackwood* of that day was essentially popular; and there was a warmth in Wilson's tone, a genuineness in his pictures of his own impressions, which counteracted the cold caution, and occasional actual scepticism, which marked the thinkers of the opposite school. For this tone of thought Wilson had absolutely no sympathy, and, as a fashion, he gave it a decided check. His writing is full of passages, somewhat sentimental, perhaps—but he *was* sentimental—of admiration and reverence for simple piety, rural piety, national piety, and historical piety—not always exactly consistent, but also not biassed by party, and from the heart. Possibly, he regarded this recognition of the piety of others rather as his *share* of the work; and when he talks of the religion of the poor, he sometimes seems to think the Christian's hope as especially their affair; as where, in his oration on education, he repels the charge of being an enemy to education among the poor.

"Often have I heard it said, and have my eyes loathed to see it written, that we of the great Conservative party are enemies of education, and have no love of what are called the lower orders—orders who, when their duties are nobly performed, are, in my humble estimation, as high as that in which any human being can stand. I repel the calumny. I myself belong to no high family. I had no patronage beyond what my own honourable character gave me. I have slept in the cottages of hundreds of the poor. I have sat by the cottar's ingle on the Saturday night and seen the grey-haired patriarch with pleasure unfold the sacred pages—the solace of his humble but honourable life. . . . Must I allow my understanding to be stormed by such arguments as that the chief business of poor men is to attend to politics, or their best happiness to be found in elections? I know far better that he has duties imposed upon him by nature, and if his heart is right and his head clear, while he is not indifferent to such subjects, there are a hundred other duties he must perform far more important: he may be reading *ONE BOOK* which tells him in what happiness consists, but to which I have seen but few allusions made by the reformers of modern times. In reading those weather-stained pages in which, perhaps, the sun of heaven has looked bright, while they had been unfolded of old on the hill-side by his forefathers of the Covenant . . . he is taught . . . to prefer deeper interests, because everlasting, to those little turbulences which now agitate the surface of society.'—Vol. ii. p. 173.

One of his opponents indulged in some rhyming criticisms of this speech:—

'The Professor got up and spoke of sobriety,
Religion, the Bible, and moral propriety:'

in which, as he terms it, 'wretched doggrel,' Wilson sees insinuations which raise his strongest disgust and indignation: but, of course, all advice to the poor to read their Bible as though it were especially *their* business, is open to retort.

Sacred poetry was a favourite subject for his criticism, and never did criticism seem less critical. His great mistake, as it seems to our judgment, was a flaming eulogium on Pollok's 'Course of Time,' whose author he regarded as a second Milton. But he was subject to be taken by storm by anything that pleased him, and Pollok was a Scotchman, so nationality came in. All people who have the unlimited unhesitating trust in themselves that Wilson had, who give themselves no time to ruminate on first impressions, especially when once received by the world as authorities, are subject to these conspicuous defeats. For such we must consider this; but Wilson never retracted anything; and we find him, in the 'Noctes,' considering it quite sufficient to condemn the first and last number of Blanco White's *London Review*, that 'it ordered the world to despise Pollok:' "The Course of Time"—Miltonic in design and execution—was tried by the Oriel critic as a prize poem! He was a lover of hymns, had committed them to memory as a boy; and in reviewing James Montgomery's collection, with its opening essay, is seized with one of his fits of implicit acquiescence, and gives up his favourite Wordsworth as a religious poet at a word: but 'Mr. Montgomery's critical remarks are often eminently beautiful and very profound.' He seems to have suddenly seen things from his point of view, and hastened to give the world the benefit of his new convictions. He had begun this article, intending to devote it to the 'Christian Year,' but the subject led him elsewhere. It is amusing to see the light in which poetry that is really very deep, and not at all easy to understand, struck a reader not within the poet's influences.

'The "Christian Year" deserves an article—and a long one too—exclusively devoted to itself; for it is full of poetry and piety, both as simple and sincere as the writers are honest. This volume is winging its way into many a library; nor will it lie unread on the shelves, to which the soul, when wearied or alarmed with this life, turns for consolation to the musings of those men of holy spirit, who

"Have built their Pindus upon Lebanon,"

and in still more awful moods, have feared not to murmur their melodies even on Mount Calvary, at the very feet of the Cross.'—*Blackwood*, vol. xxiv. Dec. 1828.

The promised review comes a year and a half later (June, 1836); and then, after much generalizing, he opens his subject in the same large diffused tone of praise, which, when applied to people we care for, always grates on the ear, as leading us to suspect a want of thorough understanding and sympathy with its subject. Of the poetry, he writes:—

'We should no more think of criticising such poetry than of criticising the clear blue skies, the soft green earth, the "liquid lapse" of an unpolluted stream, that

"Doth make sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Gives a gentle kiss to every flower
It overtaketh on its pilgrimage."

Beauty is there, purity and peace. As we look and listen, we partake of the universal calm, and feel in nature the presence of Him from whom it emanated.'—*Ibid.* vol. xxvii. p. 837.

In fact, he was struck by the *innocence* of the verse: innocence was a quality he was fond of attributing to all gentle things he could assist,—children, young ladies, the poor, and good books. After quoting at length the poem for the third Sunday in Advent, he exclaims with real warmth, but in terms without variety or adaptation, and only generally true:—

'That is very beautiful, scripturally simple, Bible-breathing, hymn-like, a psalm ode, a religious elegy. How far better than skilfully—how inspiredly the Christian poet touches upon each holy theme, winging his way through the stainless ether, like some bird gliding from tree to tree, and leaving one place of rest only for another equally hushed, equally happy, in the folding and unfolding of its snow-white flight,' &c.—*Ibid.* p. 840.

All poetry, of whatever vein, that pleased him, set Wilson off to be a poet too. He could only comment on a flight by a counter flight. So that criticism dissolves into an harmonious contest,—so that an article is like two birds answering one another from neighbouring trees; and especially, he yielded to a rhapsody of goodness and benevolence, under the influence of religious poetry, and all its associations. He is pleased to testify to a good cause, and thus looks forward to a series of articles on hymnology, in one of his characteristic meandering sentences, which rely so implicitly on the friendly patience of readers pleased to let him take his own way, and willing to wait his own time.

'Specimens, too, of many of these compositions may thus be presented to many minds to whom they are at present unknown; and this miscellany of ours, which—various as its spirit has been, and will be—has, we hope, amidst all its mirth and gaiety—and why should not Fancy occasionally tinge with her streaks the melancholy atmosphere of human life?—ever been, with all its errors and defects—which none but the hopelessly base and wicked, or the hopelessly dull and stupid, would seek to exaggerate—the friend, the enthusiastic and not unsteady friend, of genius, virtue, and religion.'—*Ibid.* vol. xxiv. p. 938.

But the true influences of the 'Christian Year' are also felt by him, as he labours, with better will than success, to prove the essential unity between Scotch and English services, though everything has to be understood in the one that is expressed in the other.

Perhaps it does not surprise the reader of passages such as these that they were quickly written; but all that he wrote must have been at full speed to account for the prodigious amount he got through. His daughter writes, after his election to the Moral Philosophy professorship:—

‘But though the heavy duties of his first session (1828) put an end for the time to all other occupations, his literary activity was rather stimulated than otherwise by his elevation to the chair. With trifling exceptions, his literary labours were confined exclusively to *Blackwood's Magazine*; and their extent may be guessed from the fact that, for many years, his contributions were never fewer, on an average, than two to each number. I believe that on more than one occasion the great bulk of the entire contents of a number was produced by him during the currency of a month. No periodical, probably, was ever more indebted to the efforts of one individual than “Maga” was to Wilson. His devotion to it was unswerving; and whether his health was good or bad, his spirits cheerful or depressed, his pen never slackened in its service.’—*Christopher North*, vol. ii. p. 50.

We find Blackwood himself enthusiastic on this score:—

‘Edinburgh, Oct. 18, 1823.

‘MY DEAR SIR,—This has been a busy and a happy week with me. Every night, almost, have I been receiving packets from you; and yesterday's post brought me the manifesto, which you will see closes so gloriously this glorious number. . . . I hope you are going on. It astonishes even me what you have done for ‘Maga’ this last week.’—*Ibid.* p. 67.

A ‘*Noctes*’ generally fills some thirty or more printed pages of the magazine. These papers are of various merit, but always spirited, and, though very open to adverse criticism, are full of thought, fancy, invention, and humour—and are given with the animation of real dialogue, so difficult for fancied conversation to attain to, though perhaps with not much distinction of persons.

‘The memorials of this year (1827) are confined to the pages of *Blackwood*, to which he contributed in one month (June), when a double number was published, six of the principal articles. How little he thought of knocking off a *Noctes*, when in the humour, may be judged from a note to Mr. Ballantyne, the printer, in which he says: “I think of trying, to-day and to-morrow, to write a *Noctes*. Would you have any objection to be introduced as a member? Would your brother? Of course I need not say that, with a little fun, I shall introduce you both with the kindest feeling. Pray let me know.”

‘Yours, very truly,

JOHN WILSON.

‘Subject—a party are to assemble in the new shop to dinner.’—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 120.

It is probably the amount and variety of his literary work that stood in the way of putting his mind into his letters. The excuse is an ample one, but, it being so, it would have been better to print fewer of them. His powers of work in the line he had made for himself were truly gigantic, and, when connected with his love of out-of-doors, and his passion for

sport, denote a wonderful organization. The exercise of *all* his powers was perhaps alike necessary to him; but continuous mental effort is so great a tax that we must lay his perseverance as much to a sense of duty as to the indulgence of a prolific genius. Strength of every sort was his characteristic, and his affections were as strong as the rest. Some great checks there were, some moral flaws, some fatal weaknesses to interfere with the proper development of so fine a nature, but we must respect—for its rarity among other causes—the consistency and warmth of his friendships, the strength of all family ties, and his devotion as a husband and a father, especially that mournful fidelity to his wife's memory which, for the last seventeen years of his life, clouded and subdued his great spirit. It is rare to find constancy a characteristic of so full and exuberant a life. But it may be noticed, that though gifted in such an extraordinary and varied a degree, he was—what is perhaps a fortunate weakness in such a character—dependent upon others, and never sufficient for himself.

When not precisely on his own ground, he was nervously timid, and appealed for advice and help with quite a childlike simplicity. This comes out when, after a strenuous contest, he finds himself elected Professor of Moral Philosophy, with a course of lectures to prepare. He consulted all his friends, who on their side advise with an evident impression of his need of good counsel; and in the end a course of lectures are written, very popular with the young men, but, as it seems to us from the specimens reported, made up a good deal more of florid illustrations than of the very heart of the subject they illustrate. Again, his tendency to low spirits, and his need of sympathy, bound him to his friends; his eccentricities called for the toleration and indulgence of *old* friends; and his helplessness, his necessity to be cared for, attended to, waited upon, humoured, petted, taught him to appreciate the sweetness of domestic life. That he was thoroughly loveable in all these relations we know from his daughter's affectionate narrative. The pride she takes in his absence of mind, his peculiarities, and ways; the pretty pictures she draws of the great man playing with his grandchildren, his geniality, his interest in his daughter's pleasures, his solicitude for his son's interests, his spirits fluctuating with his wife's health—all convince us of a very engaging character.

Powerful as his constitution was, it could not stand the demands that work, sorrow, and other causes made upon it. His spirits sank, and some painful years of depression, with occasional returns of hope and strength, are slightly and tenderly alluded to. In 1851, his sixty-seventh year, he was obliged to resign his professorship, on occasion of which the

Queen, through Lord John Russell, granted him a pension of 300*l.* a year—a gracious acknowledgment of his services to the literature of his country he was still able to appreciate. One of his last public acts was to go, at some trouble and unsolicited, to give his vote for Macaulay, when he stood for the University of Edinburgh. Surrounded by the solicitous cares of friends and children, but suffering from almost continuous depression, he gradually sank. This state, however, did not numb his old warmth of feeling:—

‘We were naturally desirous of keeping from his knowledge anything that would surprise him into agitation. This could not, however, always be done; for family distress, as a matter of course, he must participate in. The day which brought us intelligence of Mrs. Rutherford’s death, was one of startling sorrow to him. His own widowed life had been one of long and faithful mourning; and the bereavement Lord Rutherford was called upon to endure, filled his mind with the most poignant pain, and it was with difficulty he could banish the subject from his thoughts: other men’s sorrows, in the unselfishness of his nature, he made his own. More unbounded sympathy I never knew. Therein lay the feminine delicacy of his nature, the power of winning all, soothing the sad, encouraging the weak, scorning not the humble. With heart and hand alike open, he knew and acted up to the meaning of one simple rule, *Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.*’—Vol. ii. p. 357.

His last days were silent ones, of which his daughter confidently says:—

‘That silence, so incomprehensible to common minds, looking too often for consolation to the recited words of Scripture, which they convey to curious ears, as expressing the last interest and hope of dying hours, was no other than the composing of his spirit with the unseen God. . . . The tender and anxious question which he asked concerning Robert Burns, “Did he read his Bible?” may perhaps by some be asked about himself. On a little table, near his bedside, his Bible lay during his whole illness, and was read morning and evening regularly. His servant also read it frequently to him.’—Vol. ii. p. 359.

He died the 2d of April, 1854, in his seventieth year. The book is an interesting one, and the character drawn real and graphic as far as it goes; but he was one whose influence was personal—it is clear that none could know him but through personal intercourse. His letters are common-place, creditable to his heart, but telling nothing of himself. His conversation did not admit of description or report, though we are led to suppose that his powers were great. ‘Wilson’s conversational powers, his wit, his humour, cannot, save in general terms, be described.’ His daughter does not venture on the task, nor would she trust any one living to attempt it; Lockhart alone could, she thinks, have done him justice. His speaking, too, we are led to suppose, was pre-eminent; but here, too, we see that it was the grand figure he made, his sonorous voice, his

command of the occasion, his great reliance on the mood of his hearers, his power of self-abandonment to the interest of the hour, which constituted its excellence. And for his writings, on which his daughter relies for lasting fame, we see a style too diffuse, undisciplined, devious, parenthetical, to live far beyond the memory and the traditions of contemporary readers. Yet perhaps what is called fame, that is, living on book-shelves, and being known to scholars, is, in real influence, nothing to the hold some men get over their own generation through the vigour that emanates from every part of them and in a great degree dies with them. Such an influence Wilson possessed, and he wielded it, though sometimes recklessly and unscrupulously, yet, in many main points, for good and in the cause of faith and truth.

ART. VI.—1. *Journal of the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, assembled in General Convention in Richmond, 1859.*

2. *General Convention at New York, 1862, reported in the Church Journal.* New York. Published weekly.

It is twelve months since we reviewed the two preceding years of Church progress, and had in the course of the inquiry to refer to the new organization of our Communion within, and consequent on the establishment of, the Confederate States of America. We could not well touch upon that topic without pronouncing some opinion on the political aspect of the revolution; and we did not fear accordingly to give expression to an opinion, which it required more courage to express then than it would do at present, that the substantial justice in the quarrel lay with the Southerners. Now that the large majority of the respectable opinion of England inclines on their side by an overwhelming instinct, we may profitably recur to the contemplation of the great disruption, in a religious and ethical aspect, as it presents itself to us from our own particular standing-ground.

No better proof of the tendency of English public opinion on the question could be found than the fact that out of the ten daily papers which are published in London, in the morning or the evening, there are only two which are favourable to the Northern cause—the *Daily News*, the organ of philosophic radicalism both in its political and religious developements, and the *Morning Star*, the mouthpiece of Brightite policy and of the Liberation Society—both of them being strong Abolitionists. The remaining eight, ranging in their opinions from the strongest Toryism to the most decided Radicalism, reflect in various ways the prevalent sentiment of the country. It must be no common upheaving of feeling which unites in one line of argument the *Times*; the *Morning Post*, the exponent of Conservative Whiggism, and moderate High Churchmanship; the *Church and State Derbyite Standard*; and the *Daily Telegraph*, with its 'advanced' opinions on things in general. If we turn to the religious press the same growth of conviction presents itself, alike in the *Guardian*, in spite of the letters of its Philadelphian correspondent, about which we shall have something to say hereafter, and in the *Record*, which has for once had the courage to break out of the narrow ring of its traditionary

prejudices in sheer disgust at the hollowness and worthlessness of the Abolitionist religionism of New York and New England. Our business is, however, with America, not with England, and so we quit this topic, merely observing in passing that of all the indications of English opinion there is none more remarkable than the letter in which Sir Culling Eardley, as President of the British branch of the Evangelical Alliance, so ably rebuked the pro-Northern manifesto of his French *confrères*. This letter was the legitimate sequel of a remarkable debate upon the question at the annual meeting of the Alliance—where, of all places, the *crème de la crème* of Abolitionist sympathy would have most strongly mustered—which terminated in a resolution in which the expression of a just abhorrence of slavery was so worded as not to imply any approbation of Mr. Lincoln's aggressive war.

We were prepared to find the observations which we made last year upon the state of religion in the North and in the South misrepresented, and our expectations were not deceived. We were attacked upon the charge of having asserted that the Church was stronger in the Southern than in the Northern States; whereas, what we did say was very different, namely, that 'the Episcopal Church in the Northern States may have been numerically and theologically stronger than in the Southern, and yet it may not have leavened the mass of their corruption. The air in one place may be so much thicker than in another, that a gaslight in the one may not show the traveller his path half as well as a candle in the other.' These remarks are the key to all which we had then to say on the topic, and we adhere to them now, with the single difference that we should be more inclined at present, than we were twelve months back, to substitute the indicative for the potential tense. We now assert simply and roundly, first, that the Confederate States, as a political whole, indicate considerably more Christianity than the United States; and secondly, that the social tendency of the secession points towards a more flourishing condition of Churchmanship within the Confederacy, than could have been anticipated under the old condition of things.

Englishmen in general have by this time realized, that to find personal fault with the living generation of Southerners for the existence of slavery within their States, is to do what the Pharisees dared not undertake, in throwing the first stone. They are also pretty well awake by this time to the real tendency of that ultra 'Abolitionist' party in the North, which barely veils its profession of the Jacobin creed under a specious worship of the black skin, in all places, and under all conditions, not involving personal contact. They know that the

votaries of the Abolition cry are, for the most part—and in spite of Mrs. Stowe—men and women whose exemplars are far less the fathers of the Puritan and Evangelical schools, than Voltaire, Paine, and Parker. They understand that political ‘Abolitionism’ is the euphemism for an unchecked and extreme democratic propagandism. They are fully convinced that the only steadfast hope for the millions of Africans who are at this moment existing—more or less civilized, more or less Christianised, over the Southern States—is to have the problem of their gradual elevation in social and municipal privileges worked out by those whose own interests are practically involved in the welfare of their hereditary dependents.

England is as much to blame for the decay of Churchmanship, as for the existence of slavery, within the borders of the South. The Pilgrim Fathers had founded New England, New York was a conquest from the Dutch, and Pennsylvania was the Icarie of that shrewd-minded Quaker, Penn. But the residuary colonies were peopled by families who went out

Cum patriâ, populoque, penatibus, et magnis dis.

The Atlantic seaboard of States, from Maryland to Georgia inclusive—Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia—were emphatically the creation of the English Church and State, in a century and a half, which numbered Elizabeth at one end, and George II. at the other; the ‘Old Dominion’ being the last effort of the great Queen’s reign, and Georgia, the only eighteenth-century settlement of the whole category, marking the close of the epoch. The Tudor and Stuart theory of the identity of Church and State prevailed within them all, with the exception of Maryland, which was set up by the Romanist Lord Baltimore, on broad principles of complete toleration.

Accordingly these colonies carried the Established Church with them, but they only carried it in the form of glebes and incumbencies. No care was taken to select the best men to fill the livings, no provision was made to set up the Church in its integrity under a colonial episcopate. Anybody was good enough to put into the parishes, and the nominal supervision of the Bishop of London across the ocean was held sufficient. Of course, from the first, confirmation could nowhere be had, and the custom of consecration was extinct. At one moment Clarendon seemed to have carried the nomination of a bishop, but he fell and the scheme with him. More than a generation later a plan for a Colonial episcopate was again settled, but Queen Anne died and the notion was shelved, in spite of the exertions of the then young Propagation Society. Two Non-

jurors, Talbot and Welton, obtained clandestine consecration, and worked in America, but of course their enterprise had no permanence. Bishop Berkeley's Bermuda College was nipped in the bud by Sir Robert Walpole. Time ran on, and the Anglo-American Church became more and more dead, till the period of the American Revolution; so no one can much wonder that Jefferson was able to use his bad influence to procure an act in the Virginian legislature not merely to deprive the Church of its State privileges, which might have been expected, but also to confiscate the endowments. It is not much to be regretted that a proposition, which was at a later date contemplated in Virginia, to endow, not clergymen, or 'ministers of the Gospel,' but 'teachers of religion'—i.e. of any—should have been rejected. The fact that after so many years of neglect the Church should be as strong as she is in these particular States is a matter of congratulation. Very little immigration has flowed into them from Europe, and not much from the North; their inhabitants are usually the descendants of the old colonists and of their slaves, and so the Church is a hereditary institution in them, with all the dead weight of its colonial inefficiency on its back. The towns are scarce, and the ways of the planters old-fashioned. We are convinced that there is implicitly a great deal more, in habits of life and habits of thought, of the country gentleman of George II. and George III.'s reigns, among the planters of these States than either we or they very well realize. In their eyes Churchmanship, we should imagine, often wears somewhat of eighteenth century aspect. In explanation of what that aspect is, we refer our readers to the series of standard novelists. The clergymen have large parishes to look after, and fortnightly services are not so uncommon. The personal influence of Bishop Meade, a devoted man, Low Church in doctrine, but like other leaders of that party, autocratic in practice, and belonging to the old planter aristocracy of the State, has done much to revive Churchmanship in Virginia, while of course the revival was tinged with his opinions; Maryland on the other hand is decidedly High Church, although at this moment, owing to his strong political bias towards the North, there is unfortunately a far from cordial feeling between the good Bishop Whittingham and his diocese. Among the blacks, Methodism is the prevalent form of Christianity. The more Western zone of States, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, are colonies sent out since the Declaration of Independence, from the Atlantic series, whose habits of life they reproduce in a newer form. In the States that line the Gulf of Mexico, Florida, Louisiana, and Texas, purchases or conquests from France, Spain, and Mexico, a new element comes in, in the Roman Church, which was in each case

antecedently established there, and which in Louisiana still retains its social and numerical pre-eminence. The consequent disadvantage to the Anglican communion is obvious, as the Romanists claim to be the local Church. In Arkansas and in Missouri, new States, the Church is struggling through the difficulties of a missionary existence.

The Northern States have not had to contend with the incubus of a corrupt and selfish system, identified in the vulgar mind with the unpopular monarchy which they had thrown off. The Pilgrim Fathers made the Church interesting in New England by persecuting it, and in the city of New York, by rare good fortune, Trinity Church possessed an estate of such great and increasing value, as virtually to 'establish' Churchmanship over the city, and partially in the State, and to secure the services of a series of eminent incumbents. Several Northern Bishops were in different ways men of mark and weight, such as White of Pennsylvania, Seabury of Connecticut, Hobart of New York, and at a later date, Chase of Ohio and Illinois. The tide of English emigration has flowed Northwards, and thus many thousands of Churchmen have annually been thrown into the country, of which the Church has succeeded in keeping a certain per-centage. The Western States, which are so rapidly filling up, have been supplied from the North-Eastern States, or from European immigrants. The consequence is, that up to this time the Church is stronger North than South, though she is not at all so strong as what she ought to have been, when we consider how freely England has been feeding the population. But by her side in vigorous rivalry stand every form of antagonistic religion, infidelity, or grovelling superstition. The city in which the Church is proverbially the religion of the upper ten thousand, New York, is at the same time the great seat of American dissipation and of commercial unscrupulousness. In one word, the Church is a powerful sect in the North, and she is a powerful sect in the South, but in either community her numbers are few beside those of the general population.

The report of the triennial General Convention which was held at Richmond in 1859 gives some interesting statistics, by which we may compare the growth of the Church in the two portions of the land between that date and 1856, when the preceding convention was held. The figures of the decennial censuses of 1850 and 1860 afford material for a rough comparative estimate of the growth of population within the same limits. In 1860 the population of the United States was—

North	18,973,363
South	12,417,506
	<hr/>
	31,390,869

that is, in round numbers, the North was to the South as three to two. Under the head South, of course we include those which are now termed Border States. In 1859 the North contained 710 clergymen of our communion, and the South 645, *i.e.* the ratio of clergy to the population was much greater down South than Northward. In 1856 the numbers had been 628 to 590, proving that in those three years the North had gained on the ratio. But when we come to *communicants*, by whom, and not by *worshippers*, we are glad to see that the Convention reckons, the preponderance of the North is decided. We need hardly observe that the number of persons who would consider themselves, and be reckoned in a religious census as Church people, but who are not communicants, must in each case be very much larger. We have, however, neither inclination nor means to take the account of them. In 1859 there were 97,388 communicants in the North, to 38,561 in the South. The latter ought to have yielded 65,000 to have kept up to the ratio of population. The disproportion between the number of communicants and of clergy admits of several solutions. In the South the parishes are more country, in the North more town. Naturally, therefore, one set of clergy has fewer parishioners and wider distances to look after than the other. Also we should fear that there might not be as much trouble taken as would be desirable to bring Negro worshippers to communion. In 1853 the numbers of communicants were—North, 84,039; South, 35,500.

But it must not be supposed that these lump figures indicate a uniform scale all over each section. On the contrary, the proportions vary in every diocese, as we shall proceed to show by comparing the triennial gain in baptisms (adult and infant lumped) of the three years between 1856 and 1859, upon the sum total of the three preceding years, and that of the communicants at the two epochs, with the ratio of the increase of the general population between 1856 and 1859. There are no annual returns by which we can accurately estimate this increase, but we are able to make a rough approximation to it by taking three-tenths of the increase between 1850 and 1860 as given in the official census. We shall first pit against each other the Empire State, with its two dioceses of New York and Western New York, and the Old Dominion. Our readers will hardly be prepared to hear that in the interval in question the increase of the Church in Virginia was in excess over that in New York by about 7 to 4. In Virginia baptisms rose from 2,853 to 3,597, an increase of 25 per cent., and communicants from 6,527 to 7,487, an increase of 15 per cent. while the New York numbers were—17,943 to 22,381 baptisms (26 per cent.), and 31,775 to 35,325 communicants (13 per cent.). But within

these three years the population of New York had increased about 7 per cent. and that of Virginia only 4 per cent. and of this increase a tangible proportion in one case, and perhaps none in the other, consisted of English immigrants. The respective populations were, in 1860, Virginia 1,596,083, and New York 3,887,552. Pennsylvania has 15 per cent. baptisms and 10 per cent. communicants to 7 per cent. population, while, in Maryland, 16½ per cent. baptisms and 10 per cent. communicants correspond with only 5 per cent. of population. In South Carolina population has only risen two-thirds per cent. in the time specified: and communions have apparently decreased, but, as the returns are incomplete, they are probably stationary; while baptisms stand at the high ratio of 22, which seems to speak of active missionary work among the blacks. Indeed, in the Diocesan Report printed in the Appendix to the Journal of Convention, it is stated:—‘About 50 chapels for the benefit of negroes are now in use for the worship of God and the religious instruction of slaves. Many planters employ missionaries and catechists for this purpose; many more would do so if it were possible to procure them. Some of the present candidates for holy orders are looking forward to this special work. In one parish (All Saints, Waccamaw) are 13 chapels for negroes supplied with regular services. The number of negroes attending the services of the church in this diocese cannot be shown by statistics; it is very large, and increasing annually.’

In Alabama, on the contrary, where the population has increased 13 per cent., there is a decrease of 10 per cent. in baptisms, and an increase of 14 per cent. in communicants. The largest relative increase in the South, though the figures are small, is in Tennessee, where 683 baptisms have grown to 1,088 (59 per cent.), and 862 communicants to 1,300 (51 per cent.), the increase of population for these three years being only 7 per cent. and the number in 1860, 1,109,847. To beat these in the North we must go to Maine, where 520 baptisms in 1856 are succeeded by 1,092 in 1859 (110 per cent.), and 996 communicants by 1,442 (45 per cent.), the population (628,276 in 1860) only showing 2½ per cent. Vermont has an increase of 38 per cent. in baptisms and 3 per cent. in communicants to three-fifths in population. Ohio yields 33 per cent. baptisms and 13 per cent. communicants to 5 per cent. of population; Indiana, 15 per cent. and 13 per cent. to 11 per cent.; and Illinois, 53 per cent. and 25 per cent. to 100 per cent. Wisconsin, the field of Bishop Kemper's missionary labours, sends in no baptismal returns; but the communicant increase is 113 per cent., the triennial increase of the population being 45 per cent.

We shall not trouble our readers with any further detailed

statistics,—it is enough to observe that, in respect to places of worship of all kinds, the South can show larger relative figures than the North. The number of 'Churches,' so called, in the South was 16,671, and in the North 21,295 in 1850; *i.e.* the South is about 35 per cent. below the North in point of numbers of places of worship, while it is 50 per cent. below in respect of population. These figures may of course only prove a greater degree of schismatic separation, but they may at the same time, and we believe that they do, prove, that the proportion of persons in the South who make no profession at all of Christianity is less than in the North. With all the ills of slavery we have evidence to show that such forms of devil-worship as Spiritualism, Mormonism, Free-love, &c. are very abhorrent to the general Southern mind. The absence of any protection on the part of the laws to the *contubernium* of slavery is a crying evil, but the theoretical facility of divorce all over the old Union, and the practical use which is made of this evil privilege in New York, are the greater wrong of which the servile side is but one element. Assuming then that our Communion is gaining ground more or less quickly in either section of the former United States, and advancing from facts to inferences, we assert that all the moral influences which gather round the Confederate cause—the unity of action combined with the regard for particular rights; the recognition of the sacredness of individual liberty and the supremacy of law; the localizing of allegiance; the creation, through sufferings, of a patriotic tradition; the hatred of democratic excess; the spontaneous recognition of the natural leaders of society in places of trust—must all tend rather to create a Churchlike than a sectarian spirit. When we add the direct intercourse which we expect to see springing up between this country and the Confederacy, we have mentioned another influence which must be powerful for good to coming generations. The present condition of Churchmanship over much of the Confederacy is no more test of what it may be when the 'new nation' is consolidated than the degraded condition of religion among the eighteenth century squires, with its hunting parsons and dilapidated pew-encumbered churches, would have been evidence of the impossibility of that great outburst of sound self-sacrificing Churchmanship and systematic philanthropy among the lords of the soil which is at this moment in such vigorous action in every corner of England.

On the contrary, we accept the omen and expect a parallel developement of good. We are not, of course, blind enough to suppose that the Church can be either in the Confederacy or in the Union more than one sect among the others; but it may be a sect which will count by much higher figures than it does at

present and have greater weight in moulding national character. It is already influential, and yet we seldom see statesmen taking part among its councils. The only name of political note which appeared on the lists of 1859 was Mr. Memminger, of South Carolina, now Secretary of the Treasury at Richmond to President Davis, who took a prominent part as an earnest Churchman; while 1862 only gives Mr. Horatio Seymour, the Conservative Governor of New York, and Mr. Winthrop, of Boston. If it does not do much in winning fresh converts, it might at least in the North do more to keep its own who came to it by immigration.

Whatever may be the form in which the popular Christianity of the South casts itself, at least, we believe that that nation will be free from that pestilent spirit of reckless speculation on which so many Northern minds have made shipwreck. Seldom has there been a people so annealed by stern self-denial, so suddenly by their own deliberate act translated from a life of easy luxury to the hard school of endurance for justice and country's sake. A scattered agricultural people at once finds itself driven to manufacture necessities of life and munitions of war within their own beleaguered territory. A wild-living community of hunters has to submit at once to the strict discipline of the camp. Delicate women become the sempstresses and nurses of an entire community. All this suffering is borne without a murmur. The one impossible result of the war in every Southern breast is that of surrender. Welcome poverty and welcome ruin and death rather than a Northern conquest. We ask, Is not this a people among whom, if she is true to herself, the Church cannot fail to make her way?

All authorities agree that the secession has remarkably evoked a general feeling of religious earnestness in the people, which is thus staking its all on one heroic venture. Of this earnestness the living embodiment is found in General Thomas Jefferson Jackson, of Virginia, better known as 'Stonewall' Jackson—a young man under forty, who had for some years past been quietly serving his state as head of its military academy—whose earnestness in prayer and constant reliance on the blessing of God has extorted the admiration even of the enemy. McClellan, to his credit, ordered the observance of Sunday in his army, an order which Lincoln has repeated; but such a man as 'Stonewall' Jackson the North has not yet produced. We shall not be suspected of any predilection for Presbyterianism, or any great confidence in revivalism, because we pay a hearty tribute to his merits. His religion is at least terribly real; the congregations whom he assembles at his prayer-meetings are men whose lives, like those of their leader, are pledged to their country. At bye times between his revivals he is found

reviving Marathon and Sempach. Yet not one calumniator has been found to whisper that the religion of 'Stonewall' Jackson is either a pretence or a political stratagem. His real greatness will, we have no doubt, make itself seen if his life is prolonged into the years of peace which will follow the consolidation of the Southern States into a nation which owes its existence to its own unaided and heroic sufferings.

But the conflict in Virginia is not without its special features of peculiar interest to Churchmen. Two incidents in particular deserve to be noted. The first of these has not, as far as we know, appeared in any English journal, although we have seen it recited without the name of one of the principals in the *Church Journal*. We give the fact as narrated to us by a personal friend of both men. When the good old squire-Bishop Meade, who went so steadfastly with Virginia, was on his death-bed—a death-bed, by the way, hurried by the exertions which the aged prelate made to preside at the consecration of Bishop Wilmer of Alabama, the first fruits of the separated Church of the Confederacy—he sent for General Lee, whom he had known from a child, to give him his blessing and enjoin him to persevere in the contest. The cause was just, said the Bishop, and he would succeed at last. How Lee fulfilled this behest, history testifies. The second incident is one which we owe to the *Guardian's* correspondent, recited with a sneer in some corner of one of his letters. When the siege of Richmond was at its height, a Bishop (no doubt Johns, the assistant and successor of Meade) held a confirmation in one of the churches of that city, and laid his hands upon an adult's head. That adult was the *pater patriæ*, Jefferson Davis. Who can wonder at the success of a cause of which the leading spirits are men such as Jackson, Lee, and Davis?

The incident so profusely commented upon on both sides of the ocean, of Bishop Polk of Louisiana having accepted a commission in the Confederate army, is no derogation from the religiosity of Confederatism, but rather the contrary, irrespective of the right or wrong of the proceeding itself. Bishop Polk had been educated as a soldier; and he was antecedently to his consecration as first 'missionary Bishop of the South-west,' an office he held before Louisiana was raised into a diocese, a proprietor—a slave owner, we grant, on a considerable scale—but a *seigneur-cleric*, who baptized, catechized, and married all his belongings. He believed, with whatever truth or falsehood, that the irruption of the United States' invading army would be the advent of all disorder and irreligion into his State and diocese. He was the contemporary and the friend at the military academy of the President, to whom, outside of his State obligations, his allegiance was pledged. General as he is, he is so far

from forgetting his sacerdotal functions, that, as we learn from the *Church Journal*, he recently ordained, under exceptional circumstances, an army chaplain. Pupil as he was of Bishop M'Ilvaine, at West Point, it is very likely that Bishop Polk does not draw the inferences adduceable from early canons unduly tight; while possibly the examples of Abraham and of Aaron, of Samuel and of Maccabæus, are not absent from his recollection. We should be sorry to assume the office of his apologists; but at the same time, without appealing to the *ex post facto* justification that his diocese is the State which Butler now rules, we may venture to trust that there is a side to the question which would bespeak a lenient estimate of the proceedings of the squire-Bishop, who made an offering of the experience which he had gained in youth to his beleaguered country at its extreme need, strong in the belief that—

εἰς ὁλῶνος ἄριστος ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πατρίδας.

Apart from its statistical strength, the Church in the Northern States is, we believe, fulfilling a more useful task at present than the generality of English Churchmen are aware. The channels of information to which they usually refer for American intelligence would lead them to imagine that this sacred body was keenly alive to the enjoyment of Lincolnite strategics, and as eager in the pursuit of unconditional abolitionism as Wendell Phillips or 'Manhattan' on his more truculent mornings. The triennial General Convention of the Church, which happened to have sat in solemn synod at New York from the 1st to the 15th of October, would give a very different impression of the animus of those dioceses which still adhere to the United States in Church as well as State.

The very slight character of the information as to the proceedings of this Convention, which has been vouchsafed to English readers by the particular informant to whom they would have naturally gone in search of it, is somewhat noticeable. We refer, of course, to the *Guardian's* American correspondent, who has for some time past found it a more congenial occupation to apologise for Butler, suppress Turchin, put in a kind word for M'Neil, attack M'Clellan on his fall, and glorify Lincoln's hideous proclamation of servile war, than to chronicle the triennial synod of the dioceses of the residuary Union, of which all he says is, 'There have been some very animated debates already on the great question of the day, but so far the majority in the Lower House seems to be opposed to any declaration by the Church on the subject of the rebellion.' We do not blame the *Guardian* itself for this miscarriage of ecclesiastical intelligence. Its correspondent is, we believe, the same who has for a considerable number of

years catered for it in the United States. His pen has heretofore chronicled General Conventions heartily and at length. Such connexions between a paper and its correspondents are intimate and delicate, and it is to the honour of a journal not to break them lightly. We must likewise give considerable credit to the *Guardian* for the combined humour and ingenuity with which it continues so to dovetail the budget of selected American news which follows the hebdomadal letter as in nearly every instance to contradict its correspondent's finest drawn paragraphs. Still, after every allowance has been made, we are left to confess that it is very unfortunate alike for that soundest section of the Church of England which sympathizes with the *Guardian*, and for the Church, both in the Federal and the Confederate States, that this abolitionist scribe should parade himself before English eyes as the representative of episcopalian politics across the Ocean, to the suppression of real ecclesiastical news.

The evidence that the *Guardian's* correspondent does not represent the genuine mind of Federal Churchmanship lies in a nutshell. The proofs are no further off than the proceedings of that Convention which he so curtly records. To be sure, his letters are written from the city which is, above all others, not a centre in proportion to its population of any leading movement in Church or State life—the city of Philadelphia, which has for months past uneasily stood, like Issachar, between the rival burdens of Penn traditions and Southern sympathies. We fancy that no correspondent writing from New York, on whichever side his sympathies might have been expressed, could have maintained so dead a silence about the pulsation of Church life, which throbbed so feverishly in that anxious assembly.

The General Convention of 1862 met, like the civil Congress, to act out a falsehood. In 1859 the Convention had met at Richmond, the now world-famous capital of Virginia. When the assembly adjourned, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States stood possessed of thirty-three dioceses and three missions within the possessions of the States. When the Convention reassembled at New York in 1862, neither Bishop, Presbyter, nor lay representative appeared from the dioceses of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, or Texas, or from Arkansas, which seems to have grown from a mission to a diocese concurrently with secession. Everybody knew why. A new nationality had been *de facto* created, and its armies were facing up to the armies of the United States. The Church had followed the action of the State, and had constituted a 'Protestant Episcopal Church in the Confederate States.' The constituent Convention had been held, and the first regular 'Council' was to

assemble down in Georgia about a month after the meeting of the residuary Convention in New York.

The analogy of common sense and official dignity would have prescribed as an absolute necessity a resort to the Peelite expedient of three courses. Either the new organization ought to have been accepted, or it ought to have been excommunicated, or the fact of the gap in the Convention roll ought to have been ignored in face of the prevailing uncertainty. The first two courses would have fulfilled strict ecclesiastical requirement; the third would have been consistent with justifiable political expediency. There can be no doubt that the general feeling of the Lower House of the Convention—the assembled presbyters and laity—was favourable to this third course, not having the terror of the *Guardian* correspondent and of the abolitionist myrmidons before its eyes. But there was a tangible object of dread in the river hard by called Fort Lafayette, and Mr. Seymour was not yet Governor-elect. A bitter Lincolnite minority had found its way into the Synod, and there was a powerful pressure from above stairs of which we shall have more to say anon. So the fatal necessity was recognised of 'doing something'—that is, of neglecting its own appropriate business in favour of contributing its own turbid painful to the national maelstrom of seething weakness.

We can only pretend to give the slightest sketch of the tangled and quarrelsome debates on the *morale* of the secession which took the place of Church legislation in an assembly whose opening services were marked by a sermon containing an earnest appeal from Bishop M'Coskry, of Michigan, against meddling with secular politics. A Mr. Brunot of Pennsylvania, 'who had just returned from the battle-field near Sharpsfield,' fired the first shot in a preamble and resolution, strongly flavoured with 'rebellion,' calling on the Bishops to put forth a form of prayer. This resolution was promptly 'tabled' (*i.e.* civilly got rid of) by a decisive vote of dioceses and orders. Thereupon an immediate motion was made to reconsider it for the purpose of amendment, on the absurd pretext of discourtesy to Mr. Brunot. After an infinite flow of talk, some sensible and some bellicose, this motion was also lost by the non-concurrence of the lay members of the House, and the House unanimously agreed to the Bishops' very proper proposal of setting apart a fast day. On the next day, after a debate upon the interpretation of the canon regarding occasional prayers, a compromise motion was carried to refer the question of a form of prayer to a special committee of nine, which was to take into consideration all the different propositions already made. A debate which rose upon one of these was marked by a speech from a distinguished delegate, Mr. Seymour,

then candidate for, and now Governor of, New York, ostensibly in explanation of his vote of the day before, to table Mr. Brunot's resolution, but really upon the *res summa*. Mr. Seymour made an able and even eloquent address, full of kind expressions to the South, but a little inconclusive in its general result. His general scope was a full debate and an inoffensive form of prayer, and the Union would come right again. It was tolerably clear from the drift of this day's debate that the pressure had been applied, and the Convention had been launched upon the delusive course of doing something. The fifth day of the Convention was characterised by the appointment of the committee, of a moderate complexion, and by the abortive attempt of a Dr. Goodwin to induce the House to pass a series of canons of a penal character against the South.

The form which the sixth day's harrying took was the offering (by whom the *Church Journal* strangely forgets to say) of a series of 'preambles and resolutions,' attacking the consecration of Bishop Wilmer of Alabama, as 'irregular, uncanonical, and schismatical, and his jurisdiction in Alabama null and void.' This absurdity was met by a speech from Mr. Ruggles, a leading layman of New York, who was, however, able to offer no better argument than the hypothetical duress under which the clergy of Alabama and the neighbouring dioceses suffered from the presence among them of hostile armies, *i.e.* of their own volunteers defending their own homes and liberties, whom the speaker likened to a British or French army occupying New York. In the course of his speech, Mr. Ruggles, while deprecating 'depopulation' or a servile war, which he admitted would ensure rightly or wrongly an armed intervention on the part of Europe, hoped 'as a citizen, but not as a Churchman,' that 'the Southern States might be *subjugated*,' somewhat inconsistently winding up with a possible course which '*might* happen by the action of common sense and common humanity,' *i.e.* of course the acceptance on the part of the Confederates of the 'Yankee civilization,' which Wendell Phillips has at heart to endow them with. So 'why should they ever strive to 'deprive poor, unhappy Alabama of the comfort of the bishop she 'has chosen?' This patronisingly good-natured argument seems to have told with the House. A 'verbal error' being discovered, the resolutions were dropped, and the Bishop of Alabama is not stricken by the anathema of a foreign province of whose jurisdiction his consecration was the standing negation. Both Houses spent the seventh day not in sterile debate but in a solemn penitential service at Trinity Church, including a special prayer (which by the way talked of the pollution of the '*Sabbaths*,') with nothing political in it except a clause which

prayed for the conviction of 'error,' and restoration to a 'better mind' of the brethren who 'seek the dismemberment of our National Union.'

The eighth day saw the belligerents again pitted against each other, with something tangible to legislate on in the report and resolutions of the Committee of Nine, which was presented by Mr. Winthrop of Boston, a gentleman occupying a very respectable position in the American political world, and who happened to have been speaker of the House of Representatives during the short period of Mr. Lincoln's odd parliamentary career some fifteen years ago as buffoon and loose jester-in-chief to the House. The report, it appeared, was unanimous. The document itself is eminently Christian, gentlemanly, and vapid. The Committee reports itself as of course 'duly impressed' both with the importance and the difficulty of the duty imposed upon it. They are desirous to leave no room for 'present doubt or even for invidious misconstruction' as to the 'hearty loyalty' of 'this body' to the Government of the United States. They desire to confirm and strengthen the unity of the Church, and they have attempted to 'shut no door of reconciliation' to 'our brethren who are not represented here.' The Committee feel that it is not fit for the Convention to speak as if they despaired or in any degree doubted of the ultimate restoration of the 'political authority over the whole land.' Finally, it urges upon the Convention to keep upon the 'safe side' as to not mixing itself up with secular politics. Accordingly it recommends, first, that the House of clerical and lay deputies should 'call to mind distinctly and publicly' the duty 'of respectful obedience to the civil authority, regularly and legitimately constituted,' (in the words of one of the American Articles,) in consequence of what the Church had imported into the Prayer-Book prayers for the President and all in civil authority, and for the Congress during their session. Second, that 'they cannot be wholly blind' to the course which has been pursued 'in their ecclesiastical as well as in their civil relations' since the last Convention, by 'great numbers of the members and ministers of this Church' in 'certain States which had arrayed themselves in open and armed resistance to the regularly constituted Government,' and accordingly while 'they refrain from employing towards them any terms of condemnation or of reproach' they yet feel bound to declare their sense of 'the deep and grievous wrong' so inflicted. Third, that while as 'individuals and citizens,' they recognised their 'whole duty in sustaining and defending our country;' as 'Churchmen, they are only at liberty to pledge their prayers' to the Government. Fourth, that they will 'gladly receive and fervently use' any occasional prayers which the bishops may put

forth; and fifth, that a copy of the document be transmitted to the House of Bishops as evidence of the 'views and feelings of the Lower House.'

It requires no comment of ours to make the animus of this document clear. While it may not be a very dignified or consistent *pronunciamento* for a Church Council to have submitted to it, it was, as far as its effects went, about as decided a rebuke to the spirit of the Lincoln Government, of which the *Guardian* correspondent is the trumpeter, as Mr. Seymour's subsequent election. The question was postponed till the morrow, and the ninth day began with some real Church work in the amendment of the canon for the restoration of deposed ministers. This subject was disposed of pretty briskly, and the House relapsed into politics. Judge Hoffman of New York, known heretofore as a writer of authority on Church law, moved a string of counter-resolutions, attaching the Southern Church with the offence of schism, and, of course, provoked a debate, in which the Rev. Mr. M'Allister, of California, declared in favour of laying all the resolutions on the table, and so doing nothing. On the tenth day, Dr. Hawks was of opinion that there was an almost universal desire to make the resolutions a little stronger. Mr. Ruggles proclaimed himself 'as a citizen strongly in favour of prosecuting the war,' after which delivery he proceeded to show up some of the constitutional shortcomings of the Church in the States, and argued, though not very closely, in defence of the original document. Dr. Mahan, an eminent professor in the General Theological Seminary at New York, followed, with a speech which seems to have produced a great effect, exposing the hollowness of such a body emitting 'opinions,' or, still more, a 'compromise of opinions,' to please the outside public, and the difficulty of doing more. One passing allusion by Dr. Mahan to the question of 'universal emancipation' as underlying the real question as far as the North was concerned, was all that the Convention contributed to that important point of social politics, and this allusion, it seems, was received with 'laughter.' Dr. Mahan pronounced it to be '*political*' and not '*ecclesiastical*,' and therefore beyond the purposes of the Convention. The debate continued on the eleventh day, and was enlivened by Dr. Vinton making capital out of a vulgar and illiterate rhodomontade professing to be an intercepted letter from Bishop Polk, which the inculpated prelate subsequently declared to be a forgery. Dr. Hawks suggested some amendments. Debate and suggestions flowed on for the twelfth day, which was noticeable for a minimizing form of resolution proposed by Mr. Cornwall, and a very honest speech against resolutions at all from Mr. Judd, the lay delegate from Illinois, who

introduced with much effect a very revolutionary passage from one of Lincoln's speeches when a member of Congress in 1848. He gave proofs of the pressure which was being brought to bear upon the Convention, and stated, among other instances, that one gentleman had expressed his hope the resolutions might pass, as if they were defeated they might risk Mr. Seymour's election. A Dr. Randall made a fierce Northern speech; and a very earnest protest from Judge Chambers, of Maryland, weighty for his years, character, and talents, against any resolutions, also formed a feature of the twelfth day. At last the debate came to an end, near midnight on the thirteenth day, October 15th, when Dr. Mahan and other speakers spoke again. Dr. Mason's motion that the whole subject should be laid on the table was voted on by dioceses and orders, and lost by a narrow majority, the numbers for it being the clergy of 9 and the laity of 7 dioceses, against the clergy of 11 and the laity of 10, the clergy of 2 dioceses being divided. It is noticeable that the clergy and laity of Kentucky, Maryland, and New Jersey, voted for the tabling. So did the clergy of New York and Western New York, the laity taking the other side. A similar majority, but differently distributed, rejected Mr. Welsh's amendments, proposing to make the resolutions a little stronger. The vote was then taken upon Judge Hoffman's 'rebellion, sedition, and schism' resolutions, which were rejected by a majority of the clergy and laity of 14 dioceses (not the same), against the clergy of 7 and the laity of 2 dioceses (Delaware and Ohio), with the clergy of Iowa and the laity of Pennsylvania divided. Delaware and Ohio were the only dioceses which gave Judge Hoffman a majority in both orders. Dr. Thrall's diluted resolution was next lost, so was a series proposed by Mr. M'Allister, strongly condemnatory of any political *pronunciamento* at all on the part of the Convention, which, however, succeeded in gaining the clergy of California, Kentucky, Maryland, Minnesota, New Jersey, Vermont, and Western New York, and the laity of Illinois, Kentucky, Maryland, New Jersey and Vermont, and in dividing the clergy of Connecticut and New Hampshire and the laity of Connecticut and Minnesota. Then came the wind-up of so much debate in the adoption of the Committee's document unamended by the clergy of 13 and the laity of 11 dioceses against the clergy of 6 and the laity of 5 dioceses, with the clergy of 3 and the laity of 1 divided. The list of voters shows that the minority contains the names of Churchmen who thought the resolutions went too far, rather than those of persons who thought they did not go far enough. In fact, the Lower House of the Convention, as a whole, was willing to swallow this meaningless bundle of benevolent plausibilities; while there was a minority, strong in

ability if not in numbers, which rejected such deference to Messrs. Lincoln, Chase, and Seward, and the *New York Times*. An attempt which Mr. Ruggles made on the fifteenth day to censure the Southern dioceses was shelved.

A much more ecclesiastical proposition for a committee to consider the division of the Church into provinces was held over to the next Convention, under a battery of protestations, on the part of Mr. Ruggles. So concluded the triennial session of the Lower House of Convention of the Northern Church, so far as its debates had reference to the disruption. The purely ecclesiastical debates for the first, and we hope for the last, time receded into the background.

We have a shorter and a different record to give of the action of the Bishops' House. The episcopal debates are conducted with closed doors, but no secrecy is maintained as to their tenor; and the *Church Journal* enjoyed peculiar advantages in getting at the truth, as one of its proprietors—so advertised in its pages—is the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, son of the Venerable Bishop of Vermont, who acted as presiding Bishop, *vice* Bishop Brownell of Connecticut, during the recent Convention. It is the custom of the American Episcopate in Convention to issue a triennial pastoral, which is read by way of sermon at the concluding Eucharistic service of the Convention, and then published. At the Convention of 1859 no pastoral could be got ready, from some mismanagement; but that assembly took action to remedy any similar miscarriage by appointing a committee of five Bishops to draw up the pastoral for 1862, composed of the Bishops of Vermont (Chairman), Kentucky, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Michigan, being five of the oldest Bishops. The Chairman drafted the document, and read it to his colleagues at a Committee called after the Meeting of Convention. They suggested some corrections, and thought it too long; but otherwise liked it. The Bishop complied with their hints, and at a second Meeting produced again the document, so amended, when the other Bishops all highly approved of it; and on the motion of the Bishop of Ohio it was unanimously resolved to report it to the House of Bishops as the pastoral, of course subject to alteration in the House. It will not be forgotten that the Bishop of Ohio is the Dr. M'Ilvaine who, in concert with Mr. Thurlow Weed and the Roman Catholic Archbishop Hughes, of New York, came to Europe early last year as an unaccredited embassy from Mr. Lincoln.

A few days elapsed when the Bishop M'Ilvaine called on Bishop Hopkins to reconvoke the committee. Though no reason was given, the request was complied with. On the committee meeting, Dr. M'Ilvaine, who had, as we have seen, moved the adoption of Dr. Hopkins' paper, produced a draft pastoral of his

own, and moved that it should be offered to the House alternatively with that of the Bishop of Vermont. The latter felt a delicacy as to voting upon a production of his own, left the House, and would not vote. Dr. M'Ilvaine had no such scruple, but voted for his own paper, and was supported by Bishop Smith, of Kentucky. Bishops Kemper, of Wisconsin, and M'Coskry, of Michigan,—prelates, we need not say, of great eminence,—supported Bishop Hopkins; but as the votes were equal, owing to his perhaps overstrained scrupulosity, the two papers had perforce to be reported to the House.

The day had arrived, and the plot revealed itself. The Holy Fathers were solemnly gathered in Synod, and a letter from Mr. Seward to Bishop M'Ilvaine was privately shown about. Another letter to the same prelate from Mr. Chase was publicly read, containing this significative passage:—‘How I long for ending of this bloody strife! May God grant us the clearness of judgment, the vigour of will, and the energy of action, necessary to its speediest, and, therefore, least mournful termination.’ The Bishop of Ohio’s proposed pastoral,—a document which drives a coach-and-six in the high Lincoln-Seward style, through all the knottiest problems of American constitutional law, such as State rights, &c.—was then read off to the puzzled prelates, full of the benignant war blast of the great Chase, and the unpublished arguments of the still greater Seward. Bishop Hopkins’ document, full of nothing more exciting than the recital of the plain duties of a Christian Church in trying times of great general demoralization, stood at a disadvantage by its side. Bishop Whittingham, of Maryland, a prelate remarkable alike for his personal virtues and his theological acquirements, but a man rather of the study than of the forum, more versed in canons than in constitutional lore, and somewhat, we should gather, inclined to set up a Laudian system of obedience in favour of Mr. Lincoln, moved the adoption of the Bishop of Ohio’s Pastoral. An instantaneous vote was taken, and the *coup de main* was successful. Bishop Hopkins, and brave old Bishop Kemper, voted against the manifesto; so did another Bishop, whose name is not given. The Bishop of New York, whose influence in opposition to political action had been felt, was absent; so was the Bishop of Michigan, who had so boldly testified against any meddling with politics in his opening sermon. The other Bishops followed suit, or held their tongues; and the Episcopate of the Northern States stood for the first time in American Church history committed to a political pastoral. Happily, an address to Mr. Lincoln from the Bishops, prepared by Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania, fell through. But Dr. M'Ilvaine, who seems to have somehow been raised at some period of the Convention into the post of

ad-interim presiding Bishop, took care to forward a copy of the Pastoral—addressed as it was to the ‘Clergy and Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church’—to Mr. Lincoln, who, as we hear, ‘is not a Churchman at all, nor even a baptized man, and generally attends Presbyterian worship.’ Be this as it may, the unbaptized Republican autocrat was graciously pleased to express his thanks to Dr. M’Ilvaine—through his minister Seward—in a rescript dated October 29, and brimful of unexceptionable sentiment. One-fiftieth of the whole official edition of the Pastoral was sent to Messrs. Seward and Chase.

But there was another incident which marked the close of the Convention. As we have said, the periodical Council customarily and rightly ends with a solemn synodical Eucharist, in which the new Pastoral is promulgated. The internal arrangements of the Church in which the Convention of 1862 was held presented an apse, in which the Bishops sat, in basilican fashion, the presiding Bishop in the centre. Every one remarked that the central seat was vacant when the service began, and that it went on without a Primate. Every one also remarked that, upon the conclusion of the reading of the Pastoral, the Bishop of Vermont proceeded out of the sacristy, and took his seat of primary honour. It was an act of no small moral courage to make so public and so significant a protest, on so solemn and ceremonious an occasion, against the manœuvres of the petted emissary of a lawless military republic. The Bishop had previously lodged a most solemn protest with his brethren, and on their refusing to print it, had it published in the *Church Journal*.

The results of this Convention, which we have so briefly epitomized, may be regarded with very different feelings. It is undeniably certain that the Episcopal Church does not appear before the world in very dignified colours. The three-years-full of Church work which might have been expected is as good as erased, since nothing was done in the way of practical reform except the canon for the restoration of deposed ministers, which has already been acted on in the case of Dr. Forbes of New York, whilom a Roman Catholic priest, and of a clergyman who had lapsed to Unitarianism, but who returned to the faith. The case is not mended by the quality of the political business which really occupied the attention of the Convention. The preambles and resolutions of the Lower House, with their many words and little meaning, are palpably no more than a kite sent up to turn men’s eyes off any practical conclusion or action whatever; while the simplicity which allowed the Bishops to be caught in the trap so clumsily baited by Messrs. Seward and Chase, and Dr. M’Ilvaine, has brought the Episcopate itself into as much personal disrespect, and the subject-matter of the M’Ilvaine pamphlet has

excited great and general disapprobation. But on the other hand, bating the Episcopal *laches*, the Convention very unmistakeably refused to lend itself to the war-at-all-price party. Abolitionism was ignored even to a fault; for surely the moral and religious condition of four millions of blacks is not a subject alien to the deliberations of a body which pretended to represent the Reformed Church of the whole old Union, and which as a fact did contain the delegates of the four border Slave States.

In short, if we take into consideration the large and weighty minority of the Lower House, who voted against any resolutions, we are led to the conclusion that with all its vacillation of conduct the representative Church of the Northern and Border States is, so far as the presbyters and laity go, on the side of peace, though the misfortunes of the time and their own want of firm standing ground have driven them to clothe their feelings in the language of the Northern 'democratic' platform. The evidence is equally strong, that the Bishops will not go further if they will even dare go so far as they did on that unlucky morning, when they bartered their independence for the favour of a Chase and a Seward. The Church is certainly a power in the American polity, and a power, we believe, stronger, in certain contingencies, than its mere numbers would lead one to suppose. Is it past hoping that in the march of public opinion the Church, recovering more of self-respect and self-confidence than it now shows itself mistress of, will be an influential agency towards that inevitable and blessed result, the recognition of the Southern Confederacy? The scales must fall off its eyes some day, and we would trust when that time comes that its retrospect may not be such as to cover it with confusion.

No more blessed external work exists for Christ's Church to compass, than that which it is now in the power of the Northern dioceses to help on—to aid in the settlement of the American continent, not as the unchecked pride of Fourth of July statesmen dreamed it, but as God and the analogy of history mark it out. The break up of the unwieldy Union—followed, as it must be, by the division of the Church into provinces—would in itself be an unmeasured benefit to the Church, by the creation of a spirit of godly competition between the sections. If, as it boasts itself, the Northern Church is proportionately stronger and more orthodox than the Southern, then it will be more free to follow its own unshackled course; while the Southern Church, when thrown upon its own resources, will have the opportunity of putting to the proof the advantages which it believed it would reap from a consummated secession. We are utterly lost to understand how Northern Churchmen can delude themselves with the notion that even if the armies which the Union has sent into the field

could ever overrun and hold the Confederate States, the Church of those States would brook a renewed incorporation with the Northern dioceses. It is beyond the power of General Butler to compel the South to send deputies to a general Convention, although he may send three Episcopal clergymen prisoners of war to New York, because they would not pray for Lincoln in a service of which, politically speaking, Butler is not supposed to know the existence. That marked aversion to the Church which has made the Lincoln Government seize on all the Episcopal churches in Washington for hospitals, while there were other buildings as commodious standing empty, by, is not likely to conciliate Southern Churchmen. But, in truth, we can have no better evidence of the state of feeling than the fact that Bishop Whittingham's well-known politics have, unhappily, caused much alienation between himself and his High Church diocese of Maryland. In the election to the Convention from that diocese, men as eminent as Dr. Coxe and Dr. Hugh Davie Evans failed to obtain seats from the same cause. Simultaneously with the wordy debates at New York, a short paragraph runs the course of the papers, American and English, that the Bishop of Georgia has notified the ratification of the constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church by the dioceses of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas, and that the first 'council' was about to meet, on the 12th of November, at Augusta, Georgia.

The Constituent Assembly, held in the autumn of 1861, likewise contained the representatives of Florida, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Louisiana, and the Bishops of all but the latter. The hated presence of the Northern armies within those States, is a sufficient excuse for their delay in organizing—and indeed we have seen somewhere that Bishop Lay, of Arkansas, was a prisoner of war. We much regret that we should have no particulars of this meeting to give. If we might venture to suggest a topic for its deliberation, it would be the recognition of the State authorities and legislatures in the Prayer-book, alongside of the President and Congress of the Confederation. But it needs no details to be sure that, having got their own organization, these dioceses will adhere to it. Why should they wish to return to the North, and be outvoted whenever it came to a question in which one section found itself pitted against the other? It knows well that the North will never dare to excommunicate it; and if it did so, the South would be content to remain excommunicated. But we really beg pardon for having, for even a few moments, played with the dream of a civil reunion. We only did so to assert that an ecclesiastical reunion, which depends on man's will and not on man's battalions, is if possible more impossible.

There is yet another aspect of the question in which—would they void themselves of their political antecedents, and look upon the matter as Churchmen only—the adherents both of North and of South who love the Catholic Faith ought to acknowledge the prospective benefits of separation. The preponderance in the world's councils a few generations hence of the English-speaking nations, is, to say the least, exceedingly probable. But such a preponderance, according as its head-quarters were fixed in London or at New York, might either be the preponderance of principles which the consistent Churchman would be constrained to approve or to repudiate, according as they represented the system of hereditary liberty under a limited monarchy, side by side with a hereditary Church, or that of unchecked and tyrannous democracy resting on the ballot-box and universal suffrage. Already the divergence of character between the 'Yankee' and the English branches of the Anglo-Saxon race is such as to astonish philosophic observers. The gradual vitiation of the stock by bad foreign infusion explains much. But the fact of a thoroughly rotten political and social system must be admitted to account for the completeness of the phenomenon. Every generation would widen the breach if the dream of 'Yankee civilization' consolidating its empire came true. The Anglo-Saxon race might rule the world, but it would need a *hegemony* within itself, and that *hegemony* might either influence from Westminster and Canterbury, or from New York and Chicago. The South, by its noble preference of independence to empire, has settled the question of the *hegemony* in favour of the old parent country. It will be the happier for having done so—so will the North when its dream of angry disappointment is over; so will also be the two or three other commonwealths into which the Union must split. The Church, perforce transmuted into as many independent national synods as there are political Confederations, will soon take its place alongside of, and compete with the different provincial organizations into which the Anglican Communion in our colonies has been so rapidly shaping itself. The central regulating conservative influence will be found in its natural resting-place, the English Church in England.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Exploration and Survey of the Great Salt Lake.* By CAPTAIN STANSBURY, U.S. Engineers. 1849—52.
2. *The Mormons, or Latter Day Saints.* By LIEUT. J. W. GUNNISON, U.S. Engineers. 1849—52.
3. *A Visit to Salt Lake, and a Residence in the Mormon Settlement of Utah.* By WILLIAM CHANDLESS. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.
4. *Journey to the Land of the Mormons.* By M. JULES REMY, and E. BRENCHELEY, M.A. Paris: E. Dentu. 1860. London: Jeffs, Burlington Arcade.
5. *The City of the Saints.* By RICHARD F. BURTON. Longman and Co. 1862.
6. *The Prophet of the Nineteenth Century.* By H. CASWALL. Rivington. 1843.

It is probable that the reflection may have occurred to the reader, as he cast his eye upon the heading of this article, how little it is that we know of this undoubtedly great and important commonwealth—a commonwealth which may yet be destined to fill a conspicuous page in history. By withdrawing into the fastnesses of the Great Salt Lake district, the leaders of the Mormons seem to have attained a double purpose: they have baffled not only persecution, but curiosity; they have obtained not only safety, but obscurity; they have dropped a curtain between themselves and the remainder of the world, and though we may catch a murmur from behind as of a great multitude, or hear sounds and rumours as of mighty preparations, yet scarcely any one can say whether the curtain will one day be lifted up, and, if so, what strange influences on the fortunes of the American nation, at least, may be destined to issue from behind it. Even the great strife that is now rending the North American continent from one end to the other, has evoked no sign from the Salt Lake community. Among the events which have stirred that mighty nation, not as the tempest stirs the surface of the sea, but as the volcanic convulsion breaks up the very platforms of the deep, there is one spot, and one spot only, which preserves an unbroken silence; there is no voice from behind the veil; not one token that the Mormonite community has any part or interest in the welfare of that mighty commonwealth of which it forms a part. And so it is, that of all our

own emigrants, those only who betake themselves to Utah seem entirely cut off from our knowledge and concern. They seem to have withdrawn themselves entirely from the sphere of our sympathies and interests; to have passed beyond the limits of our social atmosphere; to have reached a point where all the laws of social gravitation tend exclusively to a centre among themselves. The process, indeed, by which the community is recruited is not unfamiliar to us; the feeders of the Lake are among us, even though that circumstance only makes it the more strange that we know so little of its nature and its level, that its outlets are so resolutely concealed. It is not seldom that we meet, in a railway train or at a packet-station, with a small body of humble emigrants, who excite our attention by a peculiar appearance of reticence and self-absorption, unusual to their station, and who turn out on inquiry to be emigrants to the land of Mormon. It is not seldom that some country village is stirred into excitement, by the departure of a local preacher with a band of proselytes. Unfortunately, too, it is not seldom that we read some sad tale in the columns of the newspapers of husband or mother seeking the interference of the law to stay the departure of a wife or child.

Of the motives of their exodus we can usually judge. In a few it is an earnest enthusiastic faith, wrought up to frenzy by the declamation or pretended miracles of some fervent preacher; in many a dogged ignorance, accepting as simple truth all which their prophets choose to tell them, expecting to find literally a new Jerusalem, with streets of real silver and houses of real gold; whilst to not a few of the half-educated class (we have heard of at least one national schoolmistress taking her departure thus) the belief is simply in a land overflowing with husbands, and where single-blessedness is unknown.

But with their departure from our shores all our connexion with them seems to cease; they go out, in one respect, like the Israelites from Egypt, leaving no link between themselves and the land whence they depart; few care to trace their fortunes; and if some traveller in the far West describes his meeting with a train of gaunt men and weary women, pressing onward bravely and steadily through toil and suffering, and thirst and hunger, it is but seldom that we associate the company with those countrymen and countrywomen who went forth so lately from our English homes, or think that among them may have been some brought up under our knowledge, trained under the same influences, worshipping, it may be, a few months or even weeks ago, in the same church with ourselves.

It is, then, to the present condition of these Mormons in their home, connected with us as it is by the double links of interest

in their past and curiosity about their future, that we purpose to devote the present article; simply taking the accounts of travellers who have seen with their own eyes the things which they narrate, and endeavouring to draw from them, without reference to prejudice, or preconceived ideas, a picture of the Mormons as they are: and this, without in any way entering in these remarks on the religious element, but simply taking their outward aspect, as one of the great communities of the world.

It would seem from the experience of history, as if every sect or party which has ever taken any foremost place among the dynasties of the world, however harsh or repulsive or uninteresting in itself, yet has had some period in its existence, usually either in its rise or its decay, in which it has assumed a peculiarly picturesque attitude, in which some unusual interest has attached to it—some glamour of romance been cast upon it—like the first soft green leaves of spring, or the gorgeous scarlet canopies of autumn, clothing, with a transient beauty, the bare and rugged branches of the forest. Such seasons, in their several annals, are the persecution and flight of Mahomet; the stern endurance of the Cameronians; the last gallant struggles of the Stuart dynasty; the high attitude taken by the *noblesse* of France, so feeble, and corrupt, and foul in their prosperity, when suddenly brought face to face with the fierce horrors of the Revolution. And this period of their existence seems to have arrived for the Mormons, soon after that great outburst of popular fury, which cast them out, driving helplessly before the storm, from their first resting-place at Nauvoo. It must have been a very difficult, almost a hopeless, position, in which the chiefs of the new faith found themselves after the murder of their first leader, Joseph Smith. The land which they had chosen out from all others for their first abode had, to use the old homely Scripture phrase, ‘spewed them out for their abominations.’ The peculiar tenets of their faith deprived them of the ordinary resource of sects in time of persecution, of flying dispersedly to different cities, and remaining there under cover of the multitude, till safer times enable them to reappear. American territory, to the extreme verge of which they had already fled, was closed against them. The English dominion, with its strict laws of citizenship, and the pressure of the Imperial Government, making itself felt in the most private details of household life, could offer them no home. Between the two lay a barren desert, empty of timber, of food, of water; a wide fringe of wilderness, hanging on the skirts of civilization; its rocky soil setting at defiance the labours of the husbandman; its population fierce Indians, sharing perforce the alternate

penury and plenty of its game and roots, with a few white hunters and trappers, their deadly enemies, scarcely less savage than themselves, carrying on an irreconcilable war with every emigrant, and flying from the vengeance of civilized men into fastnesses whose very barrenness became an impregnable defence.

To this wilderness, however, the leaders of the Mormon emigration turned their thoughts, perceiving, doubtless, that the very circumstances which made it seem such a hopeless refuge, fitted it in some ways for the peculiar requirements of their case. Far in among those wild mountains, far away over those barren plains, there might be somewhere a retreat where foot of civilized man could not follow; where no external force could make its presence felt among the wheels of their state machinery; where, unimpeded by alien influences, they might rest in peace, and develop their resources, and perfect the framework of their state; where their tender infant colony might grow and ripen into its due size and strength, till it could bid defiance to its enemies, and issue from its desert home, prepared to play its part and do its work as a powerful and independent nation. And the spies whom they had sent into the wilderness soon returned with tidings of the home which they desired. They had found, nestled among the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, a retreat which seemed to offer all that they required for a while. They told of a vast plain of fertile land, or land, at least, that could be made fertile by human industry; of fountains of sweet water; of a broad desert frontier, almost impassable by hostile forces, with inner ramparts of steep rocks and narrow passes, defensible by a few determined men against a multitude of assailants; of a site for a new city, in which it was only an additional attraction that the natural features, to which it owed its strength as a military position, must make it, for many years to come, dependent on its own resources. This, indeed, seemed to promise all that they required; the entire absence of all facilities for trade and commerce, so necessary to most young colonies, was to them, whose urgent present need was solitude and secrecy, the most desirable of attractions. Here, then, they fixed their future station, and prepared, during the summer of 1846, to occupy it in the ensuing year.

All through that summer they clung to their post, with an undaunted courage and a simple faith worthy of a nobler and a truer object. With the rifle ever in their hands, and their faces set towards the enemy, they ploughed, they sowed, they built, though they had to hold, by one incessant struggle, the very plots of land on which their work was being done. The very cornfields, as they grew up into that food on which they depended for their sustenance in the coming winter, became their

fortresses—coverts whence their riflemen could hold the enemy at bay, as he advanced over the plain; until, at length, the weary summer past, the object of the straggling warfare was attained, the crop was reaped, the preparation finished. Without a sigh they turned their backs on the fields which they had won out from barrenness by their own stout arms and patient industry, and set their faces once again towards the wilderness. But, before they left, there was one more ceremonial to be completed, one more farewell to be taken of that land which, in their view, had been hallowed, as being their abiding-place for a while. All through that summer they had been toiling at the construction of a sacred edifice—building, with strange perseverance of industry, a mighty temple on that soil which they were so soon about to leave; and now, on the very day before their exodus, 'when complete in all its parts, the consecrators' were called from the surrounding country, and from parties 'far advanced on their prophetic journey, priests, elders, bishops' stole into the city as simple travellers, and were suddenly 'metamorphosed into dignities by their robes of office; and one day, from high noon to the shades of night, was a scene of 'rejoicing and solemn consecration in that beautiful edifice, on 'which so much anxiety and thought had been expended. There 'stood the Mormon temple in its simple beauty, the great altar 'hung with festoons of flowers and green wreaths, the baptistic 'laver resting on twelve elaborately-carved oxen, decorated 'with the symbolic flowers, celestial, telectual [*sic*], and terrestrial; the chant was sung, the prayers offered up, the noble 'building, resplendent with light of lamps and torches, solemnly 'dedicated to God. This done, the walls were dismantled of 'the ornaments and symbols of their faith, the key-words of the 'mysteries and the lettered insignia were removed in haste, and 'the glorious temple left to be profaned and trodden under foot 'of the Gentiles, till the time of the Gentiles is fulfilled.' (Lieut. Gunnison, p. 25.) Thus they departed. The sufferings of that winter we will not now detail; it was spent in wandering from state to state, pursued from place to place by the persecution of the authorities and the hatred of the people, decimated by disease, fatigue, and want of shelter and of food. At length, in the young spring-time, they began the journey over the prairie, and, after a fearful season of famine, sickness, and weariness, saved from starvation only by the rifles of a few skilful hunters, on July 24, 1847, the foremost of the band passed through the last defile, and burst into a song and shout of praise, as, from the mouth of Emigration Canyon, they saw the promised land beneath their feet, glowing in the warmth and beauty of the setting sun.

But even then their trials were not over. Lieutenant Gunnison tells us a sad tale of the sufferings of that early summer before the crops were ripe. 'They were reduced to eat 'the hides of slaughtered animals, and eagerly sought them out 'of the ditches, and tore them from the roofs of houses; they 'dug side by side with the wild Utes for the roots used for food.' Their growing crop of wheat was threatened with destruction by a host of crickets, and they were only saved by the arrival from the Lake of a countless multitude of 'beautiful white gulls, 'dove-like in form and motion, with bright red beaks and feet, 'and plumage of a downy texture and softness.' These gulls, however, seem to have been messengers of peace. An abundant harvest followed; and, from that time to the present, they have steadily gone on in their own way, developing the plan and order of their government, and building that great city in which they have been visited by the several travellers whose names are prefixed to the present article. And here it may not be amiss to say a few words as to these various sources of information, comprising, we believe, all that has come to us of late years, in an authentic shape, from the capital of Mormondom.

Captain Stansbury and Lieutenant Gunnison were the officers in charge of a United States' expedition, sent out, in 1852, for the purpose of exploration and survey in the Great Salt Lake district. M. Remy and Mr. Brenchley are a Frenchman and an Englishman, who appear to have travelled in company, simply from a desire to explore the country. William Chandless is a roving Englishman, evidently a man of education and ability, who crossed the prairie in the character of a hired driver of cattle. The name of Captain Burton is familiar to us all. All these accounts seem to be written in a candid and impartial spirit, and to be real transcripts of the impressions made upon the writers by what they saw with their own eyes during their respective sojourns among the Mormons. And it seems evident that, by putting together the impressions derived from so many independent sources—the American scientific soldiers, the experienced traveller, the wandering teamster, and the lively Frenchman—we shall be enabled to obtain a tolerably clear idea of, at least, the outward aspect of the Mormon settlement. But we cannot pass on to our account without one word of sad and earnest protest against the offensive tone which Captain Burton thinks fit to adopt when speaking to Christian men of their Christian faith. It is undoubtedly right that he should give his own impressions, be they what they may—that he should defend a body of men who have shown him hospitality, if he can really and honestly believe that they are suffer-

ing from unfounded calumnies and false imputations—that he should, if he really thinks it is in the interests of truth and justice so to do, take up his brief, and plead warmly and skillfully in their behalf; and we would not blame him too severely, though his zeal should seem to overrun his evidence, and his pleading partake of the nature of that which is called special. But it cannot be necessary to adopt a tone of speaking of our faith which cannot but be painful to every earnest believer. It cannot be right to compare, as on the same level, Jerusalem and Utah, the Bible and the ‘Book of Mormon,’ the founder of Mormonism and the Founder of our faith; to make such a parade of utter indifference; to assume the tone of one who is above them both, and sees them as on a level from his point of view, when speaking of the two religions.

But to continue our account. The City of Deseret, or ‘Honey-bee’ in the Mormon language, is built upon a plateau 4,000 feet above the sea-level, yet lying as a valley, or rather as a series of terraces, round the shores of that remarkable basin, formed among the recesses of the Rocky Mountains, and known as the Great Salt Lake. It is situated ‘midway between the states of the great Mississippi, and the golden empire rising to life and influence on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. It is isolated from habitable grounds, having inhospitable tracts of country to north and south; the untimbered slope of the Rocky Mountains, nearly 1,000 miles wide, on east; and nearly 1,000 miles of arid salt deserts on west, broken up by frequent ridges of sterile mountains.’ (Gunnison).

The general aspect of the country seems to be a succession of ‘bench lands,’ or terraces, formed by successive elevations of the beach levels during long past geologic epochs; running at the foot of lofty mountains, and extending in one case for thirty miles in length, and from one to two miles in breadth; in some instances these terraces are composed of a sterile salt soil, utterly irreclaimable for agricultural purposes; in others, of soil which may be reclaimed by irrigation; and, in some, of deep and rich alluvium, producing luxuriant crops of all kinds of corn and vegetables of which the climate will permit the growth.

Varying the monotony of these flatter levels are deep valleys or gorges, running up into the recesses of the mountains, called ‘kanyons,’ affording in their bottoms a rich supply of alluvial soil, and, in the watercourses which flow down them, admirable sites for mills, and motive power for machinery of all sorts.

Lieutenant Gunnison tells us, ‘180 fold (of wheat) was once reaped from drilling one bushel on three acres; sixty bushels are usually grown to the acre; potatoes are luxuriant, and sugar-

'beet attains an enormous size.' 'There are abundance of iron mines, and interminable beds of coal, on the Green River basin; hill pastures, the finest in the world for sheep and herds; water power for manufactures in every stream; in short, all the elements for a great and powerful mountain nation.'

As to the capabilities of the territory for supporting its inhabitants, the same authority calculates that 'the territory of Utah will support a million of inhabitants;' and this, be it remembered, on the data of a scientific survey.

In corroboration of this, we find stated in a report of the agricultural condition of Washington county, taken by Captain Burton (page 354) from the *Deseret News*, that cotton grows freely in many portions of that district; that very fine tobacco, madder, and indigo have been raised there, while at an agricultural show were exhibited bunches of grapes, measuring nineteen inches in length; a stalk of cotton, containing 307 forms; a radish, measuring eighteen inches in circumference; and a sun-flower head, thirty-six inches; the growth of all sorts of fruit-trees appears to be most rapid and luxuriant.

The climate of the Basin has been compared, by Captain Burton, to that of the Tartar plains of high Asia. A dry pure arid air, with little rain, intense cold in the winter, and great heat in the summer, while even then cold blasts of air are ever pouring over the plain, '*as from the nozzle of a forge bellows*,' from the recesses of the Kanyons, where the snow still lingers, form conditions favourable, it seems, to vegetation, and not unfavourable to human health. Paralysis is rare; scrofula and phthisis are unknown; the chief local complaints are neuralgia, pneumonia, and ophthalmia; wounds of any kind become readily subject to inflammation; and febrile attacks, and affections of the liver, are not rare. But doubtless much of this favourable report may be put to the account of the forced industry of the people, and the comparative absence of the luxuries of civilized life.

The territory of Utah is now divided into seventeen counties; the population given by the United States census, for 1856, was 76,335, forming a remarkable advance on the 4,000 souls who took possession of the colony in 1847. The greater part of this large increase is doubtless due to the continual stream of immigration flowing thither from all parts of the world; it seems there is scarcely a corner of the world which the missionaries of the new faith have not reached. One of the first persons who met M. Remy, on his entrance to the city, was a man whom Mr. Brenchley had known as a missionary in the Sandwich Islands. A complete system of emigration, too, has been organized—partly to provide for the expenses of the poorer

emigrants, partly to regulate the transit over the most difficult part, the passage of the great prairie. The latter object is effected in the case of the poorer emigrants by the organization of 'hand cart trains,' in which the emigrants, collected in small bodies, and placing their effects on small carts, drawn or pushed along by hand, are put in charge of certain officers sent out for the purpose, who both act as guides, and provide for order by the way. The former object is attained by assistance given by way of loan from a public fund. 'The saint whose passage is thus defrayed, works out his debt in the public "ateliers," he is supplied with food from the Deseret store, and receives half the value of his labour, besides which, a tithe of his time and toil are free.' (Burton, p. 360.) Of the number of emigrants, we are told that from 1840 to 1854, they numbered 17,195. In 1854-55, 4,716; and from the 1st of July, 1857, to the 30th of June, 1860, 2,433. These figures, as will be observed, show, we are glad to see, a decreasing ratio. Of the emigrants in 1857, 1,074 were English; 126 Scotch; 173 Welsh; 12 Irish; 528 Danes; 193 Swedes; and 41 Norwegians.

Thus the chief sources from which it is recruited seem to be England and Denmark, as if the visionary rhapsodies of the Prophet, like their own old Sagas, had a peculiar attraction for the Scandinavian mind. The counties in England which furnish most emigrants are said to be Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Staffordshire. (Burton, p. 362).

The site of the city is most beautiful. Even Captain Burton warms into rapture as he speaks of the way in which it burst upon his sight from the mouth of Emigration Canyon:— 'Switzerland and Italy lay side by side . . . the valley, the lovely panorama of green and azure, and gold, is apparently girt on all sides by hills . . . at our feet lay like a band of burnished silver the Great Salt Lake, southwards for twenty-five miles stretched the length of the valley, with the little river Jordan winding its way, like a silver thread in a brocade of green and gold.' (Pp. 242-4).

The city itself is four miles long by three broad, built, like all American cities, on a rectangular plan, each house being forty feet from the front line of lot, with trees and shrubs planted in the intervals, with the Wachsatoh mountains as a background to the east and north, washed by the river Jordan on the west, and commanding a broad plain, fertilized by rivers, which extends for twenty-five miles southwards. Through the city runs on its pebbly bed an unfailing stream of pure sweet water, provided and regulated by a public company, and employed, with a wise economy, after satisfying the domestic wants of

the citizens, in the irrigation of their gardens. (Stansbury, p. 128, and Burton.) The city itself struck Captain Burton as having a mingled English and Oriental look: English in the farmhouses and their ricks and stock; Oriental in the grey 'adobe,' or sunburnt brick, of which the houses are built, the trees growing in the streets, and the fields of maize and sorghum in the suburbs. But 'dome and minaret, even churches and steeples, are altogether wanting,' which must give an air of monotony to the city, though in the next sentence we are told of the 'tinned Muscovian dome' of the Court-house. (P. 244.)

Having thus endeavoured to reproduce the outward features of the settlement, we now come to the more difficult task of collecting from our various sources of information the most trustworthy account that we can frame of its political and moral aspects: and first as to their political relation to the United States. At present their relation to the central Government is that of a territory, not a state. Their claim to be admitted into Union as a free, sovereign, and independent state has hitherto been ignored, though they affirm that their numbers already far exceed the sum which entitles them legally to demand admission. From this state of things it follows that the property in the soil remains in the United States Government, and they are obliged to submit to its regulations with regard to the Indian title, and the disposal and tenure of their waste lands. They are also obliged to receive certain chief officers, a governor, a chief justice and two assistants, a marshal and an Indian agent, directly appointed by the United States Government. At the time of Captain Burton's visit, a body of United States troops was posted in their territory, for the purpose of checking any attempt at independence. But all this is directly contrary to their own theory of government, and in fact is little more than a nominal appearance of submission, worn loosely for a little time to meet a present necessity. The system under which they really live is that of a perfect theocracy; an entire and indissoluble union of Church and State: the spiritual and temporal authorities being, not as two powers welded together, but utterly and inseparably one, in idea, in essence, and in fact. And thus though the United States officers have nominal authority, and can and do decide in cases between believers and unbelievers, yet the real obedience is given entirely to Brigham Young, and to the bishops or magistrates whose sentences and decisions carry the double weight of the temporal and spiritual power. And to this esoteric authority the whole obedience of the Mormon city, so far as relates to the saints, seems rigidly and implicitly ren-

dered. For instance, the system of tithes by which the government is supported is strictly carried out ; every person pays a tenth of his whole substance when he makes profession of his faith, and afterwards an annual tenth of his income. Then, too, the marriage of individuals seems completely under the control of the Prophet. Whilst all civil cases between Mormons are referred entirely to their own tribunals, like other United States territories, they have a legislative assembly among themselves, consisting of an Upper House, a President and council of thirteen, and a Lower House of twenty-six members annually elected ; but they have no power to pass laws relating to the primary disposal of the soil, and all laws passed by them must be approved by the United States Congress. The members of this Assembly must be elected by ballot, but the purposes of this, as regards secrecy, are cleverly neutralized by the provision that ' the vote is to be given on a folded paper to the judge of elections, who is to number and deposit it in the ballot-box, ' while the name of the elector is to be registered opposite to ' the number of his vote.' With regard to their relations to other nations, all accounts agree in saying that they cordially detest their American rulers, feel kindly towards England, and regard the Jews as brethren.

Their difficulties with regard to their Indian neighbours are met by a seasonable revelation, which pronounces them under the name of Lamanites to be the lost Jewish tribes ; while, as the climate forbids the use of black labour, another revelation shuts the negroes out from all possibility of union with the Church, as descendants of the accursed Canaan.

One of the first features apparent in the Mormon city is the general habit of submission and obedience to the laws. Captain Stansbury relates his astonishment on his first entrance to the city to find women and children sleeping quietly in their wagons, unguarded and unarmed. He very reasonably argues, ' It certainly showed a high tone of morals, and an habitual ' reverence of good order and decorum, to find women and ' children thus securely slumbering in the midst of a large ' city, with no other protection than a wagon covering of ' linen, and the ægis of the law. . . Long after dark,' says Captain Burton, ' I walked home alone ; there were no lights ' in any but Main Street ; but the city is as safe as St. James's ' Square, London. There are, perhaps, not more than twenty- ' five or thirty constables or policemen in the whole city.' But this security is purchased at the price of the existence of a secret police, or rather a ' *Vehm Gericht*,' with tremendous powers.

There is no doubt that the whole city is held entirely under

the control of Brigham Young and his council,—in the first place by a perfectly organized system of espial, and in the second, by the existence of a secret band of followers bound simply to execute any order which they may receive from the Prophet. Mr. Burton tells us, that, just before his visit, two men, notoriously bad characters, were shot down by unknown hands as they were walking quietly in the public street, without exciting any surprise or eliciting any inquiry. The agents of the will of the Council in these matters are generally supposed to be a secret band of desperadoes called Danites, selected from the most reckless of the population, and entirely at the disposal of the secret authorities. The Mormons deny the existence of any such band, and Captain Burton is disposed to believe them, chiefly on the ground that such organization would be superfluous—'where every man is ready to be a Danite, Danites are not wanting.' One thing, however, is beyond doubt—the existence of a secret system of freemasonry, an esoteric mystery into which the believer must be admitted before he can attain the full perfection of his sainthood. Conspicuous among the public buildings of Utah is a large edifice called the Endowment House, in which the ceremonies of initiation are performed. M. Remy gives a long account of these ceremonies, which he professes to have received from an apostate priest, in which he describes them as mingling the rudest form of the dramatic mystery with the most tremendous oaths of freemasonry. How much of this exists merely in the lively imagination of the Frenchman is uncertain, but there is no doubt of the fact of the existence of a secret order of freemasonry interwoven into the fabric of the system, and thus permeating all social life, and conferring almost unlimited power on the executive.

Another reason for this appearance of order is the almost entire absence of two forms of evil, which lie at the root of the greater portion of the crimes of civilized life, drunkenness and unchastity. The former is discouraged by the checks imposed by the legislature on the sale of spirits, the duty on them being fixed so high as to render them almost unattainable by the mass of the population; the latter, by such strict laws, both made and carried out, as would be impossible for any other legislature to enact, or any other executive to carry into practice. In fact, nothing is more marked than the utter absence of all outward forms of that great social evil so sadly apparent in our own towns, and the stern unsparing tone of the legislature on the subject. Even now, the laws of the State provide long terms of imprisonment for all offences against the laws of chastity, and it is openly avowed that if

ever Utah should become a free and sovereign State, the first laws passed will punish fornication with stripes and imprisonment, and adultery with death by lapidation or beheading. Even now the fundamental law of their religion, openly avowed in the case of Howard Egan, who was acquitted for the murder of his wife's seducer, is this, 'The man who seduces his neighbour's wife must die, and her nearest relation must kill him;' while the Prophet, if such criminals were to confess their sin to him, could only counsel them to seek death in a righteous cause, as an expiatory sacrifice which should save their souls alive. (Burton, p. 517.) That this, however, is rather founded on Oriental jealousy than on any true perception of the holiness of purity and the sanctity of the body of the redeemed, is evident from the other fact, which was openly avowed in the converse case to Egan's, when the apostle P. Pratt was slain by a Gentile for the seduction of his wife, that they consider it not a crime, but rather an act of duty, to take the wife of an unbeliever from him.

This, however, is again a consequence of the theory of marriage, which results at present in that 'peculiar institution' which forms such a striking feature in the Mormon State, the existence of avowed and almost compulsory polygamy. We say at present, for polygamy is not a part of the original Mormon system; on the contrary, it was expressly forbidden by their first revelation in 1842: this was one of their articles of faith—'We believe that one man should have one wife, and 'one woman one husband, except in case of death, when either 'is at liberty to marry again.' Another revelation, however, soon after that date, founded the present system, seemingly chiefly on political and sanitary grounds, though attempted to be defended with great ingenuity by arguments drawn both from Scripture and the constitution of man. The authority on which it purports to be founded is an extraordinary perversion of the text, 'the man is not without the woman or the woman without the man,' which they interpret into an absolute command to both sexes to marry, and an assurance that no woman can enter the kingdom of Heaven without a husband. Hence follow some remarkable consequences. Any woman may *demand* a husband from the Prophet, and he is bound to grant her request. (Lieut. Gunnison.) As the apostasy of a husband involves the perdition of his wives, the men are not allowed to marry till their faith has been proved, usually by employment on a mission; hence the strange feature of the existence of a large body of male celibates, in a state whose practice is polygamy. 'The celibacy also is actual; any infringement of it would be dangerous to life.' (Burton, p. 525.)

This theory, too, justifies the seduction of a Gentile's wife on the ground that her salvation can be only thus secured.

'There is no doubt that the tie which binds a Mormon to 'his third or fourth wife is just as sacred and indissoluble as 'that which binds him to his first.' (Stansbury, p. 5.) But this sentence may be read in two ways.

The education of the children is carefully attended to; there is a school in every ward at the public expense, to which the poorer citizens are compelled to send their children.

Such is their system of polygamy. Of its working on the social system none of our travellers have remained long enough in the city to speak with confidence: it would seem, as a matter of necessity, destructive of all personal purity, and robbing the marriage-bed of all its sanctity; yet all authorities agree in remarking the utter absence from the city of all outward forms of vice. Yet there are not wanting in Captain Burton's book indications that this purity, in which he seems himself a firm believer, is only on the surface; among the small company with which he left the Salt Lake City were two adulterers flying from justice. In thinking, however, of Mormonism, we must not lay too much stress on polygamy as its distinctive feature, to the exclusion of others more deeply inherent in its system, and thus more essential to its existence. Mormonism has existed without polygamy; it was authorized for political reasons, and all our writers agree in thinking, that it is highly probable that another revelation may shortly appear, in which its existence will be abolished.

The wives under this system are SAID to speak as if they were happy and contented; but under the pressure of the spy system they could hardly be expected to speak otherwise. The usual aspect of the city is cheerless and gloomy, from the comparative seclusion of the women; but austerity is no part of the system; on the contrary, picnics and sleighing parties abound, dancing is almost a religious institution, and Captain Burton gives us an account of a ball, which began with a blessing from the Prophet, and continued for thirteen hours, with only an intermission for supper. The chief novelty in these assemblies is a Mormon quadrille, in which each gentleman leads out two ladies.

Such, then, are the chief social aspects of the Mormon settlement: a strict theocracy, supported by continuous revelations, resting on implicit faith, with all the governing elements of other bodies—the priestly, the prophetic, the legal, the masonic—centred in the person of one President, and wielded by him with an irresponsible authority, combining in itself the spy system of continental despotism, the confessional of Rome, and the sworn allegiance of freemasonry, over a people who appear

to unite an Oriental submission to despotism, with an English love and reverence for law. It is apparent, too, that there are many elements of disunion in such a system; even though the existence of the Turkish monarchy warn us that a system founded on the lie, or delusion, of an impostor may wax old and perish by laws of natural decay. The chief causes of the breaking up at Nauvoo—jealousy, corruption, and intestine strife—must be still at work, and will probably break out into a flame at the death of the present Prophet. Lieut. Gunnison thinks that the system of tithes is causing much discontent, as the poor toiling man sees the rich in luxury, supported at his expense. It is evident that a strong national pride and political ambition underlie all their system, and are at the root of all their revelations; the whole secret of their religion is the subservience of the will of the individual to the well-being of the State.

The physical effects of their polygamy seem hardly yet apparent: their law abounds in hygienic restrictions on wedded life; its natural evils are tempered by the pressure of poverty and the necessities of hard labour; the ill-disposed or profligate members can be always got rid of by being despatched on missions; while the State itself is kept pure and healthy, by the continual fresh currents that are ever setting into it from the unceasing stream of emigration. These causes may probably for a time modify the working of their system, and defer the nemesis that has ever elsewhere followed on the indulgence of human passions in an authorized system of polygamy.

But it is evident they will soon overgrow their present limits, and then they must either swarm off, like bees from their desert hive, in bodies, carrying their belief and constitution with them, or else there will be a thorough disintegration of their system, a resolution into its component elements. It is evident that the former is in the minds of their chiefs, from their application to our own Government for permission to settle, first in Vancouver's Island, and then in the Valley of the Saskatchewan.

If the latter should be the event, it may be, in God's good providence, that the belief, the obedience, and the order to which travellers witness, may be turned to good, and like the rich crops which flourish in their own disintegrated volcanic soil, so the dissolution of their state may yet bear good fruits of faith to Him and to His Church. In the meantime, we cannot but wonder, that out of a system founded by an impostor on a lie, resting on a revelation whose stupidity is only equalled by its absurdity, bearing the marks of ignorance, of greediness, of selfishness, of uncleanness in every page, should issue a polity, presenting the appearance of a theocracy more perfect in its

practice than any which has been known since the Jewish people travelled in the wilderness; of a faith simple and implicit, and resulting in as simple and implicit an obedience; of a stern, austere, and—outwardly, at least—successful system of legislation on the subject of those social evils, with which, for the most part, civilized nations have been forced to confess their inability to grapple.

This at least is the impression produced on us by reading the books which we have named. True it is, that this outward appearance of order, health, and purity, is but a mantle cast over the falsehood and corruption which are at the heart of their system, like the bright-hued fungus growing on the rotten tree, or the phosphorescent light that hovers over putrefaction; yet even here we cannot but see, as in another witness, how deeply inherent in the human nature are those principles which, in these days of timidity and expediency, many would have faintly asserted, if not altogether disavowed by our own Church—an assertion of Church authority and Church discipline, a clear recognition of a distinctive Church-membership and Church-fellowship, a defined and a dogmatic rule of faith.

ART. VIII.—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.* New Series:
Vols. 165, 167, 168.

IN the year 1849, contemporaneously with Mr. Stuart Wortley's successful introduction of the Bill for Legalizing Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, a Bill passed the House of Commons, 'for the Relief of Persons in Holy Orders of the United Church of England and Ireland, declaring their Dissent therefrom.' The Bill never reached the Lords, and lay dormant for thirteen years until last Session, when Mr. Bouverie, its author, thought fit to revive it, curiously enough, on the very day on which the Wife's Sister's Marriage Bill received its *coup-de-grace*. The tempest of indignation excited by Sir Morton Peto's Burial Bill, the agitation against the Revised Code, and the triumphant rejection of the Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates, obscured and hindered the due consideration of the Clergy Relief Bill, which was read a second time, referred to a Select Committee, and passed through Committee of the whole House, but was rejected on the third reading, July 9th, by 98 votes to 88.

The Bill was subjected to little public discussion; but as its reappearance on a future occasion is by no means impossible, we propose to call the attention of our readers to its principal provisions, and their effect upon the welfare of the Clergy and the Church.

The Bill was so drawn as to trench but slightly upon the indelibility of Holy Orders, although the denial of a *locus pœnitentiæ* to a repentant clergyman would tend in that direction. We may, therefore, pass by the theological aspect of the question, contenting ourselves with the observation, that the Church of England, of course, maintains that Holy Orders, once conferred, impart a share in the priesthood of our LORD, which is for ever and ever; and as a person once baptized, though he become a Turk or an Infidel, yet cannot have his baptism taken away, or cease to be a baptized soul, so the Bishop, at Ordination, confers a character which endures into the life to come—in the case of the good priest to his eternal glory, in the case of the wicked to his eternal shame. This is an integral part of that Divine economy which is framed for the restoration of fallen man, and as such is held by the Church of England in common with the whole of the Church of Christ.

We proceed to give a sketch of the principal provisions of

the measure, as adopted by the Select Committee to whom it was referred.

By Clause 1, it was provided that a Priest or Deacon might, after six months' notice to the Bishop, make the following Declaration:—

‘I *A. B.* having been ordained a Priest of the United Church of England and Ireland [*or a Deacon as the case may be*] do solemnly declare that I conscientiously dissent from the Doctrine and Discipline (*or either of them as the case may be*) of the said Church.

And shall thereupon cease to be subject to any proceeding in an Ecclesiastical Court for breach of discipline.

Clause 3 enacted that the Bishop should register the Declaration without delay, and that the Priest should thenceforth be incapable of officiating, or of holding a benefice: and the Bishop was to be empowered to record against the Priest any sentence which it would be competent for an Ecclesiastical Court to pronounce against a Clerk found guilty of contradicting the doctrine of the Church, or of disobeying his Ordinary: provided that he should not be liable to the payment of costs, nor to imprisonment, nor to any temporal punishment whatever.

Clause 7 proposed to deprive a Priest so circumstanced of all rights, privileges, and exemptions which he enjoyed as being in Holy Orders; as well as of all disabilities, disqualifications, restraints, restrictions, and prohibitions to which he was subjected: provided always that he should be disqualified from sitting in the House of Commons.

Such were the main features of the Bill, to which the other clauses were subsidiary. It will be seen, that while the indelibility of Holy Orders is left technically intact, all those temporal safeguards and outworks which protect the practical application of the doctrine were by clause 7 to be withdrawn, and the censure of the Church, and the spiritual consequences of that censure, unenforced even by the disapprobation of the State.

The supporters of the Bill advance as the grievance which they propose to remedy, that Clergy who have ceased to believe the doctrines they have engaged to preach, should be relieved from the consequences of their engagement. Of course, if Ordination were merely an agreement between *A. B.* on the one hand, to preach conformably to the teaching of the Church ratified by the licence of the Bishop on the other, it would be impossible to defend the existing law, and the more expeditiously it were abolished the better. But if, as we believe, the above statement is only a partial enunciation of a portion of the considerations involved, it may well be a

matter of grave inquiry how far an alteration of the present law may not bring in other evils worse than those now complained of.

At his Ordination the Priest enters into a deliberate covenant with Almighty God, ratified by the Church and recognised by the law of the land. In consequence of this deliberate covenant, made under circumstances of deep and affecting solemnity, he acquires a spiritual status, which brings with it temporal conditions. It may surely then be said, that there can be no intrinsic hardship if the Church and the State claim their right to appoint the terms upon which they will recognise the character acquired by virtue of this contract with God. By the proposed alteration of the law, the attitude with which the Church would regard the unhappy man who shrunk from fulfilling his vow is not to be affected. She would point to primitive authority and to her 76th Canon, as indicating her sense of the impropriety of putting hands to the plough and then drawing back. But it is the attitude of the State that will be changed. The recognition the Civil Power has hitherto given to the obligation laid upon the ordained ministers of Christ not to forsake their calling is to be swept away, in order to relieve men of unstable mind of the consequences of their own acts; and while the Church may record the offender as a schismatic and excommunicate, the State will say to him—You have done no wrong; take the censure for what it is worth. How, then, will the withdrawal of the civil recognition affect the spiritual censure inflicted by the Church?

If the Church of England were unestablished and unrecognised by law, such a state of things might be not only fit and proper as regards the State, but also consonant with the interest of the Church. If, however, the complex character of the Church be considered, and the temporal accidents that have been entwined around her spiritual things be fairly weighed, it will be found that new considerations demand attention, while fresh conditions are imposed upon our inquiry.

No doubt it may be argued, in the abstract, that a purification of the ranks of her Ministers could redound only to the advantage of the Church; but, then, care must be taken that the conditions shall not be such as to inflict a deadly wound upon the moral status of their more faithful brethren, and that the vindication of purity of teaching is not hastily obtained at the expense of consequences more important than even the principle vindicated.

The melancholy experience of the Divorce Court convincingly shows that tampering with solemn contracts is attended with grave risk. The valuable returns moved for by Mr. Malins

prove, that the establishment of the Divorce Court has been followed by an increased commission of adultery; and it is thereby evident, that when the sanction of the State is withdrawn from the ties which are made in the name of God, and obligations deliberately contracted are put aside as nought, a great temptation is thrown in the way of men to think lightly of the nature of the contract, and of the consequences of its infraction. Many couples who would have quarrelled and been reconciled under the old law of marriage, have been drawn further into sin by the possibility of being released from the marriage-bond; and it is to be feared that the analogy will hold good in the case of Holy Orders, and that men will think lightly of their ordination-vow when the State ceases to enforce it, and holds aloof in contemptuous indifference. The existence of facilities for escaping from a position is, to some, a suggestion and temptation to make use of them.

The admission by the State, that the category of men anxious to be relieved of the temporal consequences of an act spiritually irrevocable is so large as to demand special legislation, would no doubt suggest to many a clergyman of scrupulous mind doubts and difficulties which a sense of his present position keeps far from him; and as, under the provisions of the Bill, the indelible character which is to be withdrawn from the State conception of Holy Orders is to be transferred to the registered rejection of them, it will not be possible, the step once taken, to gain readmission to the altars deserted, or to recover the privileges too hastily abandoned. To refuse a place of repentance to a clergyman seeking readmittance to the exercise of the functions of his ministry, is to place narrow limits upon the discretion of the Church; and such a provision would, undoubtedly, be taken as a practical denial of the permanent character imparted at Ordination. It is said, with truth, that a man who acts as a clergyman to-day, and as a layman to-morrow, ought not to be formally recognised as a clergyman on the third day. But this argument tells with fatal effect against the whole of the proposed legislation and alteration of the status of the individual seceder.

It is the interest of the Clergy to maintain a high standard of clerical character, but the interest of the Clergy, in this matter, is insignificant compared with those of the Laity. The unworthiness of the Minister hinders not the effect of the Sacraments; yet a slothful, half-hearted, and worldly Clergy inflicts grievous injury on the Mystical Body of Christ. At present, no man can take Holy Orders without feeling that he is taking a step irrevocable alike by the law of the Church and the law of the land, in the kingdom of Nature as well as that of Grace: he,

accordingly, makes up his mind to devote his whole life to God, and the ministration of His Word and Sacraments. The solemn nature of the consequences, no doubt, deter some from giving this pledge; and many who give it without a full sense of all that it implies, yet by diligent attention to their duties, and from a conviction of the settled destination of their lives, correspond with grace given, and become faithful shepherds of the flock. Who will be the gainer if the State recognition of the irrevocable character of this vow to God be altered and withdrawn? The Rev. A. B. or C. D. may be enabled to practise as a physician or lawyer, or engage in extensive agricultural pursuits; but how will the alteration of the law of the land tell upon those young men who, at the outset of their careers, are determining to which state of life God has been pleased to call them? Lower motives for taking Holy Orders will increase in force when the countervailing responsibilities are minimised. A consciousness that want of success or change of convictions will no longer debar him from abandoning the sacred career and seeking a second start in the race of life, will not increase his sense of the awful nature of the duties he is taking upon himself. If the State and the Legislature see no reason why Holy Orders should not be judged by the same earthly standard as military or legal occupations (so some may argue), surely I am not wiser than those who have altered this law; and I may anticipate no discredit without or disquiet within, as a consequence of such an alteration of my destination in life. Serjeant Talfourd (May 2d, 1849) uttered a very forcible warning: 'If every young man is permitted to take upon himself Holy Orders as a mere experiment, not with regard to his ultimate fitness for the office, but as to his success in that as in any secular employment, there will be withdrawn from the entering on Holy Orders that check which required the gravest consideration upon the part of those who were candidates for them not to take a step from which they could not draw back, without weighing all the consequences.'

This warning is one of weight; but it will be urged, against such a remonstrance, that unfortunate men, whose convictions have changed, are debarred from gaining their livelihood in a new career, and, therefore, have no choice but to starve. In answer, it may be said that a clergyman who, after some years of doubt, has arrived at a conclusion hostile to his continuing his labours within the Ministry of the Church of England, will most probably have attained an age at which it would be hopeless for him to embark in a new profession. The only pursuit for which he would be qualified would be literary labour, and from that he is not now debarred. But even granted, for the sake

of argument, that the law may press upon such with some harshness, it may be asked with force, what general principle which deals with a class does not, at some point or another, press hardly upon some of those with whom it deals; and if the present law acts as a real check and safeguard against levity in entering Holy Orders, which is entitled to the more consideration at the hands of the State—the earthly convenience of those clergymen who withdraw from their engagements, or the maintenance of the standard of clerical character throughout the whole Church?

The endowments of the Church, the prestige attaching to the position of a clergyman—all these lower inducements tell powerfully upon the human heart, and induce many a young man to turn his attention towards the Ministry of the Church. After great self-examination, and a full scrutiny of his conscience, and the weighty consequences of the step, both spiritual and temporal, he seeks ordination, and endeavours to act faithfully up to the promises deliberately made; but, withdraw the temporal disqualifications which defend and counterbalance the temporal inducements which operate on his mind, and you increase tenfold the chances of Holy Orders being sought as an experimental profession. A simple state of society demands only simple arrangements; a more complex order of things necessitates more complex machinery; and so, regulations which in one state of things might be superfluous, are imperatively demanded to maintain in its due order a more complicated economy.

To provide an easy machinery which shall bring home the censure of the Church to those men who abandon their profession, would no doubt be an improvement on our legislation; but this result might be obtained by a reform in the procedure of our Ecclesiastical Courts, and without a violent disturbance of their clerical character. Gold may be bought too dear; and we are not disposed to part lightly with any of those guarantees which have made the character of the English Clergy a just subject of admiration and regard, not merely to Churchmen or to Englishmen, but to all the world.

To consider the measure from another point of view, it may be said that it deals fragmentarily with the great question of Clergy Discipline. The time cannot be distant when the Discipline of the Clergy must receive the attentive consideration of Parliament and Convocation. At such a time, it would not be improper to consider whether the purity of the teaching of the Church might not be vindicated by some less costly expedient than a sacrifice of the temporal guarantees against the light estimation of Holy Orders. The Clergy may fairly claim that a matter so vitally affecting their own consciences shall not be

disposed of without their opinions receiving consideration at the hands of the Legislature; and it is for the Laity to think out for themselves the consequences that would follow the surrender of State recognition of the permanence of that clerical character, which affects all the relations of a clergyman with his parishioners—relations of reciprocal esteem and regard which have grown up under the existing system.

No one can pretend that the present law has been harshly applied to conscientious men. The case of Mr. Shore was such as to leave the Bishop no option. If a clergyman claiming to dissent from the teaching of the Church of England, wishes, nevertheless, to shelter himself under the authority committed to him by her, it is right that his true character and position should be judicially expounded. Mr. Baptist Noel and others, whose conduct showed the conscientious nature of their opinions, have been undisturbed. Clergy obtaining reordination from the Church of Rome are at present exempted from the disabilities they would otherwise incur.

If, then, the practical grievance upon those who seek relief be small in amount, theoretical in its character rather than practical, and demanded but by few, a heavy responsibility will surely rest upon those who, without due consideration, tamper with the homage which the State has ever paid the Church, and lightly forego the temporal sanction given to a solemn spiritual act. If, again, those who seek this relief are men who have forfeited their compact with God, care must be taken, in granting their prayer, to inflict no wrong upon those who remain faithful to that office and ministry to which they have all alike been dedicated according to the laws of this Church and realm. The hallowed privileges of a thousand years are not to be lightly relinquished, and pity for the fallen few who refuse to bask in the rays of the Sun of Righteousness must not lead us to break down the hedge and root up the Vine, which shelter and nourish the obedient people of God. It is not the reluctant ploughman whose conduct shall govern the hiring of his fellow-servants. The temporal prosperity of an unfaithful priest sinks into insignificance when weighed in the balance against the general welfare of the Mystical Body of Christ, and the spiritual restoration of its erring members.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Scotch Liturgy*. A New Edition. By GEORGE FORBES. Pitsligo Press.
2. *Letters in the 'Guardian' Newspaper of Oct. 1, 1862, &c.* from the REVS. JOHN KEBLE, PHILIP FREEMAN, J. C. CHAMBERS, GILBERT RORISON, and JOHN COMPER.
3. *The Roman Liturgy contrasted with that of the Orthodox Church*. By IVAN BOBROFFNITSKY. Third Edition. Kieff; at the University Press: 1857. Translated by BASIL POPOFF, Student of the Spiritual Academy.

It is a somewhat weary work to enter into a controversy of long standing. But if the *Christian Remembrancer* is to act up to its own professions, it has no right to ignore one of the most important, though certainly not the most notorious, of the theological questions of the day.

There cannot be one reader of our pages unaware of the Eucharistic difficulty now agitating the Church of Scotland. For many years, as every one knows, her clergy have felt their exclusion from English benefices to be a hardship and a wrong; and latterly this feeling has taken the form of a definite agitation, and seems likely to win for them, sooner or later, that which they seek. We are not quite sure about the wrong; we are very sure that, whether a right or a gift, the thing, if gained by the present agitation, will be no blessing.

But let that pass. Somehow or other, for no man seems to know when or how, it was offered on the one side, or demanded on the other, that in exchange for the temporal gain of possible English livings, the spiritual vantage-ground of the distinctive Scotch Liturgy should be given up. As this proposal happened to synchronize with a general revision of the canons—a revision, as we observed in last January, much needed—the result has been a perfect tempest of proposals, counter-proposals, rejoinders, and replies to rejoinders.

“O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus. O quid agis?”

We may, perhaps, for the sake of brevity and clearness, divide the controversialists into four classes.

I. Those who are for the *status quo*: the Scotch office to remain unaltered: and to be of primary authority.

II. Those who are for forbidding its use entirely.

III. Those who are for altering it and retaining it.

IV. Those who would desire that which we have placed as our first division: but who, despairing to accomplish that, are willing to surrender the primary authority, if they may keep the office unchanged.

Now, first of all, allowing, as every one who has the slightest Liturgical knowledge must allow, that the one great difference between the Eastern and Western Liturgies is this: that, in the former, the Invocation of the HOLY GHOST has its place after the words of Consecration; in the latter, if it exists at all, it is to be found before them: the first question is, whether on the one hand, the Invocation has been misplaced, or, on the other, omitted. Let us fairly consider the question as it presents itself to us. Of the five original Liturgies, we have four which place the Invocation of the HOLY GHOST after the words of Consecration; one which either inverts the order, or has no Invocation at all. The problem to be solved is, which was the original method of offering the first sacrifice? Because on this, and on this only, hangs the present difficulty about the Scotch Communion Office.

One thing would appear certain, that the Apostles at Jerusalem, as by all ecclesiastical tradition they united in the formation of one creed, so they must have resolved, within more or less precise limits, on a certain fixed rule for the Christian Sacrifice. In the last number, we called attention to Mr. Freeman's most ingenious reasons for believing that one branch among the Liturgical families derived its origin from S. Paul. We are not about to unsay a syllable that we then said; but now it has become our duty to discuss a question into which we then were not called to enter. And, first of all, let us state that distinguished writer's case as clearly as we can. He believes that—at some indefinite time or other (and a very indefinite time indeed),—the Invocation of the HOLY GHOST was misplaced; so that, instead of following, it thereafter preceded the words of Consecration. At least, if this is not Mr. Freeman's meaning, we fail to understand the point at which he is aiming.

But now, let us consider. In the beginning of the Fourth Century, there were five different Liturgical families in use. In four of them—namely, that of S. James, that of S. Thaddeus, that of S. John, and that of S. Mark, the Invocation of the HOLY GHOST followed the words of Consecration; *then* followed them as it does now. The one point in dispute is; Whether in the Petrine Liturgy it existed at that time; or, if it did, by what influence it has since been omitted. In plainer words; Is it more likely that four independent Churches should have, in a most vital point, made an alteration in the service enshrined

within their very heart of hearts; or that one individual Church should, under foreign influence, have accepted an innovation which the other four combined to reject?

Look at the Church of Rome as it was during the first six centuries. Up to A.D. 600, she had not produced one first-rate theologian, unless—for the sake of his Epistle to S. Flavian—S. Leo may be so reckoned. During the same period what had the Church of Africa brought forth? In the first place, Tertullian: let him have fallen into whatever depth of heresy you will, most undoubtedly, while he was a Catholic, he was not only one of the ablest writers, but he was also one of the most influential theologians, whose works were read in the Church of Rome. And then, exactly at the moment when Italy had no divine whatever, *he* arose in Africa whose mind has probably exercised greater influence over the whole human race than that of any other created being—namely, S. Augustine. One cannot wonder that his contemporaries must have regarded him as something little less than divine, when they saw him pour forth treatise after treatise, epistle after epistle, commentary after commentary—and that so far from exhausting himself, that his latest writings are his richest and deepest; richest in their marvellous typology, deepest in the boldness and yet humility with which he seeks to penetrate into those hidden things which the next world alone can reveal. S. Augustine! Why, those, who are but dwarfs by his side, were giants compared to anything that Italy could then boast. S. Alypius, for example. And what wonder if, in a Church which at first was merely (as Dean Stanley has so well shown) a Greek colony among a Latin people, and which for six hundred years never produced any self-instructed theologian, should have leant on the communion which, during the same centuries, had produced the greatest theologians which the Church had then, and with the single exception of S. Thomas, has ever since, known?

This, then, is what we have always endeavoured to keep before the eyes of our readers: that the Primitive Liturgy or Liturgies of the very early Church—let them be called from whatever Apostle they might, by the name of S. James, or S. Peter, or S. John—let them have been said in whatever way they might (the wooden chalices and the golden priests are now reversed), had this as a common point between all: that the consecration of the bread and wine into our Lord's Body and Blood, was not considered complete by the words of Institution only, but was perfected by the Invocation of the HOLY GHOST. This no learning of Roman divines can gainsay: this, inferior in worldly study, Eastern theologians have made good; that the Oriental Church has maintained to the present day the original idea of

consecration, and that the Roman has substituted, not (God forbid we should think so for one moment) an invalid one, but one, though to a certain extent more beautiful, less Apostolic.

In Professor Bobroffnitsky's treatise the case is stated, not only with great learning, but with unusual impartiality. It is there proved that Rome, as soon as persecution ceased, received from some quarter or other, a new impulse: which impulse, we think, might be shown to have arisen from the African Church. It would require far greater learning than we possess, and especially far deeper acquaintance with the writings of S. Augustine, to lead others to the conviction (which, nevertheless, we ourselves entertain), that, at the end of the Fourth Century, Carthage either had no Invocation of the HOLY GHOST, or had prefixed it to the words of Institution. From Africa the corruption—if one may use so strong a term—was introduced to Rome; the city, conquered in this world's battles, spiritually vanquished its conqueror. And Mr. Freeman might be challenged to adduce any reason why he should imagine the Invocation to have been dislocated in the Eastern Church; to tell us how, supposing from Carthage the change had crept into Alexandria, how it should thence have spread to Antioch, and Ephesus, and Cæsarea, and Jerusalem, and afterwards Constantinople; whereas, it *is* so easy to show, why the one Church, Rome, should have imbibed a novel practice from the then dominating communion of Africa. On this point Mr. Chambers speaks with great force:—

‘I am warned by Mr. P. Freeman that I must not assume, as I had been wont to do, the superior antiquity of S. James's Liturgy, upon which the Scottish prelates of the last century built up their Office of Primary Authority. He “thinks he has shown” that given there was “a very serious change in the order of parts,” and that, too, involving the position of the Invocation, “this was less the case in the West than in the East.” That is to say, we must henceforth, on Mr. P. Freeman's authority, believe that three or four great Eastern testimonies—to say nothing of the Armenian and other liturgies of a different type—have all been in this particular tampered with and corrupted, while the Petrine has alone been preserved whole and entire. Few who reflect upon the unwavering tenacity with which the Orientals cling to their traditions will be ready to admit a theory which presumes that they and not the Latins have deviated on such a point as this. For myself, I would rather rely upon the confession of Cardinal Bona. “Some have thought that the Greeks at first used that prayer (of Invocation) before the consecration, and that it was subsequently transferred to where it now stands. But the ancient MSS., wherein it is read in the very place in which it is now found, forbid this conjecture. For it is monstrous to suspect them all of having been falsified. Besides, the very same prayer is extant in the same position in the Liturgies of James, Mark, Clement, and Basil, with the addition or alteration of a few words, without, however, any change of sense.” And the Cardinal goes on to add the weight of the Armenian testimony as still more conclusive. After this I have no hesitation in avowing that I

shrink from adopting a theory which would make me *Romanis ipsis Romaniores.*

Neither is there any difficulty whatever in the elimination of this Invocation from the Roman Use, as we may learn from the history of the Mozarabic rite. As every one knows, in the latter, it occurred in the prayer called the *Post Pridie*, the *Post Mysterium* of the Gallican Church. In both these offices this prayer varied with the Sunday or festival; there may be, perhaps, two hundred existing *Post Pridies*. In all these, the Invocation once was; it now is to found decidedly in only about five; and in some six or seven more there are the traces of it. Now, we have no reason to believe that this prayer, supposing it to have existed in the Petrine Liturgy, was a varying form, any more than it is in the Eastern Church. If, then, out of a hundred and eighty and more *Post Pridies* in Spain, the Invocation has vanished, how much more easily might it do so from the one Roman *Post Mysterium*?

We had occasion, as our readers are aware, in our last number to speak in the highest terms of Mr. Freeman's book, especially of that part of it in which his knowledge is probably unrivalled, where he connects the Jewish with the Christian Liturgy. We did not then—foreseeing that a fitter opportunity would probably arise—proceed to discuss the question why he should attribute to the Roman or Petrine office, that superiority which he claims for it above the Liturgies of S. James and of S. Mark. If it be true—and the more the question is studied, the more, we are convinced, will it become matter of certainty—that S. Paul's Epistles contain quotations from the Eastern Liturgies, the question is settled so far as this. In Apostolic times, the Invocation of the HOLY GHOST followed the words of Institution; nay, we have in a previous paper on the subject shown that there is good reason to believe that S. Paul, in 1 Cor. ii., refers to that Invocation in connexion with the place which it occupies. Granting, which, however, we do not for a moment grant, that it never existed in the Roman Liturgy; granting, which, also, we do not grant, the Petrine Liturgy to be of the same age as the two great Eastern ones, what would that prove? Simply that, in Apostolic times, far more than two-thirds of the Church placed the Invocation where it now stands in the Scotch Office.

And here we must express our regret that some of the most zealous advocates of that office almost seem to think it necessary to apologise for the position of the Invocation, as if it were reiteratory of that which had taken place before, the Consecration of the Bread and Wine into our LORD's Body and Blood. We do not at all like such observations as those of

Mr. Chambers. 'The anticipatory character of the Western rite presents as much difficulty to ignorant persons, as the reiterative or retrospective character of the Eastern.' Let us at once conceive that if, in the Scotch Liturgy, the Great Change took place, as it does in the Roman and Anglican, immediately after the words of Institution, the sooner the Invocation were dropped, the better. No possible theory of repetition can reconcile any earnest man to the prayer that 'they may become the Body and Blood of Thy dearly beloved Son,' if he believes the most Holy Mysteries to be That Body and That Blood already. And it is a most ignorant objection, which raises a difficulty that, in one form, the mysterious change occurs in one part of the prayer, in the other in another. Take the case of the other Great Sacrament. In that we know that single affusion and trine affusion are equally valid. In single affusion, as soon as ever the water has been poured over the child's head once, that child is regenerate. But imagine, what is imaginable, that after the first affusion, when trine affusion was intended, the Priest fell down dead; the child would certainly not be regenerate. In that Sacrament then, the regeneration of the child comes in a different part of the service, as one or another form is employed; and just so, *mutatis mutandis*, with the Holy Eucharist.

It is this very change which some people now wish to make, and which Mr. Freeman appears to consider the original form of all Liturgies, which has been made by Rome in her revised editions of Eastern Liturgies. In the Synod of Diamper, Archbishop Menezes transposed the order of Institution and the Invocation; so, in the present Uniat Armenian Liturgy. But, then, the best Roman ritualists, and notably, Rénaudot, and also one who, perhaps, has hardly ever received his just reputation, Sala, have always indignantly protested against the transposition.

But it is now time to turn our attention to the alterations which have been proposed, and which will probably be laid before the General Synod of Scotland.

Now, at the outset, let us observe that there is a strong *à priori* argument against any alteration at all. The Office, as it now stands, is the heritage of the Church of Scotland—comes down as a memorial of the times of persecution; has been repeated by men, like Rattray, Falconar, Petrie and Jolly—men of whom the world was not worthy. It has also been acquiesced in by the Anglicising congregations, whose apprehension of Eucharistic doctrine is, generally speaking, so lamentably low. But the latter would find the being called on to authorize a new formula a very different thing from the

tolerating an ancient one. By such a toleration they only allow others to use an office, which they themselves do not like; if they take a share in putting forth a new form, they make themselves actively responsible for it. So that, on its lowest ground—that of not giving offence—the *status quo*, we think, is best. Mr. Comper says, very well:—

‘It is probable that all those who are contending for the retention of the Office to such congregations as desire to use it would have no difficulty in agreeing to the two alterations which that eminent ritualist suggests; but it is far more than probable, in the state of belief and feeling on the Eucharistic Mystery which at present prevails, that if once the fingers of Revision were laid on the Office, alterations of a very different character would be the result. The strong feeling against revision which pervades the upholders of the Office is grounded on the same basis as that which, I believe, underlies the feeling of very many English Churchmen against a revision of the Prayer-book; which is, not that the book is unimprovable, but that any alterations made at this time would be certainly for the worse. And besides, the very raising of the question is to be deprecated as one which complicates our difficulties and increases the occasions of dissension.’

‘The Bishop of St. Andrews, who is the most eminent of the few who among ourselves advocate the revision of the Office, has plainly indicated the direction in which he would revise it. Mr. Keble, in the current number of the *Guardian*, refers in very forcible words to this direction. Such a change would have no other effect than to lower the teaching of the Office. The present text imperatively demands the belief of an *objective* Presence; the proposed change, or any of a similar nature, would, to say the least, be equally patient of a *subjective* sense. In truth, the adoption by the Scottish Church, at this crisis, of any such change would be regarded as no other than an authorized recognition of that Eucharistic opinion with which during our late controversy we have become so familiar, under the name of “Virtualism,” against which no one has written more vigorously than Mr. Freeman himself in his Introduction to the Second Volume of “Principles of Divine Service.”

‘I am sure, therefore, that I am only echoing the universal feeling of the maintainers of our Liturgical Office, when I express a strong hope that our friends in England, who equally with ourselves desire its preservation, will forbear pressing, at the present time, the question of revision.’

Having said thus much, let us proceed to specify the proposed alterations. And, first, it would be convenient that our readers should have the present formula before their eyes. Thus, then, it runs:—

‘And we most humbly beseech Thee, O merciful FATHER, to hear us; and of Thy almighty goodness vouchsafe to bless and sanctify with Thy word and HOLY SPIRIT these Thy gifts and creatures of Bread and Wine, that they may become the Body and Blood of Thy most dearly beloved Son.’

Now, let us hear Mr. Freeman’s objection to this formula: we need not say that this is not the place to protest against the one parenthesis of the quotation:

‘In recurring to the East for the formula in which consecration is prayed for, the revisers grievously curtailed that which they professed to

imitate. In every Eastern Liturgy, as well as in the Western, the prayer for that mysterious operation, however variously worded otherwise, is accompanied by a clause or a word, defining and declaring to what purpose—viz. that of spiritual use—the consecrating change is desired. The West has its “*fiat nobis* ;” the East (as *e.g.* S. James), “that they may be to us (or to those who partake of them) for remission, sanctification,” &c. Now, this determining clause, so universal, and therefore above cavil, and so corrective of any gross conceptions (let me add, in all earnest warning, of any idea that we seek herein to have an object provided for our worship), this clause, I say, the Scotch Office leaves out, or places in a totally different position. It is *not* therefore, *quoad hoc*, a faithful witness to ancient or Oriental Eucharistic expression. It has, most unhappily, departed from its own earlier language, and from the usage of the whole world. Surely no one who seeks her peace, or, however, her perfection, can have any anxiety that the Scotch Church should retain this undoubtedly most faulty formula, though, of course, it can be used in the sense of antiquity.

‘I will add that there is little reason, if any, for doubting that those very faults have been the ruin of the Scotch Office. The abrupt prayer, standing without a single qualifying clause, and unexampled in any liturgy, that the elements “may become the Body and Blood of Christ,” has, not without reason, largely repelled the English mind, and to a great degree the Scotch also. The presence of the qualifying clause might have saved her (though I speak from no authority) the heavy blow and discouragement of the Bishop of Oxford’s discountenance in Convocation. And as to the position of the Invocation, I know that it is felt to be an uncomfortable element in the rite, even by some of its staunchest defenders as a whole.’

It is, undoubtedly, to a certain extent, true that, in most of the Oriental Liturgies, the object is specified for which it is prayed, that the Bread and Wine may become our LORD’S Body and Blood. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that, in S. Chrysostom, this object is separated from its Prayer, not only by certain ceremonies, but by the exclamations of the Deacon, and by that most important addition of the Priest, inserted here, for the first time; ‘changing them by Thy HOLY GHOST.’ But Mr. Freeman must surely have overlooked S. Basil’s Liturgy, which gives a point-blank contradiction to this assertion. This is the formula; we omit the rubrics, as simply ritual.

‘Deacon. Sir, bless the holy Bread.

‘Priest. [And may make] this Bread, the very precious Body of our LORD, and GOD, and SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST.

‘Deacon. Amen. Sir, bless the holy Chalice.

‘Priest. And this Chalice, the very precious Blood of our LORD, and GOD, and SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST.

‘Deacon. Amen. Sir, bless both.

‘Priest. Which was poured forth for the life of the world.¹

‘Deacon. Amen. Amen. Amen. Remember me, holy sir, a sinner.’

¹ In some editions of S. Basil, ‘changing them by Thy HOLY GHOST’ is here inserted. But Spiridon Zerbus, in the edition of 1851, shows that there is no possible authority for this: and the Pedalion may be consulted in the notes to the Eighteenth Canon of the Council of Laodiceæ.

And now let us observe: there is not the least dependence in that which follows, as Mr. Freeman asserts of all the Eastern Liturgies, on that which precedes. The conversion of the Bread and Wine is prayed for absolutely. 'And having united us 'all to each other that have received from the One Bread and the 'One Chalice, into the Communion of the HOLY GHOST.' Here we have clearly the transmutation asked for as a thing by itself, and the benefits to be hoped for in the reception of that which is no longer Bread and Wine, but the Body and Blood of our LORD, petitioned for as a separate thing.

If we went into the many Liturgies of the Jacobite Church, we could give more examples of the same thing, only as that Church is now heretical, (albeit her heresy does not, in the slightest degree, affect the present question,) we are unwilling to bring forward its testimony.

Mr. Chambers says, very well:—

'Were it true that the formula for consecration was more qualified in S. James's Liturgy than in the Scottish, it might be argued with truth that such qualification, if introduced into the Scottish, would simply add to the subjective tendencies of the Anglican mind, already dangerous enough to the preservation of sacramental doctrine. This spirit of anti-objectivity is only satisfied with the English Office because it does not perceive that it is more objective than the Scottish, owing, as it does, its origin to the Elizabethan desire of conciliating Roman Catholics as much as Calvinists, and in its blind ignorance vents itself in the present crusade against the Scottish Use. Therefore I should maintain that at any rate it would be unduly tampering with the balance as at present held in the Scottish Liturgy to add any such makeweight (supposing there were such) as Mr. Freeman would borrow from the Liturgy of S. James. Otherwise there ought at the same time to be transferred from the same source such words as "fearful terrible gifts," "awful and unbloody sacrifice," "the elevation of the gift," the sealing of the bread with the accompanying addresses, to say nothing more. But the fact is that in S. James's Liturgy there is no more qualification of the Consecration clause than in the Scottish Liturgy. In both cases prayers follow the Consecration, but in neither can they be taken for a subjective qualification. And even the Roman " *fiat nobis*" is not adequately represented when it is proposed to us as qualifying the consecration which is not then effected.'

If we proceed to examine the particular alterations which have been proposed, most undoubtedly the first place is due to one who stands at the head, so far as learning is concerned, of the Scotch (we might almost say, of the English,) Church, George Forbes. He has published—at that wonderful Pitsligo Press of his—what he calls, 'The Communion Office, for the 'use of the Church of Scotland, as far as concerns the mini- 'stration of that Holy Sacrament. A New Edition.' The reader will, in the first place, cast his eyes back to the present formula, and will then compare it with this:—

'And we most humbly beseech Thee, O merciful FATHER, to hear us, and of Thy Almighty goodness vouchsafe to bless and sanctify with Thy HOLY SPIRIT these Thy creatures of Bread and Wine, that they may become the Body and Blood of Thy most dearly beloved SON, *for the forgiveness of our sins, for our growth in grace, for the bringing forth of good works, and for obtaining life everlasting.*'

This is, almost word for word, from the Liturgy of S. James. No one denies its beauty; no one, for a single moment, would question its orthodoxy. Question the orthodoxy of that which is made a little lower—and but a very little lower—than the Holy Scriptures themselves! *We*, at all events, are not likely to err in that way.

Nevertheless, we should be most sorry to see the proposed amendment carried into effect; though undoubtedly by means of it the Scotch Office would be brought, so far as words are concerned, nearer to the Eastern. But we are not to look at words only. In those early ages—as for fifteen hundred years after—such an Invocation was not susceptible of a double meaning. And herein we think that the very boldness of which Mr. Freeman complains reflects the greatest credit on the compilers of the Scotch Office. They were determined that about *their* meaning there should be no possible mistake. In a sense—certainly not the sense which the writer meant, but still in a sense—the Liturgy of S. James might, so far as the Prayer of Invocation is concerned, be accepted by a Zwinglian. *He* might pray that the Bread and Wine might become the Body and Blood of our LORD, if he added, '*for the forgiveness of our sins, for our growth in grace, for the bringing forth of good works, and for obtaining life everlasting;*' and he would mean, might virtually and representatively be so received as that all these graces were the result. And we can hardly therefore acquit Mr. Forbes entirely of some little want of ingenuousness in this alteration. It is very easy to say; this formula was in use in the time of the Apostles, and therefore it must be received, and must be better than one drawn up by Gadderar or by Rattray; but new heresies have to be met with new weapons; and just as the Consubstantial and the Theotocos were phrases unknown to the Apostles, because the errors which they deny had not as yet infected the Church, so, as most certainly in Apostolic times, the heresy had not arisen that 'This is My Body' meant 'This is not My Body,' a later formula may serve the Church's turn better at the present moment than one of Apostolic origin. And, singularly enough, the Scotch Church has done the same thing in another instance. Every one knows how rampant Arianism was, both in the English Church and in the Scotch Establishment, during the last century. As a protest against that, the Scotch

Church actually altered the *Gloria in Excelsis*, so as to make its first paragraph bear witness against the evil then most dangerously threatening the country. She now retains what she then instituted; and it runs, as all the world knows, thus:—

‘We give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O LORD GOD, Heavenly King, GOD, the FATHER Almighty, and to Thee, O GOD, the Only-Begotten SON, JESUS CHRIST, and to Thee, O GOD, the HOLY GHOST.’

This form is found in the edition of 1764, but the first alteration of any kind is in that of 1755: ‘O LORD GOD, heavenly King, LORD, the FATHER Almighty, and HOLY GHOST.’¹

Independently, therefore, of our strong objection to any alteration, we object to this particular one as bad in itself, and intended to allow one man to take the petition in the Catholic sense, while opening the door to another to receive it with a Zwinglian twist. The plain, outspoken present formula cannot be improved.

The next change, though it comes with no less authority than Mr. Keble’s, is open to the same objection: though we are quite certain that it was one which, when he proposed it, had not occurred to the author of the ‘Christian Year,’ and that he simply wished to use the primitive word rather than a late form:—

‘I speak with great diffidence, feeling that possibly I am not in possession of the whole case; but might there not be yet another alternative—to retain the present Office in the equitable way approved, I understand, in some of the dioceses, with a change, however, that will render it not less but more like the old Eastern Liturgies; as thus: instead of reading, “That they may become His Body and Blood,” to read, “That He (the Holy Ghost) may hallow and make this bread the holy Body of Thy Christ, and this cup the precious Blood of Thy Christ, that they may be to those who partake of them,” &c. (as in S. James’s Liturgy.)’

And worst of all is that which seems to find favour in the eyes of the Bishop of S. Andrew’s; ‘that they may become to us the Body and Blood of Thy Son.’ If this were really adopted, the Office would be no longer worth fighting for.

With respect to Mr. Forbes’s other alterations a word or two may be said. Undoubtedly, in itself, the constant reference to the deacon in those parts which ought to be said by one, if he be present, is an improvement; as it is also, at the conclusion of the Invocation, to find this rubric: ‘Then shall the Deacon say, Again let us pray for the whole state of CHRIST’S Church.’ In the Comfortable Words there is a somewhat singular addition; which, however, seems quite destitute of any kind of

¹ We may remark by the way that the original typographical error, by which the English Church thrice repeats, ‘Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us,’ (which, however, perhaps from association, is to us not without its beauty,) is corrected.

authority. After 'Should not perish, but have everlasting life,' the Office proceeds: 'From Advent to the Eve of Ascension he shall add, Hear also what S. Paul saith, &c. From Ascension Day to Advent, he shall add, Hear also what S. John saith, &c.' This is, of course, intended to bring out the contrast of our LORD's two Offices as the One Victim once offered, and the Eternal High Priest; and we have no doubt that Mr. Forbes thought it a highly ingenious Edition. But we very much doubt whether in any Liturgical books, such a division of the Church's year could be pointed out. In the rubric that follows the Collect of Humble Access (and by the way we wonder that a first-rate Liturgical scholar like Mr. Forbes should so misapply the word *Collect*), he has fallen into the grave error—which does not occur in the present Office—of speaking of our LORD's Body as the Bread. Add to which, that the direction itself would, for a large congregation, be impossible, and for any, most irreverent. 'Then shall he that celebrates, break the bread into as many pieces as shall be required.' It proceeds to direct the officiating Priest in receiving, to say, 'The Body of CHRIST. Amen.' And 'The Blood of CHRIST. Amen.' If anything is to be then said aloud, nothing can be so appropriate as this: but why deviate from the once universal rule of receiving in silence? The rubric seems, as does that of the present Office, to direct the Priest to kneel.

But it strikes us as very singular that this amended Edition of Mr. Forbes's, begins, as all the 'wee bookies' do, with the Exhortation. Surely, when the national Synod comes to authorize, or rather to re-authorize the national Office, it will put forth an authoritative commencement and table of Epistles and Gospels. We know one instance, at least, where the Priest, a most determined opponent of the Anglican rite, always commenced at the Exhortation, and asserted that the Scotch Church gave him no power to do otherwise. And we do trust that the Commandments will not be prefixed to the proposed Liturgy. There can be, we suppose, no doubt that the original insertion of them was only occasioned by the desire of protecting against 'idolatry.' The Non-juror Office does not even leave the use of the Commandments optional: Bishop Torry's does. The former, in the Preface to that Office, speaks thus:—

'The Priest, pronouncing the Ten Commandments, with the people's answer to each, are omitted for the reasons following: First, the putting the Ten Commandments in the Communion Office was not done by our first English Reformers, and is altogether modern and unprecedented. Secondly, our duty to GOD and our neighbours, comprised in the Ten Commandments, is comprehensively explained in the Church Catechism. The people, therefore, need only apply to this instruction: and thus they will have a fuller notion for practice than can be obtained by the bare repetition of the Decalogue. Thirdly, the keeping the Sabbath-day holy is a

part of the Mosaic institution, points upon Saturday, and is peculiar to the Jewish dispensation. Since, therefore, the Fourth Commandment looks somewhat foreign to the Christian religion, since it could not well have been singly omitted, it is thought fit to waive repeating the rest.'

But this must be remembered, that by the National Synod of Aberdeen in 1788, it was distinctly ordered, that in the Scotch Communion Office, the reigning monarch should be prayed for only once; unless therefore, that Canon is repealed (and there can be no possible reason why it should be), the Collect for the Queen, which immediately follows the repetition of the Decalogue, must of necessity be omitted; since she is prayed for by name in the Prayer for the Whole State of CHRIST'S Church.

We have already said how much we trust that no alteration whatever will be made in the Office except, what can hardly be called one, the affixing its commencement. But, surely, if changes are determined on, one side has as good a right to speak as the other. How much better in that case to put the *Gloria in Excelsis* in its proper place (it is inconceivable to us what could have induced the compilers of the Prayer-Book to have removed it to the end), and to authorize the rubrics of Edward VI.'s first book, which are, perhaps, on the whole, as good as could be chosen. Then nothing would be more easy than to add a Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, for some of those occasions in which we are now so sadly at a loss for them: as for a Harvest Festival, the Dedication of a Church, the Anniversary of its Dedication, the Feast of a Patron Saint, besides what every earnest Priest must so much wish for, Collects, at least, if nothing further, for those who are travelling, or sick, or dying, or 'in any necessity.' And why should there not, in that case, be a proper Preface for Epiphany, during Lent, for Apostles, and the like? It is remarkable that in one edition of the Scotch Office a proper Preface was authorized for every Sunday, based on that for Easter-Day. This, however, was a mistake; because, if any such was allowed, it ought to be the Trinity Preface, as in the Roman Church. Before concluding this passage or subject, it would be as well to recapitulate what we said a year ago as to that comparative employment of the English and Scotch Liturgies, tabulating it according to the different Dioceses:—

	English.	Weekly Celebration.	Scotch.
Edinburgh	24	3	2
Brechin	10	2	6
Argyle and the Isles	14	1	2
Moray and Ross	11	2	4
Glasgow	30	0	2
S. Andrews	11	5	8
Aberdeen	5	5	21
	105		45

And it is to be observed that wherever the English prevails most, there the weekly celebration is most rare.

We have dwelt so lately on Scotch affairs, that we will limit our present remarks to what has already been said, only adding that Professor Bobroffnitsky's book is the more valuable, because Kieff has always been the chief battle-ground of the two Churches. We give two quotations: one, on the Invocation; the other, the concluding remarks:—

'Bergier supposes that the opinion of the Host being consecrated by the words of Jesus Christ arose in the 14th century, and was finally received in the 15th. In fact, until then there were no disputes or discussions on this subject between the Eastern and Western writers. The arguments on which this opinion rested were, partly, some passages of Tertullian and Ambrose; partly the dogmatical consideration of its being more proper to believe the consecration of the Host to take place by Divine words than by the prayer of the priest. But the above-mentioned passages of Tertullian and Ambrose do not in the least favour the doctrine of the Western Church; and, besides, those very same fathers, in other parts of their works, show plainly enough that the consecration of the Host takes place through the thanksgiving and prayers in which the Holy Ghost is invoked. With regard to the different dogmatical considerations, we must notice that Jesus Christ Himself gave His apostles and their successors the right and power to celebrate the most holy sacrament of His body and blood, in His commandment—"Do this in my remembrance."

'Such is the origin of the differences essentially dividing our liturgy from that of the Church of Rome! Such are the arguments used by the Western Church in justification of her innovation! The late appearance of these differences—the triviality, we may say, of the causes which led to their appearance and retention in the Western Church—show plainly enough how utterly void they are of any foundation. How is it, then, that the Church of Rome retains these innovations? Is she ignorant that she is acting most unjustly in this case? . . . We do not take upon ourselves to answer these questions; suffice it for us to say that, in celebrating the holy sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, she has, in many respects, deviated from the purity and orthodoxy of the Holy, Œcumenical and Apostolic Church, intermixing human invention in the work of God. We render thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ, who has deigned to make us participators of His holy sacrament in the bosom of the holy, orthodox Church of the East—deigned to let us hear the holy liturgy handed down to us by the unstained hands of S. Basil and S. Chrysostom—in our native tongue! May He pour down His light upon those of our brethren who, from ignorance or stubbornness of heart, or the counsel of the enemy, alienate themselves from the communion with the orthodox Church, so that they henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men!' (Eph. iv. 14.)

P.S.—The *Union Chrétienne* of December 28 contains a remarkable article on the above subject, which, though not entirely agreeing with it, we here reproduce:—

DE LA LITURGIE ECOSSAISE.

‘ On s’occupe beaucoup pour le moment, en Angleterre, de la question liturgique. Les évêques de la Grande-Bretagne engagent ceux d’Ecosse à abandonner une liturgie qu’ils possèdent depuis deux siècles, et à adopter le *Prayer Book*, purement et simplement. Le motif qu’ils mettent en avant est l’*unité*, ils voudraient que l’Eglise du royaume-uni, fût liée par des liens plus étroits.

‘ La liturgie écossaise a des défenseurs zélés qui affirment que les diversités liturgiques entre les Eglises ne nuisent point à l’*unité*; que l’on a tort de confondre, comme on le fait à Rome, l’*unité* avec l’*uniformité*; que la liturgie écossaise est préférable à la liturgie anglicane, parce que, dans les points sur lesquels elle diffère avec cette dernière, elle est plus conforme aux anciennes liturgies de l’Orient.

‘ Nous n’avons point à intervenir dans une discussion de ce genre, et les évêques d’Angleterre et d’Ecosse sont plus à même que nous de la connaître et de la résoudre d’une manière convenable. Qu’il nous soit permis cependant de dire que les diversités liturgiques sont plus conformes à la véritable *unité* que l’*uniformité* des rites. On le comprit dès l’origine des Eglises. Aussi voyons-nous les différentes Eglises jouir, dans les premiers siècles, de liturgies diverses. Jérusalem n’avait pas la même qu’Alexandrie, qui différait elle-même avec Rome. Césarée eut aussi la sienne, qui fut modifiée et abrégée par Constantinople. On possède encore une partie de ces vénérables liturgies qui, diverses dans la forme, sont unies dans la Foi, et qui fournissent ainsi un des arguments les plus décisifs en faveur de la catholicité de la croyance. Or, l’*unité* consiste dans la foi une et universelle. La preuve de cette *unité catholique* résultant surtout de la diversité des formes liturgiques, c’est pour cela que nous disons que cette diversité est plus utile à l’*unité* que cette uniformité que l’on confond à tort avec elle.

‘ Autant la primitive Eglise tenait à l’*unité* de foi dans les choses révélées, autant elle tenait à la diversité dans les institutions humaines et purement disciplinaires. Nous rappellerons à ce sujet l’enseignement de quelques-uns des Pères de l’Eglise.

‘ Saint Jérôme, répondant à Licinius, qui lui avait demandé s’il fallait jeûner le samedi, et si l’on devait recevoir tous les jours l’Eucharistie suivant la pratique de l’Eglise romaine et des Eglises d’Espagne, se contenta de lui dire qu’il faut observer les traditions ecclésiastiques qui ne nuisent point à la foi, comme on les a reçues de ses pères; que la coutume des uns ne détruit pas la coutume contraire des autres; que chaque province doit suivre son usage, et considérer les ordonnances de ses ancêtres comme des lois apostoliques.

‘ Saint Augustin, répondant au prêtre Cassianus, qui l’avait interrogé s’il était permis de jeûner le jour du sabbat, soutint que dans les choses touchant lesquelles les saintes Ecritures n’établissent rien de certain, la coutume du peuple de Dieu et les réglemens de nos ancêtres doivent tenir lieu de loi.

‘ Après avoir établi ce principe, le saint docteur réfute la dissertation du prêtre de Rome touchant le jeûne du sabbat, et le blâme fort de ce qu’en voulant défendre l’usage de l’Eglise romaine, il n’a pas craint de déchirer presque toute l’Eglise par des paroles très-injurieuses. Il répond ensuite aux convenances que ce prêtre avait alléguées pour justifier le jeûne du samedi; puis il ajoute: “Puisque nous ne trouvons pas clairement, comme je l’ai déjà remarqué, qu’il y ait dans les évangiles, ni dans les actes des apôtres, des jours commandés pour le jeûne, cette chose doit être comme plusieurs autres, dont il serait difficile de faire l’énumération, et être mise du nombre des variétés qui se trouvent dans le vêtement de la fille du roi, c’est à-dire, de l’Eglise: je vais à ce sujet vous apprendre ce que le vénérable Ambroise, évêque de Milan,

qui m'avait baptisé, me répondit, quand je l'interrogeai sur cette question. Ma mère étant à Milan, et désirant savoir si elle devait jeûner le samedi, selon la coutume de son Eglise, ou dîner suivant l'usage de celle de Milan, j'interrogeai cet homme de Dieu pour la délivrer de ce scrupule. Il me répondit : "*Que puis-je vous enseigner autre chose que ce que je fais ?*" Je crus que, par cette réponse, il nous ordonnait de dîner le samedi, parce que je savais qu'il le faisait ; mais il ajouta : "*Quand je suis ici je ne jeûne pas le samedi ; et quand je suis à Rome je jeûne en ce jour ; faites de même ; et DANS QUELQUE EGLISE QUE VOUS VOUS TROUVIEZ, SUIVEZ SA COUTUME, SI VOUS VOULEZ NE PAS DONNER OU SOUFFRIR DE SCANDALE.*"

Saint Augustin, apôtre d'Angleterre, avait écrit à saint Grégoire qu'il était surprenant que la foi étant une, les coutumes de l'Eglise fussent si différentes, et que les Eglises des Gaules ne s'accordaient pas avec celle de Rome, même dans les cérémonies de la messe.

Rien n'est plus judicieux que la réponse de saint Grégoire. Il ne répond pas que les Eglises des Gaules font mal de ne pas suivre les coutumes de l'Eglise de Rome, et qu'Augustin doit embrasser celles-ci et les prescrire en Angleterre ; il conseille au contraire à Augustin de choisir et d'établir dans l'Eglise d'Angleterre ce qu'il trouvera de meilleur dans les coutumes de l'Eglise gallicane et des autres Eglises. "Nous ne devons pas, lui fait observer ce grand pape, aimer les choses parce qu'elles viennent de tel pays, mais nous devons préférer les contrées à cause des bons usages que nous y trouvons. Ainsi recueillez tout ce qu'il y a de pieux, de religieux et de juste dans les différentes Eglises particulières, et formez-en le Code coutumier que vous donnerez à l'Eglise d'Angleterre."

D'après cet enseignement, on comprend que le motif d'unité allégué par l'abandon de la liturgie écossaise n'a pas toute la force qu'on semblerait lui attribuer.

Il nous semble qu'il y a deux principes fondamentaux que l'on doit suivre lorsqu'il s'agit de l'union des Eglises : le premier, c'est que sur tous les points de la doctrine révélée, apostolique, il doit y avoir union complète, absolue ; le second, c'est que chaque Eglise particulière a droit à son autonomie ; qu'elle peut, par ses évêques légitimes, qui sont ses ministres, se donner des institutions disciplinaires qui lui soient propres, pourvu que dans ces institutions il n'y ait rien de contraire à celles qui viennent de Jésus-Christ ou de ses apôtres, aux règles fondamentales admises par toutes les Eglises apostoliques. Telles formes liturgiques, par exemple, qui conviennent au caractère de telle ou telle nation, peuvent ne pas convenir au caractère de telle autre. Pourquoi s'exposer à donner atteinte au sentiment religieux lui-même, en le revêtant de formes qui sont en contradiction avec le caractère national ? C'est là ce que Rome ne veut pas comprendre. Elle a voulu que la liturgie romaine fût établie en France. Qu'en est-il résulté ? C'est qu'elle a détruit à peu près le peu de religion qui existait encore dans notre pays. Le fidèle peu instruit a été froissé dans ses habitudes religieuses par l'introduction de nouveaux rites ; il a pensé que l'on changeait la religion elle-même ; les nouveaux rites ne répondaient plus à ses habitudes religieuses, il s'est dit que puisque des hommes changeaient la religion, il pouvait bien s'en faire une à sa guise et même n'en point avoir.

Il ne faut toucher aux formes admises depuis longtemps qu'avec une extrême précaution, dans la crainte d'arriver à des résultats si déplorables. Tous les fidèles ne sont pas théologiens ; ils sont plus religieux par sentiment que par raisonnement ; et il n'en pourra jamais être autrement, car quel que soit le zèle employé pour propager l'instruction, la masse, préoccupée de mille autres choses, sera toujours un terrain ingrat et peu productif. Quant à l'autre question, c'est-à-dire la plus grande conformité de la liturgie écossaise avec les anciennes liturgies de l'Orient, elle est incontestable. Nous n'en citerons

qu'un exemple : l'invocation du Saint-Esprit après les paroles de l'institution eucharistique.

' Dans la liturgie anglicane, cette invocation n'existe pas. Elle n'est, comme on sait, qu'un abrégé de l'*Ordinaire* de la messe suivi dans toutes les églises du rit latin ; mais, en abrégeant cet *Ordinaire*, on en a supprimé, nous ne dirons pas l'invocation, qui n'y existe pas, à proprement parler, mais ce qui peut en être considéré comme l'équivalent.

' La liturgie écossaise est donc de beaucoup préférable à la liturgie anglicane sous ce rapport.

' Les défenseurs de la liturgie écossaise, entre autres le révérend Forbes, affirment que c'est principalement à cause de sa trop grande conformité avec les anciennes liturgies que l'on voudrait la supprimer, et que l'on agit ainsi sous la pression d'une tendance protestante. Au lieu d'obéir à cette tendance, le docte ecclésiastique voudrait que l'on enrichît la liturgie de son Eglise de prières nouvelles empruntées aux anciennes liturgies et particulièrement à celle de saint Jacques. Nous ne pouvons qu'applaudir à ses travaux. Nous l'avons dit déjà : l'Eglise anglicane a sauvé d'excellentes choses du grand naufrage du seizième siècle, mais elle en a laissé périr plusieurs qu'il serait de son devoir de rétablir pour se trouver en unité parfaite avec toutes les Eglises apostoliques. De savants et pieux ecclésiastiques la poussent dans cette voie, et nous espérons que leurs efforts seront enfin couronnés de succès. Ils ont devant eux deux adversaires : le papisme et le protestantisme. Mais le premier sombre dans l'abîme qu'il a creusé, et le second s'annihile dans le rationalisme. Il n'y a plus de refuge assuré pour les vrais chrétiens que dans le catholicisme véritable, c'est-à-dire dans la doctrine primitive conservée par toutes les Eglises apostoliques. C'est là seulement que l'on trouve l'unité sans l'uniformité ; la foi solide avec la légitime liberté pour ce qui est d'opinion.

' L'ABBÉ GUETTÉE.'

ART. X.—1. *Tracts for Priests and People*. Nos. I.—XIII. London: Macmillan & Co. 1862.

2. *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined*. By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D.D. Bishop of Natal. London: Longman, Green Longman, Roberts, & Green. 1862.

WE are glad to learn, on the authority of one of these 'Tracts for Priests and People' (No. VI. p. 29), that Tertullian's treatise *De Præscriptionibus Hæreticorum* 'is said to be used by some of our bishops in their examinations for orders.' We wish it were more commonly used, and that the colleagues of the writer of the tract could be induced to read it, and consider it to more purpose than Mr. Maurice appears to have done. The value of the treatise is very great, and perhaps there is no other work of the early Christian writers that would give more information as to the mode in which controversy was met, and heretics were dealt with, in the first ages of the Church. It is, moreover, especially useful in the present day, when the grand principle of Protestantism, viz. individual appeal to Scripture, is breaking down. People are beginning at last to find out that the legitimate consequence of this principle is the abolition of all creeds as tests of Church membership, except, indeed, such as are couched in the *ipsissima verba* of Holy Scripture. The 'Tracts for the Times,' now more than thirty years ago, taught Churchmen, after an interval of a century and a half of apathy, to think for themselves on the position of the Church in reference to Holy Scripture; and during the latter half of that period, the views of students of theology have been gradually clearing themselves; and whilst the so-called Evangelical party has absorbed into its numbers the mass of people who are unable to think, or unwilling to give themselves the trouble of determining disputed matters for themselves, the thoughtful have been, not as might have been expected, approximating to an agreement on the points at issue between Catholicism and Protestantism, but diverging more widely as the subject became more intelligible. To a superficial observer, there may appear to be more agreement between the different parties in the Church; and some may, perhaps, even now be inclined to think that this result is, in point of fact, taking place, and that it is but the natural consequence of things when an earnest faith and an intellectual habit of mind are brought to the discussion of controverted questions.

For ourselves, we must admit that we have no such favourable
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estimate of the present, or glowing anticipations for the future. Whilst the Sixth Article of Religion exists in its present state there will always be an apparent standing-ground for that party whose latest and most legitimate development has been the volume of 'Essays and Reviews.' The most extreme opinion as regards this point, that has as yet found utterance, is contained in Mr. Jowett's affirmation, that the Nicene definition was a great misfortune to Christendom. On the principles of Protestantism it ought to be declared the greatest misfortune that has ever befallen Christendom, and the next step ought to be an attack on all creeds and statements of a dogmatic character, conveyed in language differing by a hair's-breadth from that of Scripture. The Apostles' Creed need not be objected to as far as the facts are concerned; but, to be consistent, it will be expedient to expunge from it the doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body, and then there will be no difficulty in the way of admitting into our fellowship those who disbelieve in the eternity of the Son of God, the distinct personality of the Holy Ghost, the one baptism for the remission of sins, provided only they believe in the fundamental principles of natural religion, the Unity of the Godhead, the facts of the life of our Blessed Lord, and the existence of a Church which He founded. As yet, however, our latitudinarian party have not ventured so far. The furthest statement in this direction has been that of Professor Jowett, and even he has somewhat startled his party by this announcement. Some of them, from reasons of policy, and more, probably, from mere inability to see in what direction they are drifting, content themselves with attacks upon the Athanasian Creed. And perhaps there is no ground so assailable as this; the Church party being obliged in this instance to abandon the strong ground which they hold as regards the Nicene Creed, that it has always been from the fourth century the Creed of the Universal Church. It is not pretended that the Athanasian Creed has been received beyond the limits of the Western Church. It descends to us, therefore, as an inheritance in common with much that we have disavowed and repudiated—and the damnnatory clauses are much more easily attacked than defended upon any principles that would appeal to the sense of the nation at large. It may be said, indeed, that the dislike of the Athanasian Creed is of older date than the time of which we are speaking—and, no doubt, this is true. But we are speaking now only of those definite objections which have taken their rise in a period of intellectual activity, and not of those vague and indefinite dislikes which were scarcely real enough to find either utterance or response. We have nothing now to do with the times when the reading of the

Athanasian Creed was so rare an event as to take a congregation by surprise, when George III. was lauded to the skies because, after two attempts on the part of a clergyman to introduce this Creed in its proper place in the Service, the king forced him to recommence with the Apostles' Creed by refusing to read the response 'Which Faith except every one,' &c. We wish to say nothing more now of any time anterior to the publication of the first of the 'Tracts for the Times' in 1831. And from that time to the present, we say that the prominence given to doctrine has been gradually eliciting (we wish we could use Mr. Maurice's word 'eliminating' in its true sense) the anti-doctrinal character which we believe to be inherent in Protestantism as such, and which is most remarkable in the whole school from which the 'Tracts for Priests and People' have emanated.

We have implied that it was natural that the exercise of thought on theological subjects should result in a divergence of opinions. It has ever been so in the history of schools of philosophy, but there are special reasons why this is unavoidable in the Church of England as at present constituted. The Creeds are a standing witness against the principle of Protestantism; and the Sixth of the Thirty-nine Articles affirms, it is alleged, the principle of proving everything from Scripture; and, so long as this Article exists in its present form, it appears, but we maintain that it only appears, to lend its sanction to the view that everything as between one individual and another must be settled by direct reference to Scripture. Accordingly, the Sixth Article has been dexterously called by one of the reviewers the Pivot Article of the Church of England—and the Eighth Article, it is said, in accordance with the same view, rests the Church of England's acceptance of the three Creeds, on the fact that they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture. For ourselves, we are content to accept the Eighth Article as explaining the meaning of the Sixth. We suppose no one will have the hardihood to assert, in face of the fact that every sect amongst us makes its ultimate appeal to Scripture, that the mere text of Scripture is in itself sufficient to put an end to all controversy between individuals as to doctrinal points. We entirely agree with Mr. Jowett, when he throws out a hint that there is a difficulty in deciding what proof from Scripture means. Certainly, it cannot mean that an individual can, by being referred to the text of Scripture, be convinced of a doctrine which contradicts a system in which he has been brought up. To take an extreme instance—what an utter absurdity would it be to suppose that the difference of a single iota which distinguishes the true from the false, the orthodox from the heretical, the 'of one substance' from 'of like

substance,' could be settled between individual disputants of the present day by an appeal to Scripture. We are not objecting to the statement of the Eighth Article, but are only proving what the meaning of it must be, by showing what it cannot possibly be. It can only mean that the Creeds may be proved, in the judgment, and to the satisfaction of that body, to whom the oracles of God were committed, viz. the Christian Church. And, under this view, the expression in the Sixth Article becomes intelligible. It may be reasonably asked, how what is not read in Scripture can be proved thereby, except in the case of a proposition contained under a more general one, which is directly stated in Scripture, or in the case of a proposition which is the aggregate of certain other definite statements of Holy Writ. In every other conceivable case the alleged conclusion must be more or less doubtful, and must appeal with different degrees of force to different minds. When a given speaker alleges that anything is proved by most certain warrants, he must mean, in the absence of absolute demonstration, that they are warrants that appear to him most convincing; and we submit, that when the Church uses the same expression, she asserts the proof is such as, in her judgment, to be decisive. There was a time when the Creed could not be proved from Scripture, for it existed before Scripture was written. In the good providence of God it has happened that satisfactory proof of the doctrines of the Creed may be found in Scripture. Whether this was to have been anticipated beforehand it is useless now to inquire, neither need the belief that this is or is not so be any barrier to communion between Churches which hold the same doctrine.

And this, we are bold to say, is the only intelligible view of the meaning of the Sixth Article; at the same time, we are prepared to admit that it is not the obvious explanation of what was meant by the Reformers. We do not pretend that this was their meaning. What we contend for is, that it is the only view which is consistent with the retention and reception of the Creeds as they now stand. Now there is no greater difficulty experienced by the Latitudinarian party in the Church than in the attempt to reconcile the appeal to Scripture with the dogmatism of the Creeds. The author of the 'Essay on the National Church' understands the controversy somewhat better than the writers of the 'Tracts for Priests and People,' and we are but doing him justice when we say that we believe that he would be consistent enough to desire to cut the Creeds clean away, leaving the Church of England, with her 'Pivot Article' on the sufficiency of Holy Scripture to embrace all persons of all shades of opinions who could agree in accepting the statements of Holy Writ, however explained, as the rule of faith. However, this consummation not yet having been brought about,

nor, as far as we can see, being at all probable—the business of these Tracts appears to us to be to endeavour to tone down the dogmatic statements of the Church till they can be rendered palatable to a large mass of Nonconformists and sceptics, who are willing to give their adherence to the different Books of Scripture, or, at least, to some of them.

It is not denied that the ‘Tracts for Priests and People’ were provoked by the position of affairs which succeeded the all but unanimous condemnation of the ‘Essays and Reviews;’ and we are certainly not misrepresenting the authors when we say that they desire to occupy a middle position between that of the Essayists and those who have condemned them.

The first seven Tracts are arranged to form a volume, the preface to which gives some account of their origin. The main objection of these writers seems to be that the Essayists have been silenced, or at least, that there has been an attempt to silence them, by clamour and outcry, and not by argument. We need not here attempt to show how entirely untrue this allegation is. Several articles in this Review have, from time to time, been written against the whole of that volume, or in answer to individual Essayists; and the press has been very much employed on pamphlets and volumes of more or less value, whose object was to show the untenableness of the position. Still, even had there been no single opponent who had joined issue with them, we cannot agree with these writers, that there would have been any hardship in the condemnation of them by the bishops and clergy. The publication of this volume was not like any ordinary case of the assertion of opinions which were unusual, and which demanded argument to refute them. In the judgment of any person possessed of common sense, this volume was a dishonest attempt to reconcile contradictions, to hold opinions totally at variance with the documents which the writers had subscribed, and being such, its denunciation by the whole bench of bishops, and nearly the whole body of the inferior clergy, was simply the expression of the indignation which any honest mind must have felt at such an unparalleled piece of audacity. In their preface, the writers of the Tracts say that these ‘denunciations and appeals took an almost entirely negative character. They contradicted and slandered objectors; they were not assertions of a belief; they led Christians far away from the Bible to apologies for the Bible; from the creed which they confess, to certain notions about the creeds; from practice to disputation. They met no real doubts in the minds of unbelievers, they only called for the suppression of all doubts. They confounded the opinions of the day with the faith once delivered to the saints. They

'tended to make anonymous journalists the lawgivers of the Church. They tended to discourage clergymen from expressing manfully what is in their hearts, lest they should incur the charge of being unfaithful to their vows. They tended to hinder all serious and honest co-operation between men who are not bound together in a sectarian agreement, lest they should make themselves responsible for opinions different from their own.' Now, independently of the false charge involved in the above paragraph against the objectors to this volume, the whole of the passage is a piece of misrepresentation from beginning to end; and we must confess we are at a loss to conceive how the unanimity of the clergy in denouncing such hypocrisy as is implied in the attempt to reconcile the belief of the Essayists and Reviewers with the formularies of the Church, can have any tendency to deter clergymen from expressing manfully what they believe. If there are traitors in the camp of the Church of England, it is probable they will be less outspoken than before, when they find that they cannot make proselytes by speaking out; but the very unanimity of the condemnation shows that there can be no considerable number of them, and if these writers mean that the clergy are at liberty to think as they please on subjects which have been defined by the Church, we are inclined to think they will have no considerable amount of followers.

Enough has been said to show that the standing point of these writers is a sort of half-way house between the position occupied by the Essayists and that of their opponents. They appear to write in the interests of the Church of England, and their object seems to be, so to explain the formularies of the Church, as to include that large body of people who are supposed to be conscientiously opposed to what has hitherto been ordinarily accepted as Church doctrine. We see no reason to accuse them of consciously agreeing with the Essayists in general, though there are important points upon which the difference of opinion is almost infinitesimal. On many points, no doubt, the authors would be entirely agreed in expressing their dissent. They cannot fairly be accused on the charge of agreeing with Professor Powell's compound of Theism and Pantheism. There is no evidence to make us think that they would, with Dr. Williams or Mr. Wilson, reject any entire book from the Canon of Scripture; neither is there reason to think they disbelieve in the possibility of miraculous agency, or the spirit of prophecy. Neither, again, do they profess any desire to eliminate all doctrine from the formularies; yet the Tracts, under the guise of attacking dogmatic statements, are really making the attempt to undermine all doctrinal teaching.

They are written by clergymen, as well as by laymen; and it appears not improbable, from a statement in the preface, that contributions from Dissenters may hereafter be expected. In point of fact, they are written to meet the sceptical spirit of the day, and not to interfere with the Dissenting system, much of which, we should infer, would be as palatable to the writers, if the Church system of the latter did not happen to be the established religion of the country.

There is one name of which we wish to speak with the most sincere respect, and which we regret to see associated with those of the other writers of 'Tracts for Priests and People'—that of the Rev. C. P. Chretien. He appears to us as the only writer who has any pretensions to being considered a deep thinker; and in what we have to say of the rest of these Tracts, we beg to except altogether from remark the first paper of the second volume, which is entitled 'Evidences for those who think and feel more than they can read.' The first of these Tracts is entitled '*Religio Laici*,' and is written by Mr. Thomas Hughes, a layman, who will be better known as the author of 'Tom Brown's School Days.' It professes to tell us what the author's faith is, and, under the guise of doing so, insinuates that the Essayists have not had fair play, because of 'the dishonesty of the attempts which have been made to put them down, and to stifle free inquiry.' 'It is sad,' says the writer, 'to see all our English Bishops, and eight thousand clergymen, trying to make scapegoats of these men, as if they, too, were not on their trial before God and their country. Let them stand forward and say what they believe, that we may know.' Well, Mr. Hughes stands forward and tells us what he believes. From what he says it may be gathered that he reverences the Bible, believes in the Incarnation, and does not find in the volume of Essays and Reviews the infidelity which other people find there. No doubt Mr. Hughes is entitled to his belief. Nor do we find fault either with what he holds, or with his desire to inform other people about it; but it sounds very like a flourish of trumpets to present us with this information after finding fault with the whole Episcopal bench, and nearly the whole of the clergy of the Church of England, for not coming forward and telling us what they believe. Probably if questioned on the subject, they would have no objection to admit that they believe the doctrines of the Church of England in the tolerably definite form in which they are expressed or implied in the Services of the Church, and the words of the Prayer-book. In fact we know of no other reason why they condemned the volume of Essays and Reviews, except because it contained views wholly at variance with the formularies, and

which common sense is unable to represent as reconcilable with them. If this writer objects, as he plainly does, that the bishops and clergy have not given any exact definition of a miracle, or stated any precise theory of inspiration, we answer that we see nothing unreasonable in men objecting to the denial of truths, although they may themselves be unable fully to understand the truths impugned. We answer, moreover, that Mr. Hughes does not appear to possess any more definite theory than those he is accusing of not putting out their views. It is no explanation of Inspiration to say that, 'I cannot draw the line between the Inspiration of the writers of Holy Scripture and that of other great teachers of mankind.' Neither does he enable us to distinguish between the ordinary and the miraculous, by informing us of his belief that the suspension of natural laws is orderly, and of his willingness to give up all miracles which will not bear the test of 'having been performed 'by men who felt that they were witnessing for God, with glimpses 'of his order, full of zeal for the triumph of that order in the 'world, and working as Christ worked—in His spirit and in the 'name of His Father or of Him.' We fear Mr. Hughes' willingness to give up such a miracle as that wrought by Vespasian, as recorded by Tacitus and Suetonius, will not satisfy the student of history, who is compelled by the overwhelming weight of heathen testimony to admit the fact of the miraculous cure of the blind man in the street of Alexandria. We have done with the '*Religio Laici*,' which forms the Introduction to this series of Tracts, and proceed to notice some of the others in illustration of the estimate we have formed of them. The most prominent name—prominent, that is, in the sense of being prefixed to more of these Tracts than any others—is that of Mr. J. M. Ludlow, barrister-at-law. Four of the treatises in this series are written by this gentleman. The same tone runs through them all. In the first the author seems to have relieved his mind by having a fling at the Bishop of Oxford's sermon, entitled 'The Revelation of God the Probation of Man.' The tract has an ambitious title. It is in the form of a dialogue, and is headed, 'The Sermon of the Bishop of Oxford on Revelation, and the Layman's Answer.' When it is considered that, being a dialogue, it states both sides of the question, and that it occupies not quite nine very small pages of very large print, the reader will probably not expect to find much in it that is either very profound or conclusive. However, if the 'safe man' and the 'plain-speaking man' do not produce much argument, and, in their ten minutes' supposed conversation, do not convince each other; the plain-speaking man, who is meant to have the advantage, tells us that honest doubt is impossible without

faith—that the prevalent evil of the age is not doubt, but lazy credulity—and that the issue of all the doubts of the present day will be the fall, during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, of the new philosophic idols before One, whose name is King of kings and Lord of lords. The writer does not seem to have realized the fact that there are lazy doubts as well as a lazy credulity; and though he distinguishes between this kind of doubts by laying some stress on the difference between honest and wilful doubt, yet it is plain that, in his view, all doubts are to be treated as honest. He does not seem to have entertained a suspicion of what is patent to almost every observer of the state of controversy in this day—viz., that it is easier to find fault with existing belief than to defend it, and that intellectual vanity is at the bottom of nearly all the scepticism that exists in this day amongst the young, whether of the artizan or of the University class. What he calls wilful doubts appear to Mr. Ludlow to be restricted to ‘the raking up of questions in one’s own mind, whether good is good, and evil evil; whether truth is truth, and falsehood falsehood.’ We suppose this absurd description means that the author disapproves of doubt, whether there is any real distinction between truth and falsehood, right and wrong. If this be so, we must profess our inability to see why extreme doubters of this class should be thought outside the sphere of Mr. Ludlow’s comprehensive charity.

The next Tract is also in the form of two dialogues between Mr. Smith and Mr. Williams; Mr. Smith, an enlightened man, having taken the place of Mr. Grey, ‘a safe man.’ And here we advance from the subject of doubts in general to doubts as they respect the inspiration of the books of Holy Scripture. The enlightened man seems to have been confirmed in his infidelity by the publication of the ‘Essays and Reviews,’ and appears in an attitude of disbelief in the authority of the Bible and antagonism to the Church; and the plain-speaking man, after a side hit at the feebleness of the volume which has converted Mr. Smith, a feebleness which he considers renders it unworthy of so much pother being made about it, proceeds to show Mr. Smith what a mistaken judgment he has formed of the probable results of the publication. In one point we are glad to find we can agree with the plain-speaking man, who, we suppose, must be considered to represent the author’s own view of matters. The show-up of the arrogance of physical philosophers of the sceptical school, their ridiculous claim to absolute certainty in the result of inductive processes, and their misunderstanding of the processes themselves, is very well done; the author is not so happy in his explanation of the difficulty which he sees in admitting a sort of inspiration of Scripture as distin-

guished from Homer and Shakspeare, the Koran and the Vedas ; and if the author really means what is true, he has been unfortunate in the mode of expressing the concluding paragraph of his Tract. It is as follows : ' I have the right to repeat to you what ' I said before, that the force and the law and the order which ' you bow to, which you hold to with a faith so robust that you ' would extend their dominion over the realms of chance itself, ' are no dry principles, but the very God whom we adore, ' Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.' We must really be content to answer the ' plain-speaking man ' in the words of the ' enlightened man '—' I do not see it yet.'

The dialogue between the two speakers is supposed to be resumed after an interval of a few days, and the latter part of the tract is occupied by a discussion on positive philosophy. It is not to our present purpose to follow the disputants through their conversation, from which we confess we have been able to gather very little about what either of them means. We find, however, in the course of the dialogue, that the disciple of Comte considers the doctrine of a future life the sheet-anchor of the Christian system, and that the plain-speaking man, who we suppose represents the author's view of orthodoxy, entirely denies that this is so. As there is, perhaps, no instance which will serve better to illustrate the line taken by these Tracts, we will dwell a little longer upon this passage. The subject arises in connexion with a suspicion supposed to be entertained by the ' enlightened man ' that the ' plain-speaking man ' means to represent M. Comte as holding opinions more in consonance with the Christian faith than is usually supposed ; and the passage in the works of the positive philosopher which is alluded to, is as follows :—

' The restriction even of all our hopes to real life, individual or collective, may easily supply, under a wise philosophical direction, new means of combining individual impulse with universal advancement, of which the consideration, gradually preponderant, will constitute from thenceforth the sole appropriate way of satisfying, as far as possible, that need of eternity always inherent in our nature. For instance, that scrupulous respect for human life which has always gone on increasing as our sociability became developed, can certainly but largely increase through the extinction of a chimerical hope.'

As all this grandiloquence would be entirely unintelligible to any ordinary reader, we must, before we go further, translate it into common sense, so far as it admits of such transformation. It seems to amount to this :—The hope of a future life is a mere delusion, and if we can succeed in convincing all people that this is so, amongst other good effects that may be expected to result from this, will be an increased respect for human life, which respect has been gradually becoming more scrupulous as our

sociability (that is, we suppose, Christian charity) has become developed. There is, indeed, a need of eternity inherent in our nature, and no philosophy could possibly be true which does not point out the means of satisfying this want; and that system which denies the reality of any future existence, does thereby enhance the value of the present life in the eyes of all who adopt it; who may by wise teaching be directed to use all their efforts in the advancement of the abstract quality 'man;' for the consideration of the principles of our philosophy as they gradually make way with the disciple, will convince him that there is no other method of satisfying his aspirations after the future.

Now, we are not concerned here, to show, at length, the absurdity of this view, and perhaps no argument could do this so effectually as the statement of the view itself in plain language; but what we are concerned with, is the light the whole passage, with its context, throws upon the position of the writers whom we are reviewing.

Mr. Ludlow goes on to make some observations upon the positive philosophy, showing how really baseless and self-contradictory it is. We need not say that in some of these remarks we concur; but we are in the same case with the 'enlightened man,' who is made to observe, 'I don't know where to have you. Sometimes you seem to approve of Comtianism; sometimes you denounce it. You spoke of Comte a little while back as an honest man, now he is a priest of evil.' This exactly represents the view of the whole school of whom we are speaking. First of all, they are content to find fragments of truth in the most outrageous attacks upon Christianity. Partly in affectation of liberality, partly with the desire of appearing charitable, they make the best of what they find in the writings of sceptics and infidels. And this not at all on the principle of '*fus est et ab hoste doceri.*' It is not that they would learn from their enemy, but they really entertain hopes of making him a friend. The mental phenomenon is of an extraordinary kind, and is not explicable on any one principle; yet, though we are inclined to give these writers credit for comprehensive benevolence, and though truth is the one object which they profess to be in search of, it is impossible not to convict them of great indifference to, or at least ignorance of, the fundamental truths of Christianity. Familiar intercourse with those who deny the most sacred truths, whether such intercourse be held personally or by means of reading their works, of course has a tendency to beget doubts of the truths impugned, as well as to produce a state of mind which underrates the importance of truth, or, at least, of its mode of statement

—and this state of things is very much aggravated in cases where the person has not a strong practical appreciation of a doctrine, and where the life and conduct of him who denies it appears to be irreproachable. And the school of writers of whom we are now speaking, has made shipwreck of its faith, because that faith was not deeply rooted or practical enough to resist the inevitable evils of a contest with the infidel and sceptical school. They are unable to see that formularies expressed in dogmatic language are the only means of securing the adhesion of intelligent people to the truths which they embody. And they first sacrifice the formulary, and then give up the essential part of the truth which it contains. Here is an instance in point where the author is really bent upon combating Comte's denial of the truth of a future life, and, in the course of his argument, says, 'I deny absolutely that a future life is the sheet anchor of the Christian system.' We do not pretend to say that this sentence is the logical contradiction of one uttered by S. Paul, for it is couched in metaphorical language, but we take leave to quote a verse from the first Epistle to the Corinthians, and shall leave the reader to judge for himself how far the two are reconcilable. The passage is as follows:—'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.'

We are let into some further light as to Mr. Ludlow's opinions and views in a subsequent Tract, which takes a more ambitious range, in which the plain-speaking man is made to deal with two antagonists, one after the other. He first of all despatches the conscientious man, who, for want of something more definite in the formularies of the Church of England, on the doctrine of the Atonement, has forsaken her communion and joined a dissenting body, and afterwards proceeds to dissect the views of the enlightened man who still adheres to Comte's philosophy. Probably the object of introducing the two extremes was to exhibit the Church of England as the true *via media*, though the author, who, we suppose, impersonates the character of the plain-speaking man, is far from acquiescing in all that the Church of England believes and teaches. In fact, he designates himself a dissenter in the Church as distinguished from a dissenter from it. This position is explained as follows:—The writer could not bring himself to sign the Articles, but could co-operate with a clergyman who does, apparently on the ground that difference of doctrine makes no difference in practice. He objects to certain clauses in the Athanasian Creed, and to the use of a few verses in the Psalms. The justification of this position is to be found in the following history of his religious education:—

'In the first place, I have old Independent blood, as well as Scotch Presbyterian, flowing in my veins; and all the instincts of race would, with me, run against the high Laudian views of Anglican doctrine and practice. In the next place, I was brought up abroad for the most part, and thereby for many years was mixed up with Ultramontane and Jansenist, Lutheran and Calvinist,—fighting out the Protestant controversy while yet in my teens,—receiving my first deep religious convictions from foreign Protestant sources,—yet kept in contact all the while with the heterogeneous indifferentism, scepticism, rampant anti-Christian dogmatism, passionate political or social faiths of continental society, carried away by them more or less, sojourning a year or two in Socinianism, carried to the very brink of Atheism. For years after I had returned to this country, the Church of England had no hold upon me. I have attended many different forms of religious service; have frequented a particular Independent chapel for nearly a year at a time; listened to one of the best sermons I ever heard, from the lips of a Unitarian. Even after I had grown to feel the value of Church principles—so far as it could be realized from the Evangelical point of view—being in the midst of an English community abroad which was torn to pieces by religious disputes—I preferred joining a Free Kirk congregation to taking part in such squabbles. So that, you see, my attachment to the Church of England is the very reverse of traditional. It is the full, deliberate assent of one who has proved many things, and having found what is good, holds it fast.'

The result of the conversation with the conscientious man does not appear; that of the argument with the enlightened man is to induce him half to volunteer to go to church to try the effect of prayer; and, as a reward for his self-denial, the plain-speaking man meets him half-way, and admits that the sermon is in too many instances unendurable, and he must pray for strength to endure it.

An infidel coaxed to church by the assertion of a Dissenter within the Church, that he will find prayer soothe his spirit and brace his will, and directed to pray for strength to endure the sermon with which the solemn act of worship concludes!!

And now we have done with Mr. Ludlow, for whom we have all the respect that is due to a conscientious man who has had no advantages of religious education, and who has found his way in a wonderful manner into the Church of England, and in no less wonderful a way preserves his attachment to it. Such persons we gladly welcome; we demur to their setting themselves up for teachers, or their writing 'Tracts for Priests and People.'

It will, perhaps, scarcely be thought fair in estimating a set of miscellaneous tracts to apply so sweeping a rule as the *ab uno disce omnes*. Yet, in fact, the reader who should judge of the whole series by the remarks we have made upon Mr. Ludlow's, would scarcely, we think, misapprehend their general tone and scope. Probably this individual writer is more thoroughly prejudiced against the Church of Rome than some of his colleagues are. Hostility to Roman doctrine is by

no means the characteristic of these Tracts, except, indeed, so far as it is definite and exclusive. Exclusiveness is, in fact, the point attacked, and definite statements of doctrine are, of course, objected to, either directly or by implication.

And the leading idea of these tracts is, that a good life is the thing to be aimed at, and not an Orthodox Creed. Accordingly, if they can succeed in representing the faith of the Church of England as barely tolerable, these writers are satisfied, and seem to consider that its being the established religion of the country gives it a claim upon the adherence of all Her Majesty's loyal subjects. We can imagine no other reason for the preference shown for the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, over that of many dissenting bodies, to one or other of whom, as far as we can see, these writers on their own principles ought to have proclaimed their allegiance. It seems to us, indeed, one of the intellectual phenomena of the day, that persons advocating latitudinarian views should think it worth their while to proselytize to a Church which is more tied down to formularies than any Protestant body in the whole world. Such proselytizing never has been, and, we venture to think, never can be successful. There is absolutely no road open for an intelligent Dissenter, into the fold of the Establishment, except by means of the recognition of her right and title to rank as an integral portion of the Church of Christ by the integrity of her doctrine and the apostolicity of her descent. The ranks of the national Church will, no doubt, be recruited from time to time by dissenters from the different sections of Nonconformists, *i.e.* by persons who have risen in the world, and who, seeing no great difference in the ordinarily received view of the Church of England and of dissent, follow the tide of fashion, and call themselves members of the Church. But this, we need hardly say, is a very different thing from a conversion to the Church of England from conviction, and, we repeat, we see no reason to anticipate any accession from the ranks of dissent, except on the true understanding that the Dissenter occupies a schismatic position, and that no sect can claim the hereditary power of dispensing the sacraments.

The reader will not be surprised to hear that all such ideas as these are treated in these Tracts as if they had no existence. With these writers, the Creeds are not the voice of the Church catholic, but mere human inventions, which may be discarded at pleasure, or altered to suit the altering phases of human thought. No doubt here is their greatest difficulty. The Creeds are unfortunately definite and dogmatic, and as unfortunately are couched in language very considerably differing from that of Holy Scripture. And how is this difficulty to be met? It is

evident that the difficulty has been felt, for it is recurred to, over and over again, in the course of these Tracts. And there is one writer of whom we would wish to speak with all respect, who writes, not in objection to the Athanasian, but in defence of the Nicene Creed. The writers do not profess to agree in their opinions, excepting, indeed, on a very broad basis, and are content to differ even in particulars which they consider of importance. With much that is alleged by Mr. Garden, we cordially agree, and in particular in the valuable remarks (especially valuable in such a series as this, and as such we commend them to the notice of his colleagues) on the permanence of truth as distinguished from the variableness of human institutions. His suggestions, too, on the fact, that the Creeds, like the Authorized Version of the Bible, have preserved the meaning of words, which would otherwise in the lapse of time have changed, are worth attending to. But, surely, it is a faint method of defending the Nicene Creed to allege, that the words of Scripture must needs want enlarging upon, and that several questions about their significance would require to be answered, and perversions which would destroy their significance warded off. And though Mr. Garden cannot imagine better words than those in which the Church has set forth this significance, we do not see that he meets the Dissenter's objection, that these words are unscriptural and unauthoritative. Moreover, were it ever so true that the man who has really bowed to the conviction that he has been redeemed by no less than his Maker and his God, will not long scruple to confess Him such in the words of the Creed; this assertion entirely ignores the principal use of the Creed, which is not to bring a Nonconformist to the truth, but to save the orthodox from falling into error. However, it is plain that the thought which is uppermost in Mr. Garden's mind, as it is prominent in all the tracts of this series, is, how to win Dissenters to the communion of the Church: first, it may be by explaining, or rather by explaining away, her formularies; secondly, by relaxing them, if necessary. Mr. Ludlow has given us one account of one such conversion to a position which he, aptly enough, designates as dissent in the Church. Another of these Tracts, the latter half of No. V., is entitled 'The Message of the Church,' and gives another account of a similar conversion from dissent to a much more hearty acquiescence in the new position which the writer occupies. This Tract contains a simple history of the mode in which an apparently earnest-minded man found his way out of Calvinistic theology and anti-State-Church politics, by feeling the adaptation of the doctrine of Baptism to his spiritual wants, and the consistency of this doctrine with the whole theory of worship

and with the Liturgy of the Church. Nothing can be more natural than the way in which Mr. Langley tells his story. We have read it with the deepest interest; and we believe that it embodies the experience of thousands who, thirty or forty years ago, were brought up by religious parents in all the horrors of Calvinism, and who could put together no satisfactory theory of religion, till the teaching of the Church that Baptism was the beginning of the Christian life made everything clear to their minds. We hope and believe that Mr. Langley's theological views will rise far above those of most of his companions in these Tracts. We do not, indeed, know that they have not already done so; for the only fault we have to find with this Tract is, the companionship in which we find it.

We had intended to review these Tracts at greater length, but what has been already said will give a sufficient idea of them. Upon the whole, they are fair specimens of Mr. Maurice's school of thought. Most of them are superficial; and though they embrace various contradictions, they are tolerably agreed in the endeavour to make all questions as open as they can. It is but natural that this should be the object of writers who cannot look upon the Church as in possession of objective truth, and to whom, therefore, all dogma and definition must be a mere bondage. This is the meaning of our hearing so much about the comparative freedom of the laity, who have not to assert their belief in the Prayer-book and formularies, and the restrictions under which the clergy are prevented from ranging over the field of free inquiry.

The writers whom we have been discussing may be considered to occupy a sort of half-way house between orthodoxy and the opinions of the 'Essayists and Reviewers.' We have now to invite the reader's attention to an author of a much more pretentious kind. Dr. Colenso's position is entirely unique. He is a bishop in the Christian Church. For all that appears to the contrary, he means to retain his position; and he has written a book, the professed object of which is to prove that the Mosaic narrative is not historically true. The Bishop of Natal shelters himself under the recent decision of Sir Stephen Lushington in the Court of Arches, and considers that the expression, 'I do unfeignedly believe all the Canonical Scriptures,' means no more than that, 'I believe the Holy Scriptures contain everything necessary to Salvation, and to that extent they have the direct sanction of the Almighty.' We confess that we are puzzled as to what interpretation should be placed on the words, 'to that extent.' But let that pass; we need not dispute about an expression. If any man can reconcile it to his conscience to swear that he does believe the first five Books

of Canonical Scripture, and then to write a book to allege his reasons for not believing them, we can only say, we do not envy such an one his state of moral perception.

Had Dr. Colenso possessed any cultivation of mind beyond what is implied by the course which enables a student to become a second wrangler at Cambridge, he would probably have been more alive to the absurdity of the position in which he has placed himself. The old proverb of 'great cry and little wool' might possibly have occurred to his mind, and prevented his announcement of his grand discovery in such magnificent language as we find in the preface to this volume. He might, if he had ever read Horace, have called to mind a well-known line of caution against great promises and small performances :—

'Quid tanto dignum feret hic promissor hiatu?'

He might have kept his conclusions in the background till people had read his premisses ; or if, as he himself hints, he thought this not quite honest, he might at least have made sure that his premisses were such as to make good his conclusion ; he might have contented himself with drawing inferences which were certainly within the mark which his arguments might seem to point at. It would have been sufficiently startling, as a phenomenon in the moral world, to find a Christian bishop comfortably acquiescing in the disproof of large portions of the sacred writings ; though we must admit that it is even more surprising to find such an one greedily hunting up evidence against the Scriptures, and stating the results in the most preposterously exaggerated language. We need only state the conclusion, and then enumerate the arguments adduced in support of it, to exhibit the disproportion of which we are speaking.

At p. xvii. of the Preface we have the following :—

'I became convinced of the unhistorical character of very considerable portions of the Mosaic narrative.'

In a note to this passage, the use of the word 'unhistorical,' in preference to 'fictitious,' is defended on the ground that the latter may be understood to imply conscious dishonesty, or an intention to deceive. The author does not accuse Moses of practising historical deception, when he gives the story of the exodus from the ancient legends of his people.

Again, at p. xviii. we have a similar statement :—

'This conviction, which I have arrived at, of the *certainly* of the ground on which the *main* argument of my book rests, (viz. the proof that the account of the exodus, whatever value it may have, *is not historically true*,) must be my excuse to the reader for the manner in which I have conducted the inquiry.'

Again, p. xx. :—

‘The main result of my examination of the Pentateuch,—viz. that the narrative, whatever may be its value and meaning, cannot be regarded as historically true,—is not—unless I greatly deceive myself—a doubtful matter of speculation at all ; it is a simple question of *facts*.’

Again, p. 8 :—

‘The result of my inquiry is this, that I have arrived at the conviction, —as painful to myself at first, as it may be to my reader, though painful now no longer under the clear shining of the Light of Truth,—that the Pentateuch, as a whole, cannot possibly have been written by Moses, or by any one acquainted personally with the facts which it professes to describe, and, further, that the (so-called) Mosaic narrative, by whomsoever written, and though imparting to us, as I fully believe it does, revelations of the Divine will and character, cannot be regarded as *historically true*.’

Also, p. 10 :—

‘But I wish to repeat here most distinctly that my reason, for no longer receiving the Pentateuch as historically true, is not that I find insuperable difficulties with regard to the *miracles*, or supernatural *revelations* of Almighty God, recorded in it, but solely that I cannot, as a true man consent any longer to shut my eyes to the absolute, palpable, self-contradictions of the narrative. The notion of miraculous or supernatural interferences does not present to my own mind the difficulties which it seems to present to some. I could believe and receive the miracles of Scripture heartily, if only they were authenticated by a veracious history ; though, if this is not the case with the Pentateuch, any miracles, which rest on such an unstable support, must necessarily fall to the ground with it.’

Also, p. 11 :—

‘For the conviction of the unhistorical character of the (so-called) Mosaic narrative seems to be forced upon us, by the consideration of the many absolute *impossibilities* involved in it, when treated as relating simple matters of fact, and without taking account of any argument, which throws discredit on the story merely by reason of the miracles, or supernatural appearances, recorded in it, or particular laws, speeches, and actions ascribed in it to the Divine Being. We need only consider well the statements made in the books themselves, by whomsoever written, about matters which they profess to narrate as facts of common history,—statements which every Clergyman, at all events, and every Sunday-School Teacher, not to say every Christian, is surely bound to examine thoroughly, and try to understand rightly, comparing one passage with another, until he comprehends their actual meaning, and is able to explain that meaning to others. If we do this, we shall find them to contain a series of manifest contradictions and inconsistencies, which leave us, it would seem, no alternative but to conclude that main portions of the story of the exodus, though based, probably, on some real historical foundation, yet are certainly not to be regarded as *historically true*.’

Such are the conclusions at which the author has arrived, stated in his own words. We should naturally expect that an array of most conclusive objections to the genuineness and authenticity of the Pentateuch would follow. Instead of this, we find

about twenty difficulties, in the form of objections, stated in as many chapters. Some of these are old; some, we must confess, we have never met with before. Now, in the outset, we observe that the Bishop of Natal, in his first chapter, which consists of introductory remarks, goes off from his point, and very unnecessarily complicates the matter by allusions to the common belief in the inspiration of the Mosaic history. Now this, as having nothing whatever to do with his argument, had better have been left alone. But the *animus*, in introducing it, is apparent. If, as he fully believes, he has succeeded in proving the narrative historically false, and the narrative pretends to be historically true, no theory of inspiration need be alluded to—nor is there any other object in alluding to it, but in order to exhibit the faith of believers in it in a stronger light of absurdity. In return for this, we may be permitted to quote a few words from Dr. Colenso himself, which seem to us a little to heighten the absurdity of his present belief as contrasted with that which he held two short years ago. His present belief may be gathered from the few extracts on the last page. His past state of mind, which now appears in so contemptible a light, is described as follows:—

‘And though, of course, aware—as every thinking person must be—of some serious difficulties which present themselves in reading the earlier portions of the Bible, I have been content to rest satisfied that the belief on which so many thousands of pious and able minds, of all ages and countries, have acquiesced, must be—in its main particulars, at least—correct.’—P. 5.

There is no necessity for us to follow the writer in his show-up of a most extreme and entirely indefensible theory of inspiration. Let it be said, once for all, that our quarrel with Dr. Colenso now is as to the historical truth, not as to the inspiration, of Moses.

We have nothing more to allege against this introductory chapter than that it contains another piece of rhetorical artifice. Two passages are quoted from Exodus xxi., viz. v. 4 and v. 20, 21, which regard the regulations established between a master and his slaves. It appears that the whole soul of an intelligent Christian native revolted against the cruelty of such a rule as allowed a master to escape the punishment of death, if his slave survived a few days after being punished with the rod, and at the reason assigned, viz. that he was his slave! But this passage is quoted, though with strong marks of abhorrence, not as being one of those which formed an insuperable objection to the narrative, but rather as a foil to set off the strength of the objections which are to follow. If this had been the worst case against the Mosaic narrative, the author

could have acquiesced in it by supposing 'that such words as 'these were written down by Moses, and believed by him to 'have been divinely given to him, because the thought of them 'arose in his heart, as he conceived, by the inspiration of God, 'and that hence to all such laws he prefixed the formula, "'Jehovah said unto Moses," without its being on that account 'necessary for us to suppose that they were actually spoken by 'the Almighty.'

The chapter ends with the author's preliminary fortification of his argument, which begins in Chapter II., with the following quotation from Bishop Butler:—

'General incredibility in the things related, or inconsistency in the general turn of the history, would prove it to be of no authority.'

Immediately after this passage the Bishop of Natal opens fire in the following confident language:—

'I shall now proceed to show, by means of a number of prominent instances, that the books of the Pentateuch, in their own account of the story which they profess to relate, contain such remarkable contradictions, and involve such plain impossibilities, that they cannot be regarded as true narratives of actual, historical matters of fact. Without stopping here to speak of the many difficulties, which (as will appear hereafter) exist in the earlier parts of the history, I shall go on at once to consider the account of the exodus itself, beginning with the very first step of it, the descent into Egypt.'—P. 17.

The whole of the rest of this chapter is occupied in stating a particular case of difficulty involved in the variation of the numbers of the children of Israel who went down into Egypt. Every one will be more or less familiar with the difficulties that beset the attempt to reconcile the numbers as recorded in two or three different places of the Old and New Testament. Probably no one was ever satisfied that any one of the many possible explanations was the true account of the case, and perhaps, to take a parallel case, no one has ever found what he considered an entirely satisfactory account of the three sets of fourteen generations at the commencement of S. Matthew's gospel. We shall only puzzle our readers by following the author through his arithmetical calculations, by which he abundantly satisfies himself that Hezron and Hamul were amongst those who came into Egypt with Jacob according to the story, but could not have done so according to the figures. The third chapter is devoted to the explanations given by various expositors of this difficulty, with short answers by the author, who objects to the validity of the explanations. Put the case at the lowest, and let it remain an unsolvable difficulty, just as we must say we consider the difficulties of S. Matthew's genealogy to be quite

inexplicable; we have then only to observe that the fictitious character of the narrative of the Pentateuch is a large superstructure to rear on so slender a foundation. It would appear to us a most wonderful fact, there being so many difficulties as there are connected with the documents of the four gospels, if there had not been most serious difficulties in a document which is older by fifteen centuries than the gospels, and which is, in fact, amongst the most ancient historical memorials in the world. Let it be repeated—we are not attempting to explain a difficulty, but are placing it in the strongest light we can to further Dr. Colenso's purposes. We are supposing—what is perhaps not to be supposed—that it is insurmountable; and we ask, what then? We suppose when Dr. Colenso's book is forgotten, the mass of people will pay no attention to it, seeing that it does not much matter one way or the other how the difficulty is solved, and biblical critics will still be disputing as to the truth of the matter, unless, perhaps, what is very unlikely, some other evidence should turn up which shall enable people to understand it better than they do now. Dr. Colenso's grand discovery has been known for a good many years, and has not had the effect of creating a panic amongst believers in a revelation, and has indeed produced no other result, than a great many ingenious devices how to reconcile the discrepancies involved in the plain letter of the history.

The next passage selected for animadversion is the following: '*And Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, Gather thou the congregation together unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. And Moses did as Jehovah commanded him. And the assembly was gathered unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation.*' Well, it would be thought there is no room for objection here, much less for an arithmetical calculation. But everything that the poor Bishop of Natal touches turns into arithmetic. Here we believe we must give Dr. Colenso credit for a piece of originality. As far as we know, he is the first person to discover the difficulty of this simple passage. We shall confine ourselves to the statement of the objection, and the reader may perhaps discover some means of connecting it with the passage in question. The chapter takes up four pages, and ends with the words, '*It is inconceivable how all the assembly, the whole congregation, could have been summoned to attend at "the door of the tabernacle" by the express command of Almighty God.*' And the premisses out of which this conclusion comes are, first, that the children of Israel were six hundred thousand in number: and, secondly, that the door of the tabernacle could only have been a few feet wide at the utmost.

We really do not presume to compare the mathematical

knowledge which Moses had acquired in Egypt with the arithmetical genius of the Bishop of Natal; but we think our author might have given the writer of the book of Genesis credit for intellect to the extent of knowing that 600,000 men could not be actually in contact with an ordinary-sized door. We do not think a person who could execute so clumsy a story would have been likely to have survived in his writings a period of three thousand three hundred years.

We scarcely like so to insult the intellects of our readers, but we will just ask them to consider the following:—What would be thought of an argument against the historical truth of S. Luke's Gospel, drawn from the account given in the first chapter, of Zacharias performing his office in the temple, whilst *the whole multitude* of the people were praying without, at the time of incense? If the cases are not parallel, we should like to know in what they differ.

The same remarks apply to the next chapter, which is occupied in destroying the credit of the books of Deuteronomy and Joshua, on precisely the same arithmetical principle. It will suffice to quote the passages out of which these two books are convicted of being unhistorical:—

'These be the words which Moses spake unto all Israel. Deut. i. 1.

'And Moses called all Israel, and said unto them. Deut. v. 1.

'And afterward he read all the words of the Law, the blessings and the cursings, according to all that which is written in the Book of the Law. There was not a word of all that Moses commanded, which Joshua read not before all the congregation of Israel, with the women, and the little ones, and the strangers that were conversant among them. Jo. viii. 34, 35.'—P. 35.

The evidence against Leviticus occupies the next chapter. The passage quoted is the following:—

'And the skin of the bullock, and all his flesh, with his head, and with his legs, and his inwards, and his dung, even the whole bullock, shall he (the priest) carry forth without the camp, unto a clean place, where the ashes are poured out, and burn him on the wood with fire. Where the ashes are poured out, there shall he be burnt. Levit. iv. 11, 12.'—P. 38.

Dr. Colenso thinks that it was absolutely impossible to comply with this command, on the ground that the encampment was a mile and a half across, and as the priest must of necessity be exactly in the centre of it, he would have three-quarters of a mile to walk.

Some centuries hence, perhaps, the world may see (though we think it scarcely likely) a specimen of another historical critic arguing that the accounts of the American rebellion are not true, because the immense army of the Potomac could not

possibly have heard the speeches that are reported to have been addressed to them.

After having thus satisfactorily disposed of these three books of Leviticus, Deuteronomy, and Joshua, the author returns to Exodus and its history, which is evidently his strong point. The first offence he takes is at the numbers of the Israelites when the census is taken, of which, to use his own words, 'it is 'surprising that the number of adult males should have been 'identically the same (603,550) on the first occasion as it was 'half a year afterwards.'

The next objection is to the use of tents. Every man was to gather manna for them which were in his tents. It seems an innocent supposition that the Israelites, not having regular houses on their journey, should sleep in tents; but our author will have none of them, because they are 'cumbrous articles to have been carried.' The author thinks an ox might possibly have been able to carry one such tent, and that 200,000 oxen, therefore, would have been required for the purpose, and considerably adds: 'But oxen are not usually trained to carry 'goods upon their backs as pack-oxen, and will by no means do 'so, if untrained.'

That the Israelites went up 'harnessed,' or 'armed,' is the next difficulty; a difficulty which the author, taking it for granted that the very doubtful word translated 'harnessed,' means 'armed,' taking for granted also that every individual was in full armour, compares with the difficulty of arming a host nine times as great as the army under Wellington's command at Waterloo.

We do not know what principle of arrangement is adopted by the Bishop of Natal, but as that is a point of no great importance, we must be content to follow him backwards and forwards over the Pentateuch as he leads us. For the objection of the tenth chapter we are carried backwards from the 16th to the 12th of Exodus, and we have the following as the heading of the chapter:—

'Then Moses called for all the elders of Israel, and said unto them, Draw out now, and take you a lamb according to your families, and kill the Passover. And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the bason, and strike the lintel and the two side-posts with the blood that is in the bason; and none of you shall go out at the door of his house until the morning. . . . And the children of Israel went away, and did as Jehovah had commanded Moses and Aaron: so did they. Ex. xii. 21-28.'—P. 54.

After reading the previous objections, the reader will be prepared to find the author in another arithmetical puzzle, as to how to convene so many elders before Moses; but he will

scarcely anticipate so ludicrous an exhibition of folly as appears in the assertion that *on one single day* the whole immense population of Israel—as large as that of London—was instructed to keep the Passover, and actually did keep it. The difficulty is further pleasantly illustrated by an invitation to us, ‘to imagine the time that would be required for the poorer half of LONDON going hurriedly to borrow from the richer half, in addition to their other anxieties in starting upon such a sudden and momentous expedition;’ after which we have a comparison instituted between the extent of the pasture-land in Australia and New Zealand, with a view of showing the impossibility of the Israelites complying with the command to sacrifice 150,000 lambs, which is the modest number which the author thinks absolutely necessary.

Such is a specimen of the arithmetical difficulties which have caused Dr. Colenso to publish to the world his opinion that the narrative of the Pentateuch cannot possibly be historically true. The most wonderful part of the whole thing seems to us, that Dr. Colenso never thought that many of these difficulties are too transparent to prove much. Who, in writing a fictitious account of a migration of a tribe from one country into another, and who had the power of inventing miracles to any extent if he had so pleased, would have ventured to narrate, without pretending miraculous interference, a story to which such easy and obvious exceptions could be taken? And this is the character of every real difficulty in the Mosaic writings. We do not, of course, speak of the first few specimens we have alluded to, which are, in point of fact, no difficulties at all; but of such difficulties as the last mentioned, which, owing to our ignorance of details, are quite incapable of solution, and probably never will admit of being explained. These difficulties, almost without exception, are such as would strike any ordinarily attentive reader. Many of them, we have no doubt, have occurred to a child on first reading over the narrative. And this being so, we must think that for all practical purposes they carry their own solution with them. If they are difficulties which must arrest the attention of every intelligent reader, it is impossible that any person who had intelligence enough to write the history could have overlooked them. It is a pregnant fact that such difficulties have been seen by everybody, have been commented upon, have exercised the ingenuity of expositors with more or less of success or failure, and that the Christian world has paid very little attention to the matter. If it is asked what is the reason of this, the obvious reply is, Because the authenticity of the books of Moses is abundantly proved from external sources of various kinds, and because they are unmistakeably

endorsed by the whole subsequent history of the Jewish nation, and by the writers of the New Testament. People have been content to leave difficulties unexplained, for which they could see no probable solution, and which, after all, did not affect their belief either way, whether explained or unexplained.

The remarks we have been making apply with peculiar force to the difficulty which next engages the Bishop of Natal's attention. We refrain from quoting anything from his twelfth chapter, confining ourselves to a brief statement of the argument. It amounts to this, that the forty years' sojourn in the wilderness is manifestly a fiction, because, though the people were miraculously supplied with manna, there are no possible means of supporting the cattle they have with them.

Probably this difficulty will strike different readers with very different degrees of force. It may, perhaps, seem to some that we are not very good judges of the case. The transactions recorded in the narrative took place some thirty-three or thirty-four centuries ago. Some may think it rash to hazard an assertion as to the state of the desert at that time, beyond the general language in which it is spoken of in Holy Scripture as a great and howling wilderness. To others it may appear that probably the cattle were provided for by some miraculous interposition. Neither will this appear at all incredible to many who remember the fact of a never-ceasing occurrence of a miracle in the preservation of the shoes and clothes of the wanderers during all these forty years.

But be this as it may, we venture to assert that no writer of a fictitious narrative, who meant to pass off his fiction for true history, would have been so utterly destitute of common sense as to leave the case of the food for the cattle unprovided for. It is not like a point which could have escaped his observation. It is just the very thing which a writer of fiction would have thought of, and have described in detail. It will be said, perhaps, that Dr. Colenso abstains from calling the narrative fictitious, and prefers the term unhistorical. If these words are not, in the present case, and for practical purposes, synonymous, we should be glad to know what difference there is between them. Does the Bishop of Natal suppose that the author was writing a romance founded on facts, or entirely imaginary, for the amusement of those who at the time of writing, or in after ages, might have the privilege of reading it? And, above all, when did this romance first come to be taken for historical fact? when did its regulations become the law of the land? when did its typical and prophetic representations so fix themselves in the minds of the whole nation, as to give a character which distinguished this people from all other nations in the world?

There is a well-known book, called 'A Short and Easy Method with the Deists,' written by one of the acutest controversialists the Church of England has ever produced; and we commend this to Dr. Colenso's attention, as well as to the consideration of all such persons as are at all staggered by Dr. Colenso's difficulties. If, after reading that book, they can believe that the history as given by Moses is not worthy of credit, we are content to say that nothing we can allege will have any further weight. We will only add here, that if any one shall think that there is a great deal to be said on both sides, and that after reading Leslie's convincing tract, he feels satisfied of the authenticity of the history, but that still upon coming back to the Bishop of Natal's volume, he is staggered by the amount of unexplained difficulties he meets with, such a person may then consider which side appears the most probable, and which will involve him in the greatest difficulties if he should adopt it; and let him unfearingly take the safe side in a case where the issues are so overwhelming; for let him be assured that no one can logically remain in the position of disbelieving Moses and believing Christ. We do not venture to predict with any absolute assurance what will be the effect upon Dr. Colenso's mind of the perilous process which he has instituted, and which he will probably carry on. He is far too illogical, and too much unaccustomed to weigh evidence for us to form any opinion on the subject. But we are quite sure of what ought to be the result of rejecting Moses' testimony; the author may perhaps amuse himself by finding that it is impossible that the statement of S. James, *πόσαι μυριάδες*, can be strictly true, and may proceed to pick to pieces every statement of the New Testament that bears upon arithmetical calculations. But it will be unnecessary to do so: his work is sufficiently accomplished already; and though he may possibly rest with some indefinite and vague belief in Christianity, his readers, if indeed one can imagine any reader silly enough to be misled by his arguments, will certainly carry on the matter to its legitimate conclusion that Christianity is a fiction, and that, after all, we have really been following cunningly devised fables.

We extract from the preface to the volume the following account of what Dr. Colenso proposes as a sequel to the present work. From it the reader will be able to judge, first, of the author's *present* opinions as to the historical truth of the other books of the Old Testament, as well as of those of the New. He will also be able to form some judgment as to how far the writer is able *at the present time* to separate the Old Testament from the New, and can sacrifice the former whilst still acknowledging the latter. He will also be enabled to see how far the

Bishop's orthodoxy on an important doctrine is a guarantee for his being a safe guide to the clergy and laity for whose benefit this volume was written:—

'I have here confined my inquiries chiefly to the Pentateuch and book of Joshua, though, in so doing, I have found myself compelled to take more or less into consideration the other books of the Old Testament also. Should God in His Providence call me to the work, I shall not shrink from the duty of examining on behalf of others into the question, in what way the interpretation of the New Testament is affected by the unhistorical character of the Pentateuch. Of course, for the satisfaction of my own mind, and in the discharge of my duties to those more immediately dependent on me, I cannot avoid doing so, if health and strength are granted me, as soon as I have completed the present work, and ascertained that the ground is sure, on which I here take my stand. For the present, I have desired to follow the leading of the Truth itself, and not to distract my attention, or incur the temptation of falsifying the conclusions, to which the argument would honestly lead me, by taking account *à priori* of the consequences; and I would gladly leave to other hands the work of conducting the above inquiry at greater length for the general reader.

'On one point, however, it may be well to make here a few observations. There may be some, who will say that such words as those in John vi. 46, 47, "For had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed Me, for *he wrote* of Me. But, if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?"—or in Luke xx. 37, "Now, that the dead are raised, even *Moses shewed* at the bush, [*i.e.* in the passage about the "bush,"] when he called the LORD, the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob,"—or in Luke xvi. 29, "*They have Moses* and the Prophets; let them hear them," and v. 31, "*If they hear not Moses* and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead,"—are at once decisive upon the point of Moses' authorship of the Pentateuch, since they imply that our Lord Himself believed in it, and, consequently, to assert that Moses did *not* write these books, would be to contradict the words of Christ, and to impugn His veracity.

'To make use of such an argument is, indeed, to bring the Sacred Ark itself into the battle-field, and to make belief in Christianity itself depend entirely upon the question whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch, or not. There is, however, no force in this particular objection, as will appear from the following considerations.

'(i) First, such words as the above, if understood in their most literal sense, can only be supposed, at all events, to apply to *certain parts* of the Pentateuch: since most devout Christians will admit that the last chapter of Deuteronomy, which records the death of Moses, could not have been written by his hand, and the most orthodox commentators are obliged also to concede the probability of *some* other interpolations having been made in the original story. It would become, therefore, even thus, a question for a reverent criticism to determine what passages give signs of *not* having been written by Moses.

'(ii) But, secondly, and more generally, it may be said that, in making use of such expressions, our Lord did but accommodate His words to the current popular language of the day, as when He speaks of God "*making* His sun to rise," Matt. v. 45, or of the "*stars falling from heaven*," Matt. xxiv. 29, or of Lazarus being "*carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom*," Luke xvi. 22, or of the woman "*with a spirit of infirmity*," whom "*Satan had bound eighteen years*," Luke xiii. 16, &c., without our being at all authorized in drawing from them scientific or psychological conclusions.

(iii) Lastly, it is perfectly consistent with the most entire and sincere belief in our Lord's Divinity, to hold, as many do, that, when He vouchsafed to become a "Son of Man," He took our nature fully, and voluntarily entered into all the conditions of humanity, and, among others, into that which makes our growth in all ordinary knowledge *gradual* and *limited*. We are expressly told, in Luke ii. 52, that "Jesus increased in *wisdom*," as well as in "stature." It is not supposed that, in His human nature, He was acquainted, more than any educated Jew of the age, with the mysteries of all modern sciences; nor, with St. Luke's expressions before us, can it be seriously maintained that, as an *infant* or *young child*, He possessed a knowledge, surpassing that of the most pious and learned adults of His nation, upon the subject of the authorship and age of the different portions of the Pentateuch. At what period, then, of His life upon earth, is it to be supposed that He had granted to Him, as the Son of Man, *supernaturally*, full and accurate information on these points, so that He should be expected to speak about the Pentateuch in other terms than any other devout Jew of that day would have employed? Why should it be thought that He would speak with certain *Divine* knowledge on this matter, more than upon other matters of ordinary science or history?

In conclusion, we may be permitted to observe that we do not expect any important results from the unfortunate publication of this work. That it should have been published by a Bishop of the Church is, no doubt, a great scandal, and, as such, we must be content to submit with sorrow to the fact which is unavoidable. But it would be a far greater scandal, and one in which we should acquiesce with a heavy heart, if such opinions should remain uncensured by the Church, or if the promulgator of them were to be allowed to go unpunished, and to exercise his office as if he were a faithful representative of the Church in which he has, unfortunately, been called to the office of a Bishop. Meanwhile, we may indulge the hope that this amount of good may arise from all the mischief of the publication, that those of us who have been tamely acquiescing in giving up point after point, because the evidence was not overwhelming, will learn to see that such amount of evidence is not to be had on all points, and that the subject of the historical character of the Old Testament, just like everything else which is propounded to our faith, is surrounded with difficulties, many of which we can never hope to solve.

And here we had hoped to conclude; but the importance of the subject may be accepted as a plea of excuse, if we add a few words on the positive side of this argument. We have ourselves met with persons who, though not in the least staggered by the difficulties, many of which were suggested to them for the first time by this volume, yet have felt it as somewhat of a mortification that they could not give a satisfactory answer to them. One such, upon our remarking that it was a very silly work, replied, 'Yes, but you can't answer all the difficulties in it.'

And many people will, we are persuaded, feel that it is a position of some awkwardness. We must frankly admit that we do not feel this awkwardness. There are difficulties of the same kind in the New Testament, which have never been satisfactorily solved. It is probable some of these will hereafter admit of a better solution than we venture to hope for in the case of the Mosaic numbers. The true reply is, that difficulties need not cause any uneasiness to one who is satisfied that the truth of the narrative rests on substantial grounds of evidence. Let us take a somewhat similar case; there are many logical puzzles that ordinary people cannot see their way through. For instance, the celebrated case commonly known by the name of 'Achilles and the Tortoise.' People of the commonest intelligence can understand the difficulty; that is, they can see that it seems logically proved that Achilles will never overtake the tortoise; but it requires both more knowledge and more acuteness than most people possess, to expose the fallacy. By far the greater number of people who hear the difficulty proposed give it up at once, and many will believe that there is no solution that can be given. Coleridge gave a most ridiculous explanation of it, and one which any person of logical mind must have felt to be most unsatisfactory. We think the Archbishop of Dublin quite failed to grasp the real solution, or he never could have spoken of it as he does in his 'Elements of Logic.' But what we are concerned with now is, that few persons are capable of completely understanding the true answer, which is, however, perfectly easy to an arithmetician and geometrician, such as Dr. Colenso is; yet they cannot disbelieve the real truth of the case, if they would. Now, the cases are parallel, with this exception, that people are not under the same inability to disbelieve the Mosaic narrative as they are a problem of motion, in which they can apply the practical rule of *solvitur ambulando*. The mass of people must acquiesce in a multitude of unsolved difficulties; and if it be replied, that nobody denies that, but that it is sufficient that they should know that some one can meet these difficulties, and overcome them, we answer, let such persons wait and see what those who may be expected to solve all such difficulties say about them. Meanwhile, let them not be uneasy at the prospect before them; and if they feel so inclined, let them satisfy their minds as to the general argument upon which the evidence for the Mosaic history rests.

At the risk of plagiarising from Leslie's tract, we may give a brief account of the historical evidence for the Exodus. It will not be denied that it was received as true at some time or other in Jewish history. We need not care about what supposition we make as to the period. Fix upon the time of one of the Judges, or the reign of Saul, or that of Hezekiah. It does not

matter, for the argument's sake, which we take. Well, then, when first the work was known, it assured the Jewish people that they were annually celebrating the passover in commemoration of their deliverance from the land of Egypt. But if this book was a fiction, it would at once have been rejected as such. It could not have been accepted, because people would have said: 'We have no such thing as a feast of passover, which we have been keeping. The coming out of Egypt may be true or false; but we are not going to adopt, as our national history, a book which tells us that we have, from that time to this, annually celebrated a feast of which we never heard before.' The Jews, then, must have been at this particular time observing the passover in commemoration of the delivery from Egypt. The force of this argument is multiplied a thousand times, if other institutions alluded to in the books of Moses be taken into account. Any one who will consider this must see that the Mosaic account could not but be true as to its main particulars. And if it be objected that this does not prove anything as to the particular numbers objected to by the Bishop of Natal, we reply that it at least amply refutes his absurd assertions, resting on no shadow of evidence, other than numerical difficulties, that the narrative of the Pentateuch is in its character *unhistorical*.

And here again we would have paused, but we should give so very imperfect an idea of the unblushing effrontery of this volume if we neglected to notice the concluding remarks, that we must trespass on the reader's patience a little longer.

We gather from the last chapter that the writer means to continue his work in the constructive line. He fancies that he has destroyed the credit of the Mosaic narrative, and means to continue his investigations in the direction of discussing the manner and the age, or ages, in which the books of Moses and of Joshua were composed. Meanwhile, Dr. Colenso is anxious to fill up the aching void, which will, he thinks, undoubtedly be felt by those persons whose faith is in danger of collapsing as they find the foundations on which it rested failing them. The author need not, we think, have been so very anxious on this point. Unless the agitation is kept alive by prosecutions, which it may, however, be very desirable to commence, he may rest assured that his book will be a kind of nine days' wonder. Few persons will be found to read it or talk about it in six months' time, and to these it will be but a meagre kind of consolation to be referred to the author's 'lately-published "Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans."' Meanwhile, it may be worth the while of all persons to consider what deference they ought to pay to the judgment of a bishop who tells us, that he should have felt no scruple in ordaining a native candidate for orders without

requiring him to utter such a falsehood as the law of the Church of England requires—viz., the declaration of unfeigned belief in the Canonical Scriptures,—who holds his own commission by virtue of such declaration on his own part, and who, to complete the preposterous absurdity of his position, contradicts himself by asserting, in the very same volume, that he is not aware of any breach of the law of the Church of England involved in the denial of such belief.

The remainder of the concluding chapter is occupied with various remarks, in which the question of Inspiration and its limits, is hopelessly confused with that of historical truth; and the book ends with two quotations from Eastern authors who knew nothing of the Pentateuch or the Bible, in which the author appears to intend to do battle with an imaginary combatant, who is supposed to deny that God's Inspiration ever flowed through any other channel than the works of Jewish prophets, and the only object of which, in the connexion in which they stand, is to exalt heathen inspiration at the expense and to the disparagement of the revelation vouchsafed to Moses.

NOTICES.

MR. JOSEPH M'CAUL has contributed to the *Record* newspaper, and published in a separate form, a 'Criticism of Bishop Colenso's Criticism' (Wertheim). It is a useful contribution to the literature of the subject, and Mr. M'Caul's Hebrew learning is supported by the testimonies of living Jewish scholars. We wish Mr. M'Caul would not think it necessary to be funny. Hebrew is, but humour is not, his strong point. The pamphlet is quite worth reading, though it is rather spoiled by its fragmentary character.

Sir Roundell Palmer's book, 'The Book of Praise' (Macmillan), is important under several aspects. That a distinguished lawyer has found, or made, opportunities for a literary undertaking which involves considerable research and pains, and that the subject-matter is religious literature, is a pleasing reflection. But independently of the testimony which is given to the editor's personal character, this volume is in itself a valuable one. It is not a hymn-book, nor does it aim at adding another to those compilations of which we have already a superfluity; but it is a sort of specimen-catalogue of religious poetry, exhibiting the powers of many poetical minds, and the influence of many schools of religious thought. The arrangement is somewhat artificial, and, like that of all class-catalogues, it may be open to some objections; and we are not sure that we should not have preferred a merely chronological order in the poems. The plan being eclectic, differences, not to say contradictions, may be found in the theology of many of the more subjective pieces. But the positive merits of the volume consist in the anxious care bestowed by the Solicitor-General, in connexion with Mr. Sedgwick, in restoring the text to the original authority. It has been too often thought that a religious poem may not only be appropriated, but mutilated and altered by any and every succeeding editor. Against this abuse, confined certainly to neither High-Church nor Low-Church hymnologists, the 'Book of Praise' affords a vigorous and standing protest. With great care the original authors of several hitherto anonymous pieces have been recovered: the evidence, however, which attributes 'While shepherds watched their flocks by night' to Nahum Tate, we think defective; and we should have thought that the very remarkable poem, CVIII. the oldest of all the original New Jerusalem hymns, and undoubtedly derived from an ancient Latin source, was later than the time of Queen Elizabeth, to which it is here referred.

Of Church Calendars and Almanacs the number is legion. We are disposed, as usual, to assign the first place to Parker's Church Calendar,

which appears in several diocesan adaptations. A rival is published by the English Church Union, under Mr. Masters' auspices, and exhibits, in a pretty volume, advanced views and directions in ritual matters. The old-fashioned series of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge presents, however, great variety in the way of size and price; and we think we must give the palm for cheapness to this set of indispensable annuals.

Two very valuable volumes of University Sermons have been published by Messrs. Parker, of Oxford. The one by Dr. Williams, of New College, exhibits the *genius loci* under very favourable circumstances. The Bishop of Oxford's collection enhances, were it possible, his character for activity, eloquence, and range of information.

We scarcely think that Mr. Simeon's intellectual reputation will be enhanced by Mr. Abner Brown's well-intentioned publication, 'Recollections of Simeon's Conversation Parties' (Hamilton). However, few persons will rise from the perusal of the volume without finding that Simeon was not altogether a Simeonite. He was a vain man, and a weak man, but good, and earnest, and true. He lived chiefly to acquire influence, and he succeeded by acts almost feminine, but he used his influence well. He made party men, but was not a party man.

'Eighteen Years of a Clerical Meeting' (held at Alcester) is edited by Messrs. R. Seymour and Mackarness. In depth and fulness these debates far exceed in value Mr. Simeon's small dictatorship on his tea and neophytes at Cambridge. The volume exhibits an earnest and faithful transcript of the amount of Church feeling in recent years.

Mr. Edward Monro's 'Pastoral Life' (J. H. and J. Parker) is a good specimen of the writer's peculiar powers, and cannot be read without deep solicitude and anxiety by those to whom it is addressed. There is a deal of thought as well as vivid writing in the volume.

Among the most important volumes of Sermons is one by the Bishop of Brechin (Masters). The subject is the 'Grace of God,' and is treated with the Bishop's fulness and depth.

'Silvio' (Masters) is the completion of a sketch of an allegory left incomplete by the author of the 'Shadow of the Cross.' Higher recommendation would be impossible.

'Thoughts on the Church Catechism' (Mozley) is, what many such *brochures* are not, really full of thought; and more than this, it suggests thought in those for whom it was intended. Helps to catechising are often aids to idleness.

'Idleness and Industry contrasted' (Mozley), is the title of a set of Sermons by Mr. Holland Lomas, which might have been suggested by Hogarth's pictures. It is no slight praise to say that there is very much of Hogarthian sense and vigour in Mr. Lomas's preaching; and he preaches in sensible idiomatic English.

The authoress of the 'Heir of Redclyffe' has given young people— young girls especially—a Christmas present, in the shape of a very lively tale, 'Countess Kate' (Mozley). There is no affectation of good talk in this little book; but with rare skill right principles and views are insinuated rather than dictated. The contrast between the method of this writer and the Religious Tract Society's writers presents a curious study in literature.

'The Churchman's Guide to Faith and Piety' (Masters) is signed 'R. B.' There are few laymen in the Church of England to whom we are more indebted than to the editor of this admirable volume. It is a worthy completion to the series which has made R. B. a household name in Church families. Following his mother, the Church of England, Mr. Brett—why should we conceal his name?—arranges Devotions, Prayer, Praises, and Meditations for every Season and Festival of the Church's year. For a single Manual, we know nothing which can compare with this practical and sober, yet most religious, collection.

'The Chorale Book,' edited by Dr. Bennett and Mr. Goldschmidt (Longmans), is the companion to Miss Winkworth's well-known 'Lyra Germanica,' to which it supplies the ancient tunes and melodies, many of which, though Lutheran in form, are derived from the old Latin Services. The hymns we think very unsuitable to English habits and English religion; but the tunes are, besides being important historically, calculated to enrich our meagre congregational music.

Mr. Francis Hooper has published two large volumes with the title 'The Revelation of Jesus Christ Expounded' (Rivingtons). He complains, and not without reason, that his Interpretation has not attracted notice. Nor has it, at least in proportion to the undoubted learning, sincerity, and carefulness which the author has bestowed upon it. We cannot honestly say that we have read it through; but we can say that we have seen enough to convince us that Mr. Hooper is not addicted to any extreme schools, and that he is neither fanatical nor shallow. He is always reverential, and he evidently does not attempt to stretch Scripture to his own views. If we cannot agree with all his conclusions we must pass a tribute to his research and candour. Anyhow, it presents a favourable contrast, as well as offers a controversial opposition, to Mr. Elliott's pretentious dogmatism and Dr. Cumming's self-satisfied imbecility.

'Some Words to Country Lads' (Mozley), is an attempt, in harmony with some successful endeavours in the same direction, already favourably known by one of our previous articles, to impress the most unimpressible class in our social system.

'Ancient History for Village Schools' (Mozley), seems to be dictated by the same spirit: the object sought is to clothe the dry skeleton of facts with some healthy human interest.

Among the various affecting sermons preached at the anniversaries of that excellent institution the Church Penitentiary Association, none exceeds in power, both of feeling and diction, Mr. Liddon's, delivered in the

present year. Its title is, 'Active Life, a criterion of Spiritual Life' (Spottiswoode).

Before their bulk overpowers us we may as well put down the titles of such works, besides those already mentioned, which touch on the Colenso controversy:—'A Few Words with Bishop Colenso,' by Dr. Beke (Williams and Norgate)—'The Integrity of the Holy Scriptures,' a Sermon by Dr. Beke (Masters)—'The Pentateuchal Narrative Vindicated,' by J. C. Knight (Bagster).

Dr. Neale has written what is something more than a popular pamphlet in his 'Earnest Plea for the Scotch Liturgy; a Letter to the Bishop of Brechin' (Masters). The very highest English, perhaps European authority in this branch of theological learning, he speaks not as a partisan, but as a teacher.

Among the best recent sermons are two lately preached in the University pulpit at Oxford; one on the contrasted training of 'Samuel and King Jehohash,' by Mr. Haddan; the other by Dr. Millard, on 'The Sin of Blood-guiltiness.' The subject of both sermons, though differently handled, is the same—the grave responsibilities of graduates and undergraduates alike; with especial reference, in Mr. Haddan's sermon, to the sceptical tendencies of the day.

Mr. Flower, in his Letter to the Bishop of Exeter, 'The Church of England on the Continent' (Masters), enlarges on the anomalous position of English chaplains and their congregations, and on the injurious consequences resulting from it to them and to the Church. This is an old and acknowledged evil, and it demands an urgent and effective remedy. Perhaps the best that can be devised is that suggested by Mr. Meyrick in his thoughtful paper at the Church Congress; namely, the appointment of a Bishop of the Channel Islands, with jurisdiction over English clergy and congregations in France, Belgium, and Switzerland. This plan would achieve a double advantage; for, though nominally in the diocese of Winchester, the Channel Islanders are, in many respects, practically without a Bishop, and little more than a species of Episcopalian Independents. The Anglican congregations in the North could be provided for in a similar manner, say by a Bishop of Heligoland. We are glad to know that the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel* is soon to take this important subject into consideration. Mr. Flower, in the Letter before us, accords high praise to the objects of the Anglo-Continental Society, but does not altogether approve of the works it publishes, as the best adapted, however valuable to English readers, for circulation on the Continent. He mentions three—Cosin's 'Doctrine and Discipline of the English Church,' the Bishop of Oxford's 'Sermon on the New Dogma,' and Canon Wordsworth's 'Theophilus Anglicanus.' He, however, omits Jebb's 'Character of the Church of England,' Dr. Oldknow's 'Validity of Anglican Ordinations,' Massingberd's 'History of the Reformation,' Dr. Cleveland Coxe's 'Letter to the Bishop of Arras,' and others, than which none could scarcely be found better calculated to attain the objects contemplated by the Anglo-Continental Society. Mr. Flower's objections to Cosin's work, and to Canon Wordsworth's 'Theo-

philus,' are peculiarly unfortunate. We have abundant practical reasons for saying that better works could not have been selected by the Society, and that they have done good in more than one quarter. The 'Theophilus Anglicanus,' in particular, has proved invaluable.

To the interesting work noticed by us some time ago, 'Madame Swetchine, sa Vie et ses Œuvres,' M. de Falloux has now added two volumes of the same lady's correspondence (Paris : Didier). They comprise her letters to the Countess of Edling, the Princess Alexis Galitzin, Countess Nesselrode, the poet Turquety, the Duchess of La Rochefoucauld, M. Louis Moreau (the translator of S. Augustine), the Viscount de Melun, Father Gagarin, Prince Augustin Galitzin, the Duchess of Hamilton, and other distinguished personages. Considering that Madame Swetchine was not French, though she resided a long time in France, her French is, on the whole, very pure ; and her letters, if not as sprightly and entertaining as Madame de Sévigné's, are at least as solid and as instructive. These letters occasionally throw a good deal of light on some of the minor political events of the day, and would probably have thrown much more, if her accomplished editor had not had the fear of the Imperial Government and the *censure* before his eyes.

To those who wish to possess a really good account of French literature, we can recommend M. Eugène Geruzez's 'Histoire de la Littérature française depuis ses origines jusqu'à la Révolution,' in two duodecimo volumes (Paris : Didier). It is a substantial, accurate, and comprehensive work, and evinces a wide and minute acquaintance with the subject of which it treats. It has been crowned by the French Academy, and very deservedly so. M. Geruzez's estimate of authors and their works appears to us, taken all in all, most impartial and discriminating.

'Le Père Lacordaire,' by Count Montalembert (Paris : Douniol), contains, as far as it goes, an interesting account of the celebrated Dominican, and, let us add, of Montalembert himself. It is a reprint, with large additions, from the *Correspondant*. Like everything proceeding from the pen of Montalembert, this sketch of his friend is clear, fresh, vigorous, and full of life ; and if the biographer has been profuse in outspoken encomiums upon Lacordaire, it must be confessed that he has been equally profuse in covert sarcasms and sly inuendos at the Imperial Government, and at some of its adherents. Some portions of Lacordaire's life are, however, but superficially treated, and the whole is considered in too essentially political an aspect. As soon as the promised History of Lacordaire and of his works, which we understand has now been some time in hand, has appeared, we hope to devote a paper to this celebrated preacher.

Under the title of 'Le Gouvernement temporel des Papes jugé par la Diplomatie française' (Paris : Dentu), M. Hubaine, or rather Prince Napoleon, has put together the opinions of eminent French politicians and statesmen, during the last two hundred years, on the subject of the Pope's temporal sovereignty. We need not say that, like the Prince's speech in the Senate some time ago, these opinions are strongly adverse to it. But it is not only by such that it is condemned. In Germany, in France, in Spain,

in Portugal, and, above all, in Italy, many warm and enlightened adherents of the Papacy, who look at the matter from a different, and somewhat more disinterested point of view than Prince Napoleon, are fast coming to the same way of thinking, and to maintain with Chateaubriand, 'that, if the Church was obliged in the Middle Ages to assume political functions, for the benefit of the European nations, she is equally and imperatively bound to abdicate those functions in the altered circumstances of the modern world.'

We are glad to see that Canon Wordsworth's admirable 'Bicentenary Sermon on the Book of Common Prayer' (Rivingtons) has already reached a fifth edition. We hope it will be still more widely circulated. The price—only a penny—puts it within the reach of all.

Equally valuable is the Bishop of S. Andrews' Bicentenary Address, delivered at Kidderminster, and entitled, 'Reunion of the Church in Great Britain' (Rivingtons). It contains a good *ad populum* vindication of the position of the Church of England, and an exposure of the evils of schism.

'The Charities of London,' by Mr. Sampson Low, Junr., seems a complete and useful book. It comprises an account of the resources, operations, and general condition of the various eleemosynary, educational, and religious institutions of the Metropolis.

Under the title of 'Scripture Authority for Choral Worship' (Masters), Mr. Morden Bennett has published an excellent Sermon, preached at St. Peter's, Bournemouth, on the occasion of the first Meeting of the Vale of Avon Church Choral Society.

A certain M. Robert Luzarche (whether this is a pseudonym, or a real name, we know not) has published a series of remarkable extracts from the recent charges of French Bishops. The 'Prélats et Mandements' (Paris: Chaumerot) certainly contain choice passages—some highly inflammatory, as is the case with one from the Bishop of Nîmes, in reference to the Italian question, and some simply curious, as is the case with another from the Bishop of Tarbes, on the appearance of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes, which was once on the point of rivalling La Salette. On reading the extracts before us, we have wondered what English Churchmen would say if they saw such things in English Episcopal Charges and Pastoral Letters.

The publications of the Anglo-Continental Society, during the past year, have been confined to one German and two Italian pamphlets. The *Confirmation and Ordination Services* have been reprinted in Italy, from the Prayer book, as a separate tract, in pursuance of a plan commenced last year, by the publication of the Baptism and Holy Communion Services. The other Italian publication is Dean Hirscher's review of *The present State of the Churches*, published originally in Germany, in 1849, and translated into English by Dr. Cleveland Coxe, under the name of 'Sympathies of the Continent, or Proposals for a New Reformation.' The German tract is Bingham's Address to the German Lutherans and Reformers—*A Friendly Word to the Protestant Churches of Germany*, urging the adoption of Episcopacy, after the model of the Primitive Churches. We notice that the

publications of the Society have been transferred from Messrs. Parker to Messrs. Rivington.

We have received from Paris the *Discours d'Ouverture*, for 1862, of M. Garcin de Tassy, the eminent Professor of Hindostanee at the Institute, and one of the first Oriental scholars of the day. In this inaugural Lecture, the Professor passes in review the chief publications, native and English, that have appeared in India during the past year, and offers many interesting remarks on various subjects connected with Oriental literature, religion, and customs. At p. 13, occur the following observations on the study of the Coran, with a reference to Mr. Rodwell's recently published translation:—
 'L'étude du livre sacré des Musulmans et de ses commentateurs n'est pas sans utilité pour la théologie chrétienne, parce que les développements qui y sont donnés aux récits bibliques reposant sur des traditions juives et chrétiennes ne doivent pas être tous rejetés avec mépris; et je partage l'avis du nouveau traducteur du Coran, le Rév. Mr. Rodwell, sur l'importance réelle de ce livre et sur le rôle mystérieux de Mahomet. On ne sait pas assez que ce qui forme une bonne partie des matériaux du Coran, ce sont les légendes qui avaient cours dans le temps et dans le pays de Mahomet, les broderies talmudiques et rabbiniques de l'Ancien Testament, les légendes populaires des Juifs et des Chrétiens d'Arabie et de Syrie, les récits des Evangiles apocryphes, car il paraît que Mahomet connut ces livres, qui sont comme la mythologie de la religion chrétienne et qui ainsi par leur merveilleux exagéré devaient plaire à sa vive imagination. Tout cependant, ainsi que je l'ai déjà dit, n'est pas à mépriser dans le Coran. La lumière peut luire dans les ténèbres, et je répéterai à ce sujet, avec Sale et Rodwell, ces paroles de saint Augustin: *Nulla falsa doctrina quæ non aliquid veri permisceat.*'

'Sulla Guerra della Corte di Roma contro il Regno d'Italia' (Torino, Tipografia Baglione), is the title of three Letters addressed by an eminent Church dignitary to a well-known diplomatist in Italy. As that title indicates, they bear upon the present conflict between the Court of Rome and the kingdom of Italy, treat of the usurpations of the Papacy, and urge, with great force and learning, a return to the ancient principles of Church polity, especially as regards the election and confirmation of Bishops, without the intervention of the Court and See of Rome, thus paving the way for the restoration of true Catholic unity. These Letters have attracted great attention in Italy, and have been reproduced in several Italian journals at Turin and Naples. The first has been reprinted both in Latin and Italian, with an introduction and a commentary, in the *Mediatore* of Turin, edited by Passaglia. They have also appeared in English in the *Colonial Church Chronicle*.

M. Guizot has collected into one volume his different *Discours* at the French Academy, and published them under the title of '*Discours Académiques*' (Paris: Didier). To these he has added his speeches at the meetings of various religious and educational institutions, as well as some philosophical and literary essays. We cannot give them higher praise than by saying they are worthy the great writer, orator, and statesman.